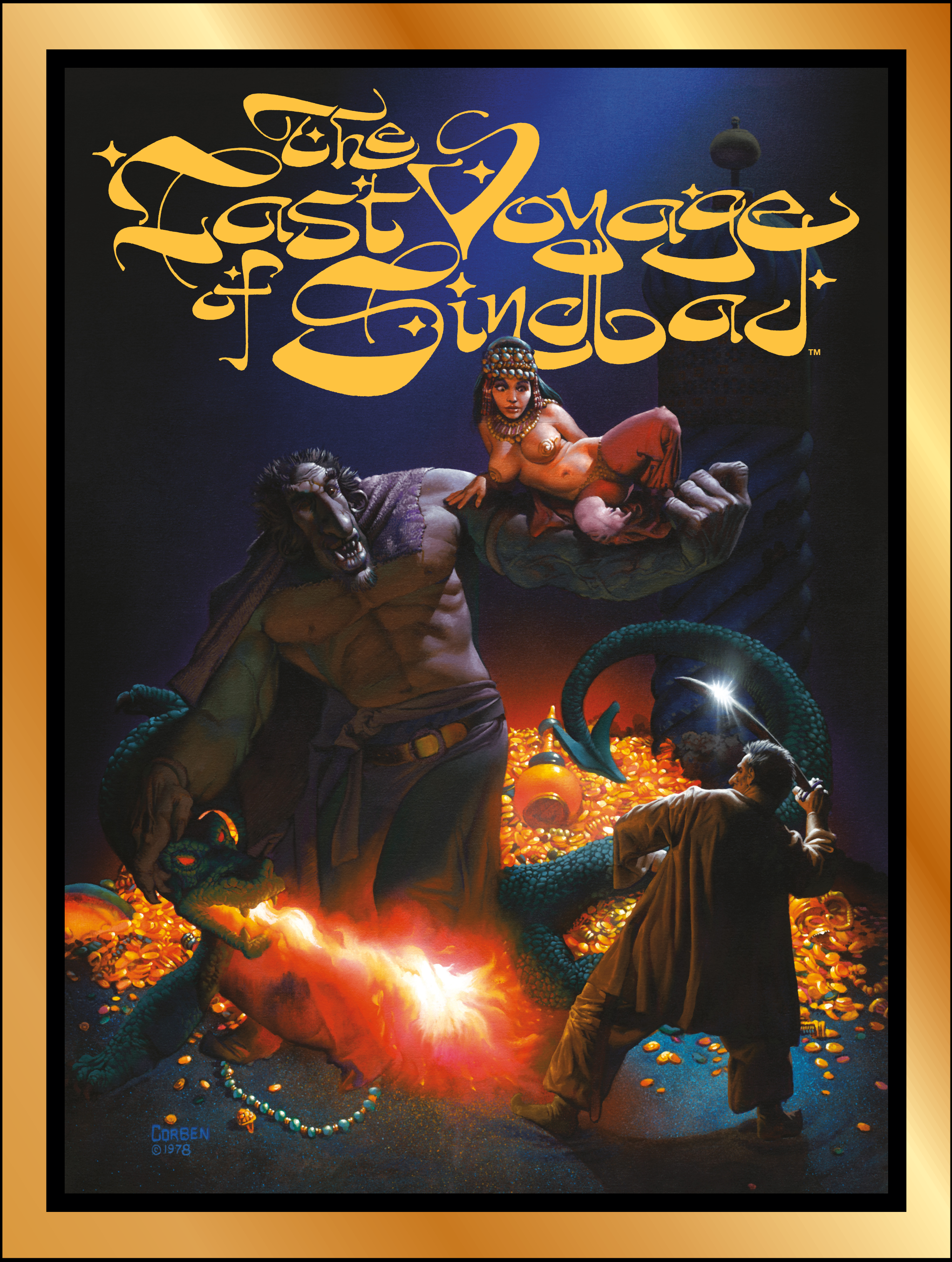

The Last Voyage of Sindbad™

CORBEN
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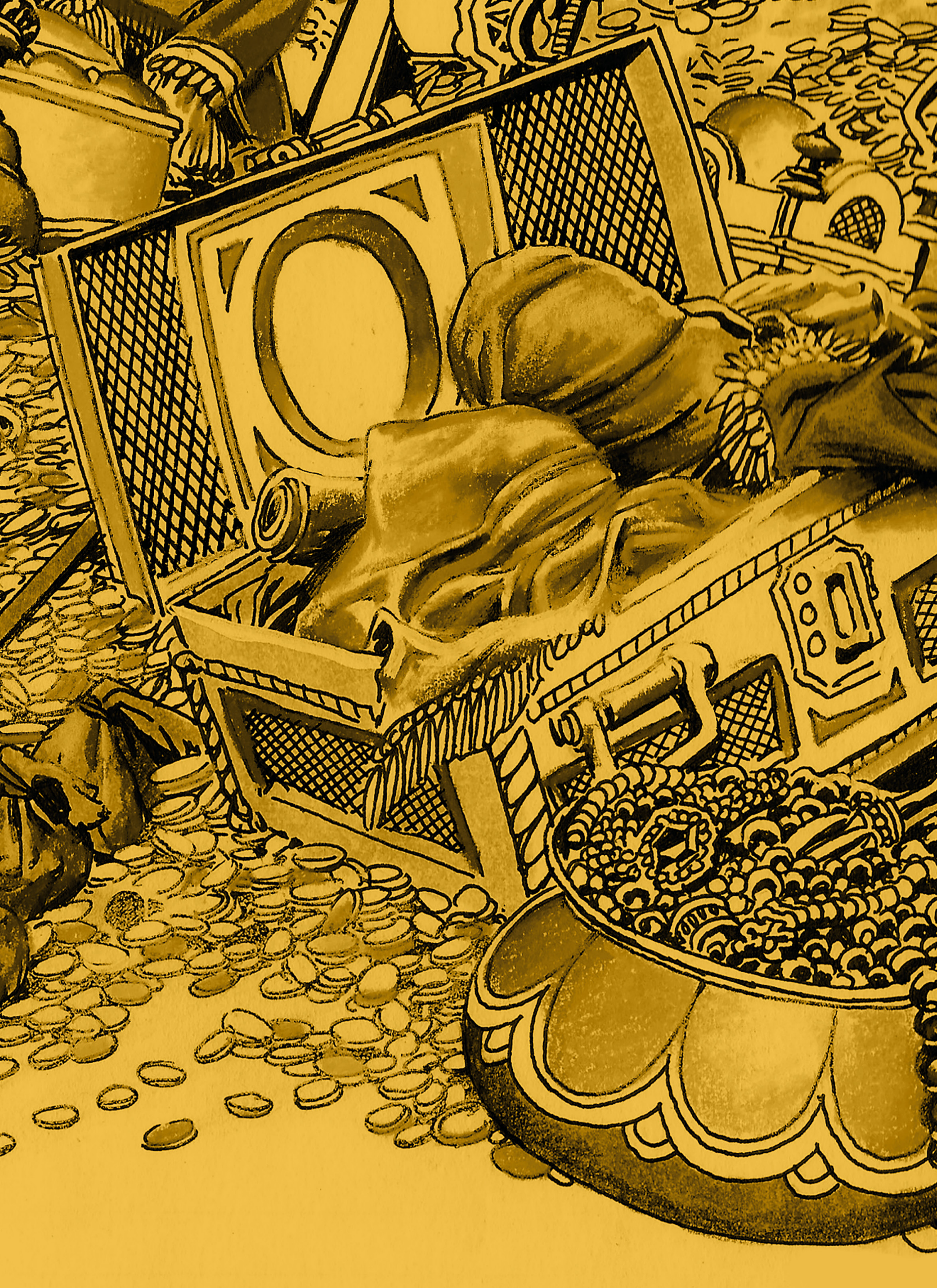
RICHARD CORBEN · JAN STRNAD



The Last Voyage of Sindbad™

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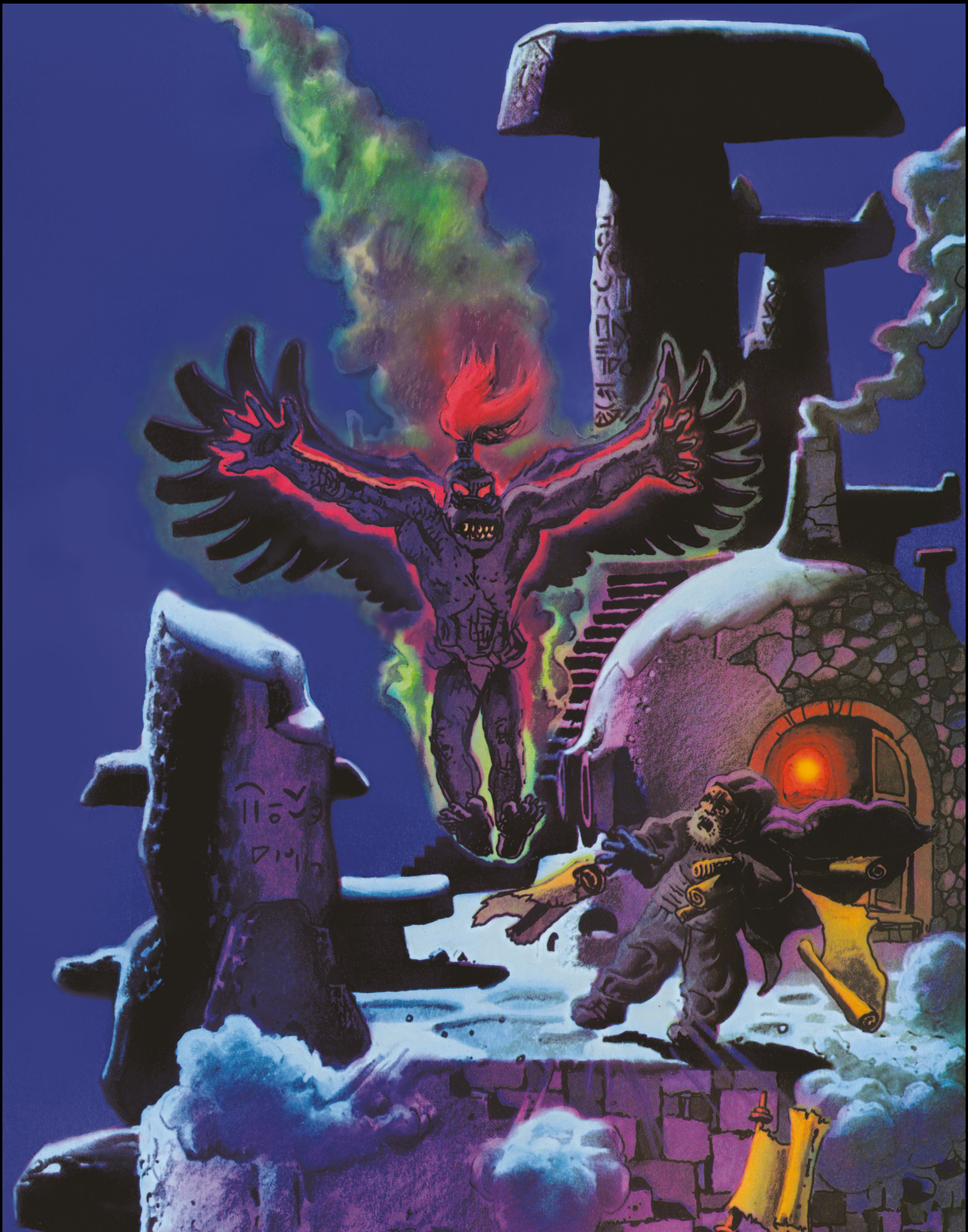

The Last Voyage of Sindbad, Page 22

The Last Voyage of Sindbad™

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THE LAST VOYAGE OF SINDBAD

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INTRODUCTION TO *THE LAST VOYAGE OF SINDBAD*

JAN STRNAD

Oh, my.

Rereading the introductions to the two previous incarnations of *The Last Voyage of Sindbad*, penned by two esteemed authors who no longer share with us this mortal plain—writer Harlan Ellison and academician Maurice Horn—I am humbled. Richard Corben, also, has left us. I write these words now as the lone survivor of this, the last of Sindbad's voyages, other than the sailor himself. As such, can I help but overflow with melancholy?

Ellison and Horn both considered *Sindbad* to be the peak of Corben's and my collaborations. I'm tempted to agree. Not that later works are lesser in comparison, but dang . . . these pages *sing*. Odd to remember, in hindsight, that the first eight pages were a try-out of the concept. The pitch didn't sell *Heavy Metal* magazine on the idea. They wanted to see a sample before committing to a series, and so we opened with the introductory story that ultimately bookends the tale. Then there was the adventure of the writing itself, which proceeded on deadline, month-to-month, sans outline, wending toward an unknown end. I remember, as I scripted ahead of viewing Corb's artwork, wondering how in the world Sindbad could possibly defeat a foe as powerful as Al-Ra'ad al-Kasif. Then Corb's pages came in depicting the Jinni with his distinctive nose ring, and the climactic sequence burst forth in my mind. I knew then that all would be well.

For the story, I turned to Richard Francis Burton's translation of *The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night*. From Burton I took the spelling of "Sindbad" and the archetype for Sindbad's final voyage. I'll give you this bit of advice for free: If you want to live to a ripe old age, never fly with Harrison Ford and never sail with Sindbad!

In his last voyage, this Sindbad seeks not gold and precious jewels, but redemption. Horn calls the theme "a Christian shaft aimed squarely at the heart of Islam."

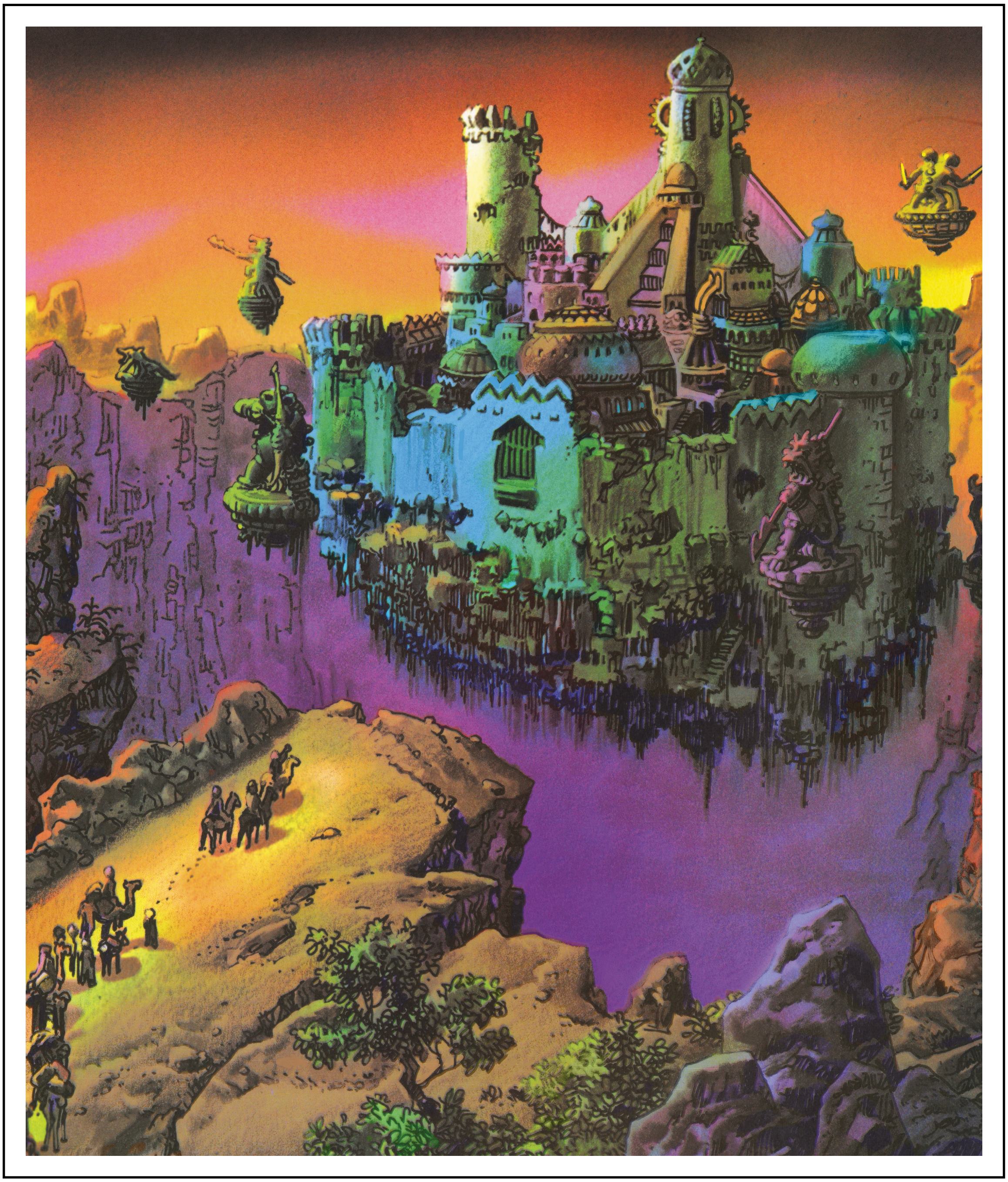
I don't know about that. Maybe it is, but my intention went no further than to explore the question put forth by Carson McCullers in her classic short story, "A Tree. A Rock. A Cloud."

"How should a man love?"

Every Sindbad voyage ends with Sindbad bringing home a vast treasure. Here, at the end of his questing, that treasure is enlightenment.

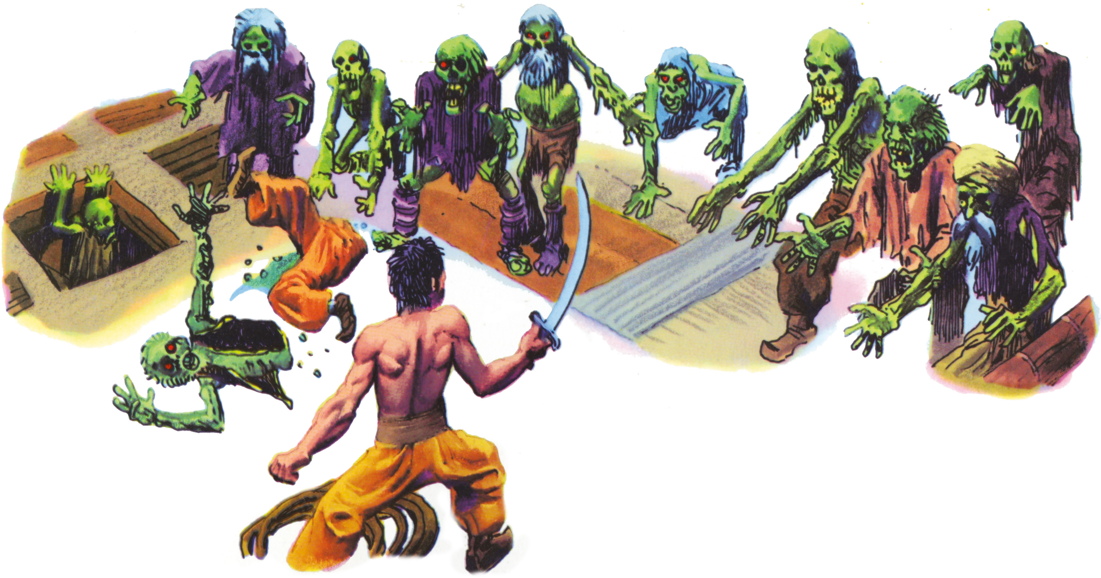
At the conclusion of the project, Corb gifted me the maquette he sculpted of Sindbad, sadly broken but lovingly reassembled, a physical embodiment of the character himself. It sits above my desk, under glass, a reminder of younger days and noble adventures that will live in my memory and heart as long as Allah wills.

JAN STRNAD
Los Angeles, 2025



VIEWS FROM A FARAWAY LAND

GUILLERMO DEL TORO



If I had to choose—if I was forced to—my top five Corben albums, I would have enormous difficulty in deciding whether to rank *Bloodstar*, *Neverwhere*, or *New Tales of the Arabian Nights* [editor's note: the original title of *The Last Voyage of Sindbad*] in the very top spot.

It is, in my view, not a matter of simple preference but of monumental imagination, of exuberance, sensuality, and splendor—

Corben's talent resides in the capacity to render whole worlds, creatures, characters, and atmospheres that step in fully formed and with the provenance of fact. Postcards from a world that never was. A faraway land nestled neatly in the coordinates of imagination.

New Tales of the Arabian Nights is a magnificent adventure, Corben's Ray Harryhausen film, a Technicolor feast, the Alexander Korda production that never was.

And it contains what is, in my opinion, the best layout scene he ever did: The attack of the undead upon our heroes. The pacing and partition of the page, the rhythmic acceleration of each frame, and the absolute mastery of composition make these pages, along with Mike Mignola's *The Corpse*, a pinnacle of invention and craft in the entirety of the medium.

And then there are the monsters . . .

For me, as a Monster Kid, Corben, Kirby, Mignola, and Wrightson are the dream team of creature creation in the comic book medium. Corben singularly combines the whimsy and majesty of Harryhausen creatures with the ferocity and humor that make them all his own. He can make them goofy or gloriously gory and oozing or, as with the genie in this volume, entirely new and astonishing.

The splash in which the genie holds Sindbad between index finger and thumb is majestic and dynamic and an absolute all-timer. The dragon, the aforementioned undead army, the roc-bird genie incarnation, the casual creatures mingling in a background orgy—they all are creations of the highest order.

The sensual and tactile nature of the tale bring to mind the exquisite watercolors of Dulac and the dripping sensuality and muscular power of a Rodin sculpture. This ties in with the original pulse of the tales—which titillate us with worldly pleasures, only to warn us of the dangers hidden within.

Nowhere is this contradiction, or range, more evident than in the elastic, ever-changing physiognomy of our central character, Sindbad, whose features elongate, contract, and metamorphose depending on his ridiculous, moving, or dynamic needs. He is one of Corben's most versatile heroes—or, as the cautionary tale would warn us, antiheroes.

To my mind, Corben shares with me the desire to rephrase everything that enchanted him as a child reader or viewer and to supplement it with a dimension that was missing and that remains deeply personal. You sense it in the way he reinterprets Poe, Howard, or Lovecraft, but it explodes here, where he regales us with vistas so saturated in color that they practically burn your retina.

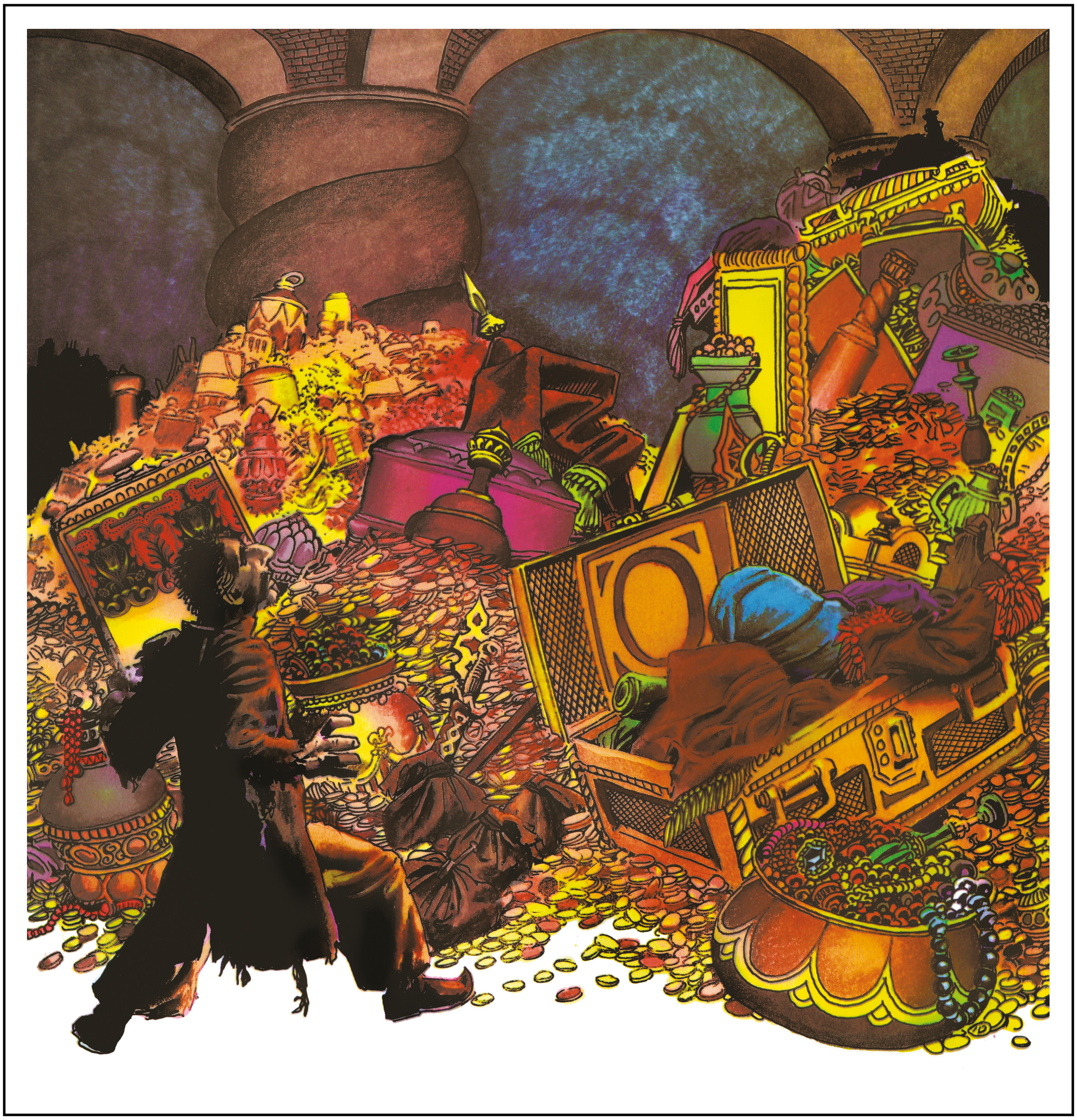
What distinguishes Corben from other, less risqué, more value-affirming fantasy artists is his quirky, cagey desire to succumb to his compulsions without domesticating them. This he has in common with Crumb, that underground-comix god who resides in the very same Valhalla of independent, savage glory.

Corben will never be tame enough to adorn a head shop mural or decorate the side of a van—he is uncontainable, unfurling, and always a knockout—too vast, too dynamic, irreducible, and eternal.

A teller of tales, an explorer of worlds, the Coleridge of opium dreams and vistas no one else can dare to glimpse.

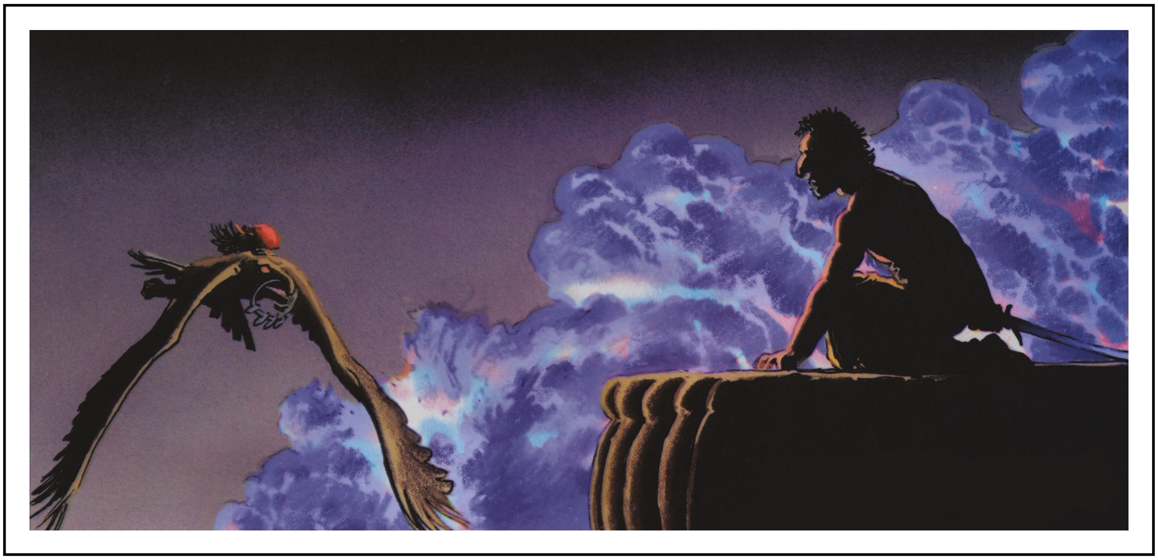
A teller of tales for every one of those thousand and one nights . . .

Guillermo del Toro
2025



INTRODUCTION TO *NEW TALES OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS*

HARLAN ELLISON



If I lucked out, and chanced to find this old dusty Moxie bottle way back up there on the last top cobwebby shelf of an abandoned malt shoppe in some exotic locale like, say, Duque de Caxias or Duluth . . . and I pulled it down from back up there against the wall where it had been hidden from sight for utter decades . . . and I blew off the *shmootz* and looked inside . . . and it looked as if something was going on in that funky old bottle . . . and I paused for a slice of moment to wonder, marvel, and shyly shudder at the strange, ornate seal in the wax that sealed the bottle . . . (wax? Where the hell's the bottle cap? This is a crummy old bottle of Moxie soda, fer chrissakes, not Chateau Lafite-Rothschild 1945) . . . and got out my million-bladed Swiss Army pocketknife with the built-in pineapple corer . . . and I worked loose the cork . . . and pried it up between my fat little thumbs, making certain it didn't pop . . . and allofasudden there's this I-don't-believe-it pillar of thick, nasty smoke pouring out of the Moxie bottle . . . more smoke than they had at the whole damned Bel Air fire in '61 . . . more smoke than *any* bottle could hold . . . and there in the dim and smelly dismal back room of that abandoned malt shoppe in Ghana or Gowanus a shape started to take form in the *(kaff!kaff!)* smoke . . . and jeeezus it's a genie . . . yoiks yipe and lemme outta here . . . and that monstrous fuckin' humungus grandpa of all the jinn reached down and lifted me up neatly between bejeweled thumb and forefinger . . . and held me up in front of one of his two great green baleful eyeballs . . . and smiled at me, all teeth and gums and bits of unidentifiable stuff clinging to the incisors . . . and he said, "Okay, little *putz*, you can have one wish, and the one wish is that you can be in the company of any figure out of literature for one full month, which one do you pick?" . . . if he said that, and I had to pick someone, I don't think I'd go for Hemingway's Nick Adams, or Melville's Ahab, or Kafka's Josef K., or even Emma Bovary.

I'd pick (gulp sigh) Sindbad the Sailor.

Oh, *yeah!*

Because Sindbad, that canny seafarer, he *really* knew how to live. And I think you will join with me in thanking Rich Corben and Jan Strnad for giving him one more exquisite shot of life in this marvelous illustrated fantasy.

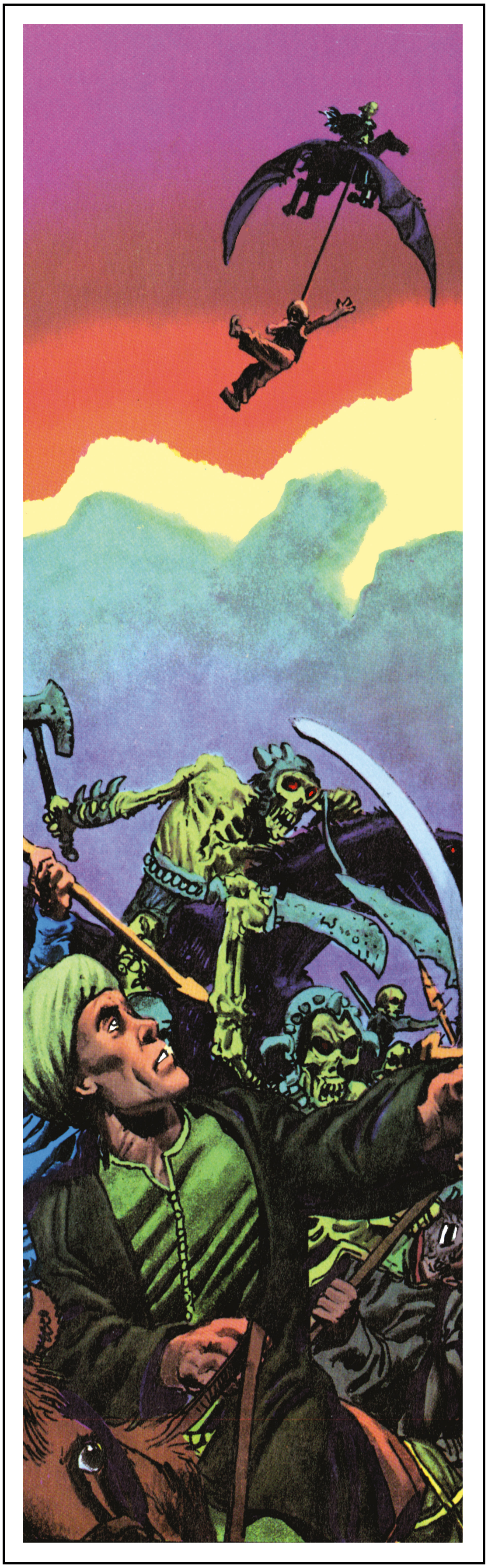
To be perfectly candid, I followed the magazine publication of *New Tales of the Arabian Nights* in *Heavy Metal* from June 1978 through August 1979 with appetent joy. I'm not always rapturous about the material *Heavy Metal* proffers; it has been my observation—no doubt influenced by the fact that I treasure good, solid writing—that the art frequently outshines the plotting. But though I contend, to the dismay of many of my friends who are artists, that too often the visual sensibility in the creator dulls the story-line logic, I have come to know and trust Corben's sense of interior consistency. And that, coupled with the talent of Jan Steven Strnad, promised an unusually unified myth-and-illustration interpretation of the Sindbad legend. Even so, despite my high expectations, despite my pleasure at the first few installments, I found myself actually anticipating the monthly snippets of "Sindbad in the Land of the Jinn" as *Heavy Metal* released them. Then beyond mere anticipation, beyond merely looking forward with a *frisson* of delight that reminded me of the way I had waited for each weekday's radio chapter of *Captain Midnight* back in the forties, beyond all that I found myself lurking around my mailbox, disappointed each day past publication time when the new issue failed to appear.

It gave me pause. It's been a lot longer than I care to dwell on since I've been excited enough about something like a comic book to hunger for more more *more*. But I had to cop to it, finally: Corben and Strnad were doing something rare and excellent. They were creating Art.

Look upon the writer, friends: cautious and down to his bloodied quicks at having used the dreaded unspeakable of all unspeakables—Art.

But I couldn't (and can't) shake off the conviction (though Allah be the wiser!) that this particular chunk of fantasy story and illustration is genuine, card-carrying, certifiable Art. Not *High* Art—we're not talking Bosch's *Garden of Delights* or Tintoretto's *Conversion of Saint Paul* or Wrightson's *Swamp Thing* here—but Art. Good, solid, memorable Art that tugs and pulls and chivvies and demands one's attention.

In short, I am taken with "Sindbad in the Land of the Jinn" as I have not been wooed by this kind of pop art in a very long time. Make no mistake: I am not one of your dying-to-be-hip intellectuals who deify trash on the grounds that anything the mass admires must be valuable. As a righteous elitist, I am swift to dismiss with a yechhh and a poo-poo that which is *kitsch*, *poshlost*, and meretricious flummery.



(For those whose dictionaries are not handy, I eschew definitions in lieu of examples: *Star Wars*, *Peanuts*, all Disney films after *Song of the South*, "happy faces," Devo, chewing gum, Richard Brautigan novels, and jogging. All of the foregoing: yechhh and poo-poo.)

Thus, when I sing the praises of this "illustrated fable," be apprised that I view it from the loftiest, as well as the crankiest, of levels from which one views Art.

On grounds of pure craftsmanship, I need hardly extoll the merits of Rich Corben's skill with paintbrush and airbrush. There is a liquid quality to his art; an almost transparent, pellucid vibrancy that throws the work with three-dimensional verisimilitude. Consider, say, the long vertical panel in which Sindbad's friend, old Judar, is wrenched from his camel by a rope noose thrown from the sky by one of Ali Ben-Abda's army of living corpses. Look at those Oriental pantaloons, at the creases and gathers. One can almost feel the quality of the fabric. Or study the close-up panel of Akissa's face in the sequence where she and Sindbad's group sit smoking the hookah. The fragrant water smoke swirls around her and one gets a real sense of spatial relationship, of *depth*, without recourse to overlay printing or 3-D double images. This is Corben at his consummate best.

But, no it is not Corben's coloring or precise anatomy or cinematic framing that compell such adoration. Nor is it even Jan Strnad's judiciously lean plotting and wisdom in selecting what to emphasize and what to omit, his pacing and bizarre sense of tolerable terror (go on back three panels from Judar's fatal ascension and consider what sort of deranged mentality could conceive that knife in the forehead), or his 'tec writer deviousness in springing unexpected plot twists—case in point: Akissa's true nature.

All of this, yet none of this, comprises the congealed smoke of wonder that makes "Sindbad in the Land of the Jinn" the phenomenon I genuinely believe it to be.

The essence of its ineluctable pull on the senses of the reader is that it manages to capture the mystic, mythic quality the Sindbad legend has had on dreamers since Burton translated the tales of Sheherazade.

When I said, at the outset of this little tribute, that I'd select a month in the company of Sindbad rather than any other memorable literary creation, I was responding to the call of the wild-eyed child who still lives deep inside me. Yes, of course, wouldn't it be wonderful to roam the forests with Natty Bumppo, wouldn't it be grand to sail to Treasure Island with Long John Silver, or walk the highlands with Lorna Doone, pole down the Mississippi with Huck and Jim . . . wouldn't it be fine and wild and sweet?! *But . . . !*

A month with Sindbad! Ah, God, the marvels I'd see, the danger I'd confront, the action I'd taste, the splendor of Basara and Baghdad I'd drink in!

But I can't. If he ever really lived, he was probably some poor Middle Eastern fisherman with a gift for self-aggrandizement. No roc, no jinn, no Cyclopean monsters, no adventures beyond those his need for attention conjured up in his fertile imagination. And so I treasure what Corben and Strnad have given me.

They have struck to the burning core of the myth of desire that fires the wild child in all of us. They have added to the undying body of honest legends that sustain us in our torpid daily lives. Or as Pushkin put it, "Better the illusions that exalt us than ten thousand truths."

I have known Richard Corben's work for many years now. (In fact, Richard will kill me for taking time out to write this introduction when I should be going over his rough sketches for the illustrated version of *A Boy and His Dog* that we've been working on for five years now.) If he has a more admiring devotee, said party has not surfaced. I've known Jan for a decade, since he first wrote asking me for permission to reprint one of my short-short stories in his very professional fanzine, *Anomaly*. I've watched him come along steadily; a pleasure.

But never before, as good as each was in his chosen medium, have they reached this lofty pinnacle of excellence. Never before, and perhaps never again will they create something so universal and so rich with the scent of permanence.

They have given us Sindbad, in all his wonder and wildness. And now, with great honor, I give them and what they have created to you. The pleasure is all yours.

Harlan Ellison
Los Angeles, 4 April 1979

THE LAST VOYAGE OF SINDBAD, OR THE ONE THOUSAND AND SECOND NIGHT

MAURICE HORN

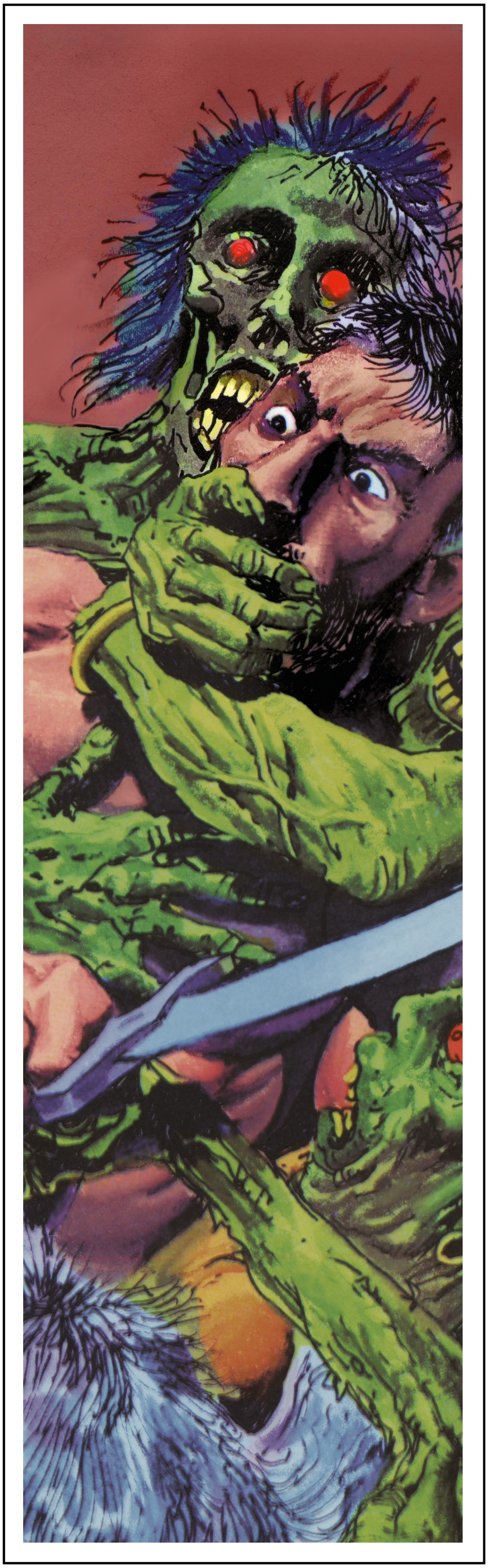
The publication of this volume marks the reissue of a work that had become a classic almost since its very first appearance in June of 1978 in the pages of *Heavy Metal.* The story—which ran in installments in the magazine until July of 1979—was later collected into a paperbound volume and released by the ill-starred Heavy Metal Books under the title *New Tales of the Arabian Nights*; as such it has been tightly out of print for the last seven years. It is therefore a notable publishing event to see this famous work made available again to Richard Corben's many fans and to all lovers of high-quality comic stories.

Ever since they became available in translation to western amateurs, *The Arabian Nights* have enjoyed long-lasting favor with literate readers and the general public alike; and there has been many an attempt to append an additional night to the fabled thousand and one of Scheherazade (or Shahrazad in the author's spelling). The heady perfume of these oriental tales—long appreciated by fanciers of the baroque, the occult, and the fantastic—could not have failed to impress such a fantasy-oriented artist as Corben; he conceived the initial idea and turned to his habitual scriptwriter and accomplice, Jan Strnad, for the full fleshing out of the plot. Working in tandem they have developed an almost seamless narrative which looks and reads and feels as if it had come from the imagination, the pen, and the brush of a single author. This is not the least of its achievements, but it is hardly the only one.

When dealing with oriental themes, the temptation has always been for artists and writers to slip into the bazaar imagery of camel caravans, black tents, and slave markets. While allowing for an occasional lapse (always minor), Corben and Strnad have remained astonishingly faithful to the spirit of the original tales, and motivations, incidents, even dialogue, sound plausible, almost inevitable, in the light of the previous one thousand and one tales. In this spirit the retelling—in a mode at once respectful and ironic—of the fable about the genie's wife and her 570 lovers as prologue to the main narrative sets up the wider framework for the whole fabulous enterprise, an enterprise in which strands from the *Rubaiyat* and even the *Kama Sutra* are woven into the fabric of the Arabian tales, opening up the reader's eye and the reader's mind to ever more shimmering oriental vistas.

And thus Princess Scheherazade (I prefer the traditional spelling) spins out one final tale, not for the ears of her love-wary husband, but for the benefit of her lovelorn sister Dunyazad—another ironic twist—the tale of the aging Sindbad and his last quest, not for wealth this time, not for adventure alone, but for love and for redemption (a Christian shaft aimed squarely at the heart of Islam). To find and reclaim his loyal wife Zulaykha, whom out of boredom and weariness he has spurned and abused, the legendary sailor will embark on a new, landlocked voyage, a horrifying and harrowing journey, compared to which his previous expeditions look like pleasure outings. His plans wrecked, his companions exterminated, his body emaciated, his mind reeling, Sindbad is left to face the dark forces of evil alone, with his wits and Allah's mercifulness as his only support.

The Land of the Jinn in the depths of which Sindbad warily adventures is filled with perils and traps which the astute reader will recognize as familiar to the tales, but which Strnad and Corben are able to present in a new context calculated to bring out the artist's best: the multiple and lightning-fast transformations of friendly guides into frightful monsters, of scheming genies into alluring sirens—the sudden appearance of mythical beasts, the intervention of distant and powerful deities, all are ideally suited to Corben's flair for the unusual, the unexpected, the uncanny. That the Land of the Jinn can also serve as metaphor for blind fate and human struggle, and its dangers appear as the nightmare extensions of life's chanciness, is not lost on the authors; and the frequent utterances of "Bismillah!" (Allah willing) from the lips of the sailor and his companions are so many hints to the reader. But while his companions, men of common clay,



surrender to fate, Sindbad, the hero, knows that fate is only of the moment, and resisting boxes calls for skills of execution and presentation of the highest order: Corben rises to the occasion with seemingly effortless mastery in a succession of visual tours de force that display the multifaceted talents of an artist at the apex of his powers. Not only is the artwork up to everything that his fans have come to expect from Corben: fine draftsmanship, evocativeness of tone and color, attention to detail, faultless airbrushing, and a sure sense of design, but the artist seems to be inspired by his subject to go beyond even his own high aspirations. This is apparent first of all in the care he takes in the layout of his pages, which are conceived to fit the mood or the action of the narrative at any given moment: No two pages exactly broken down in the same pattern; instead the design is made to conform to rhythm and the inner logic of the action at hand: The more convulsive the goings-on the more chaotic the layout. The more symmetrical grid patterns are reserved for moments of relative pause, while violent incidents are inscribed in wildly irregular constructions of overlapping panels, splash pages being reserved for climaxes. Panoramas abound: Horizontal to detail singular combat, vertical to survey a complex situation. Page after page, one discovers subtleties of design that lead the eye to move further on into the story and the mind to delve deeper into its meaning.

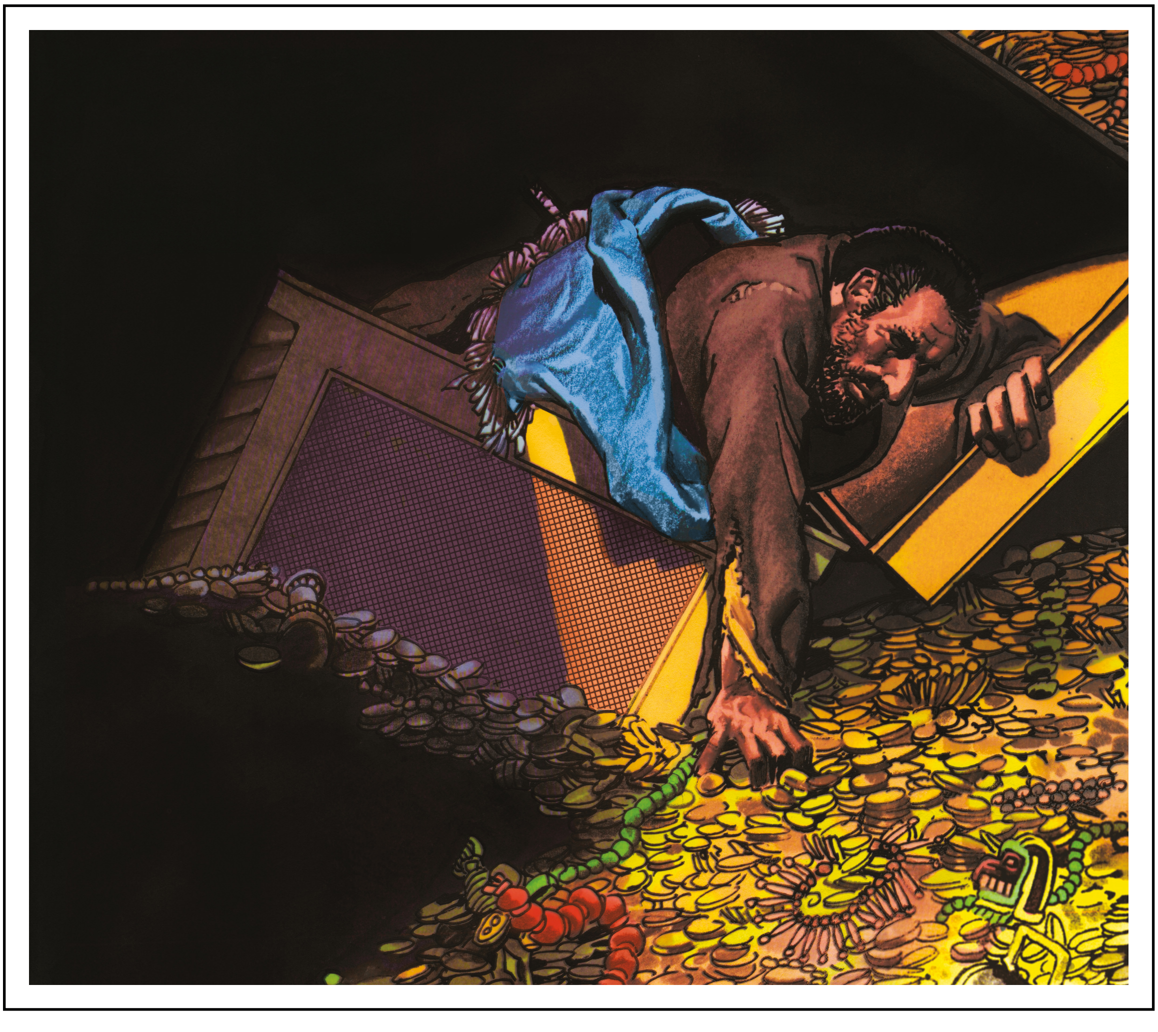
The imagery of course comes straight out of the source of the tales: Corben cannot but feel at home with the giants, ogres, monsters, and winged creatures that populate this nightmare land. The illustrations, while they owe some of their inspiration to Maxfield Parrish's treatment of similar subjects, are made Corben's own through an expressionistic use of color and a native elegance tinged with earthy saltiness. The faces—notably those of Sindbad, of his bosom friend Judar, and of his female companion Akissa—are archetypal, yet with enough individuality in them to easily distinguish the characters from the "central casting" method of physiognomy used by too many other comic-book artists. Best of all, they are highly expressive, and in close-ups provide a focus for the reader's eye after a surfeit of violent happenings. Here, perhaps better than in any of his other works, the artist makes almost musical use of visual counterpointing, as in the admirable page showing Sindbad, Judar, and Akissa laying plans for their expedition, where the play on the protagonists' faces seems to foreshadow the fate of the enterprise.

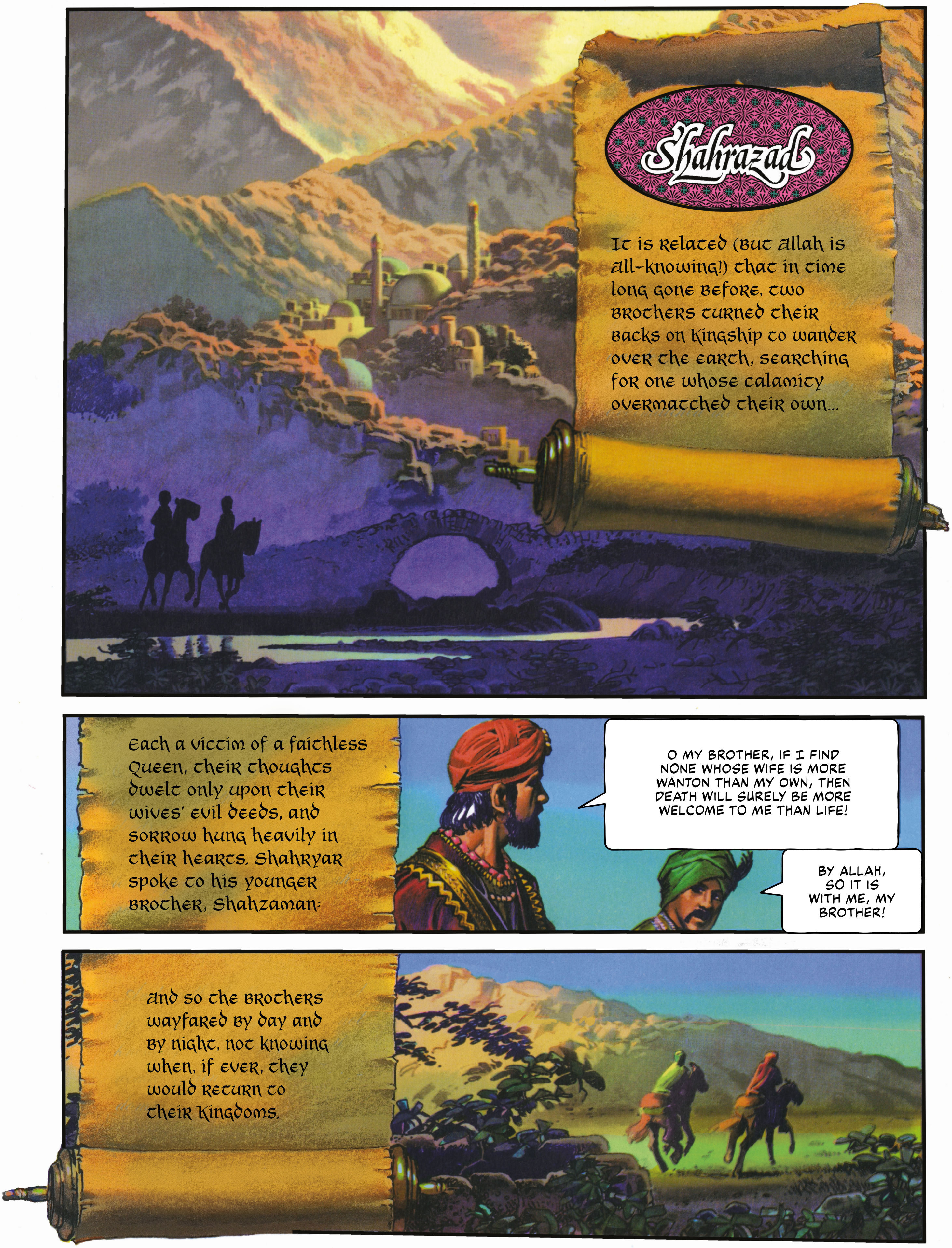
Most of the action in *The Last Voyage of Sindbad* takes place in exteriors, from the teeming streets of Baghdad to the burning sands of the desert, and this gives Corben full freedom to display his opulent sense of the spectacular. The spectacle is mostly one of action, derring-do, battle, and destruction: sex, so prevalent in so many of Corben's stories, though hardly absent in this one, is strangely subdued, and at times sublimated, leaving the tale open almost exclusively to adventure. And what adventure it is! Its twists and turns roll, thunder, and burst into coruscating tableaux, which merge into sequence after dizzying sequence. There is the terrifying first appearance of the evil genie Al-Ra'ad al-Kasif; Sindbad's breathtaking fight with the dragon, oddly reminiscent of the novels of chivalry and the early *Prince Valiant*; the wrath of Zu'l Janahayn, king of kings of the genies, and his destruction of Ketra, in a fate worthy of Old Testament retribution. Highly charged as these are, they pale in comparison with the two most stunning episodes of the tale: the battle against the host of the living dead mounted on their no less spectral winged horses, and Sindbad's ultimate confrontation with Al-Ra'ad. At the end of this last ordeal the reader is left no less exhausted than the victorious hero.

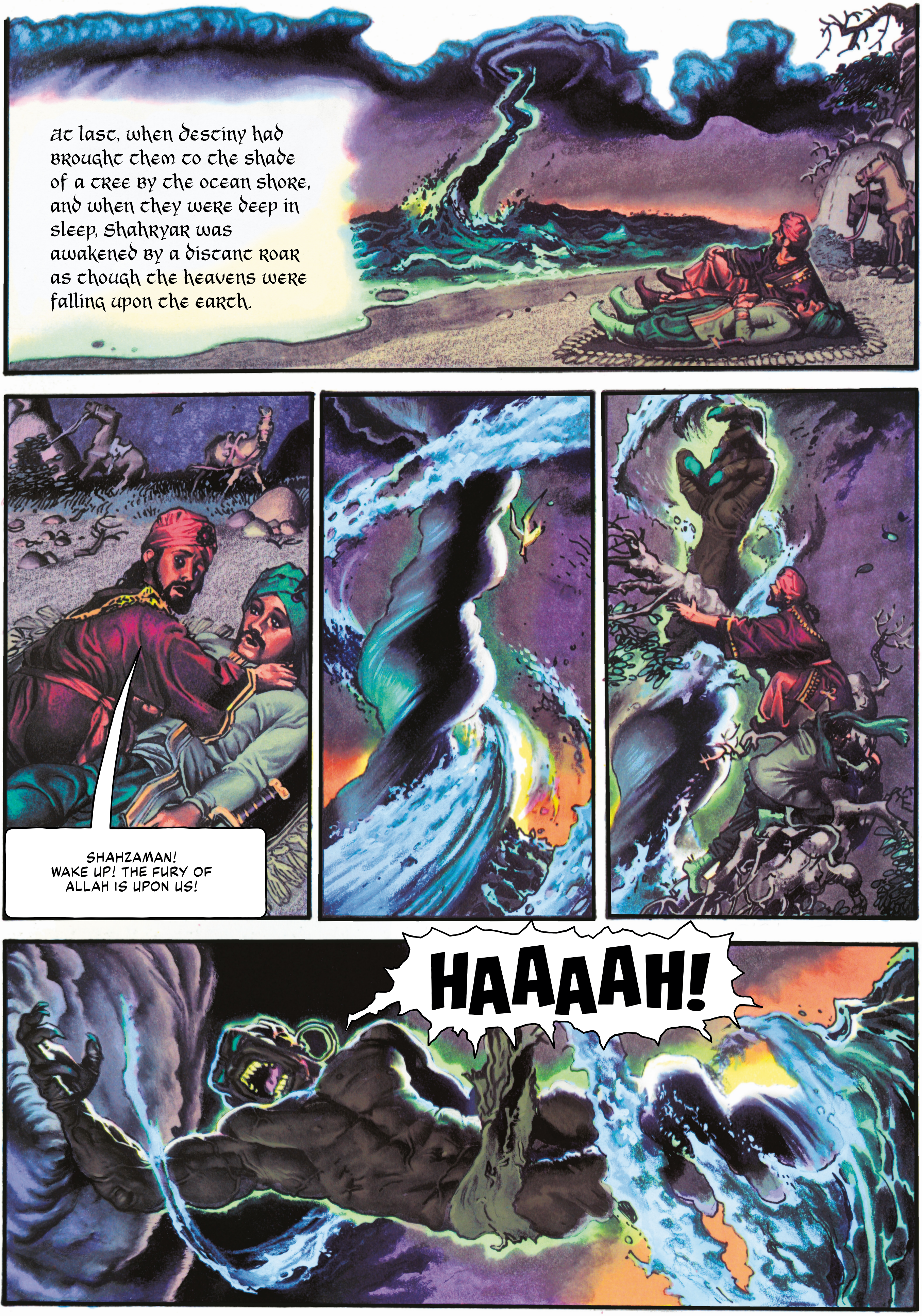
Equal praise must be given here to Jan Strnad, who not only provided the underpinning on which the story's authenticity ultimately rests, but also fleshed out the characters in a way that makes them human as well as heroic, and above all preserved the tone of these ancient legends. Over the evocative text there waft all the perfumes of Arabia and the hot, enervating wind of the desert.

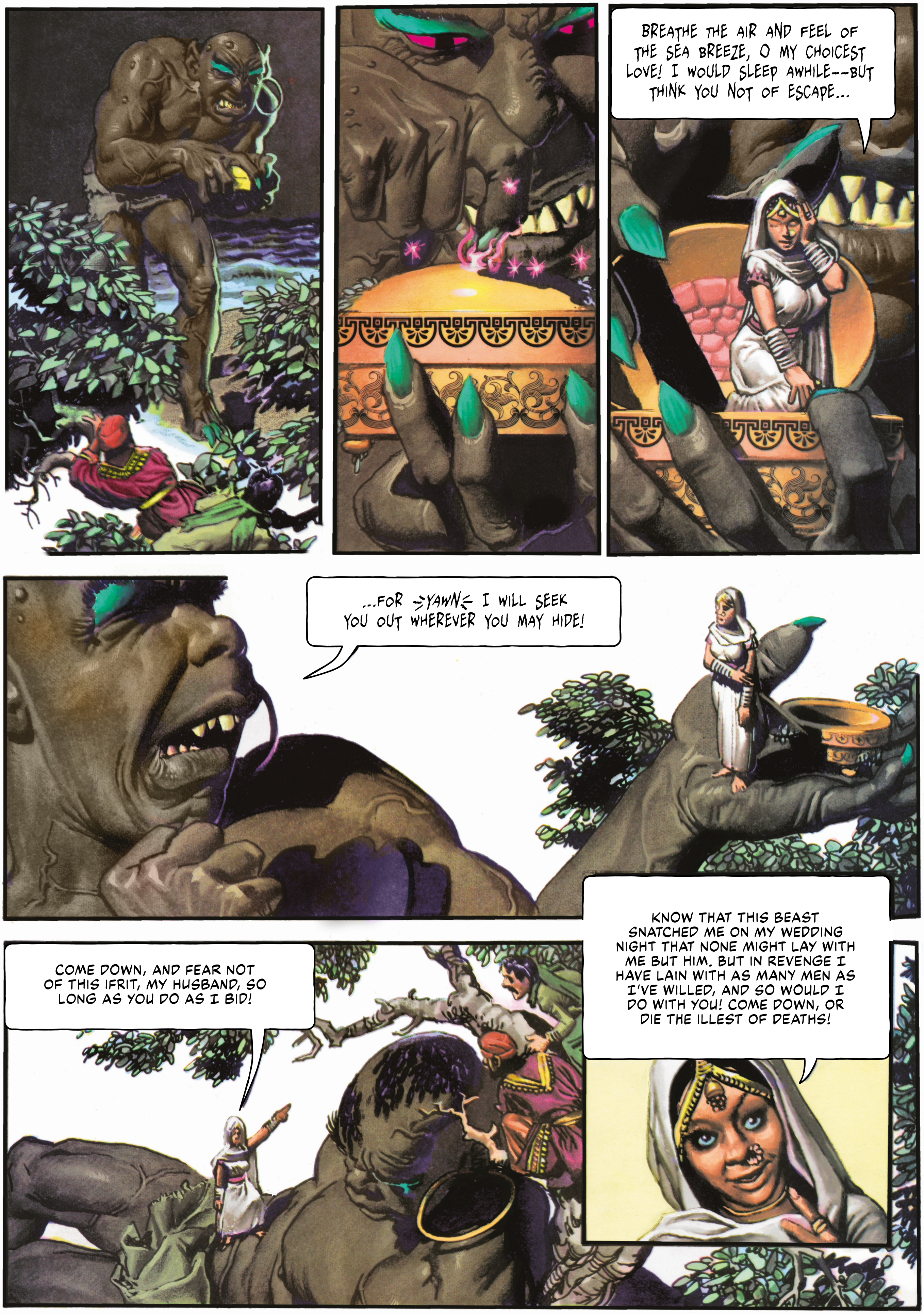
In his introduction to the first edition Harlan Ellison called the *New Tales of the Arabian Nights* a work of art, while others (such as Dennis Wepman in *Historia de los comics*) have called it Corben's artistic high point. But let us set aside all preconceptions, and simply savor the graphic and narrative feast, of which Richard Corben, Jan Strnad (and Catalan Communications) invites us to partake.

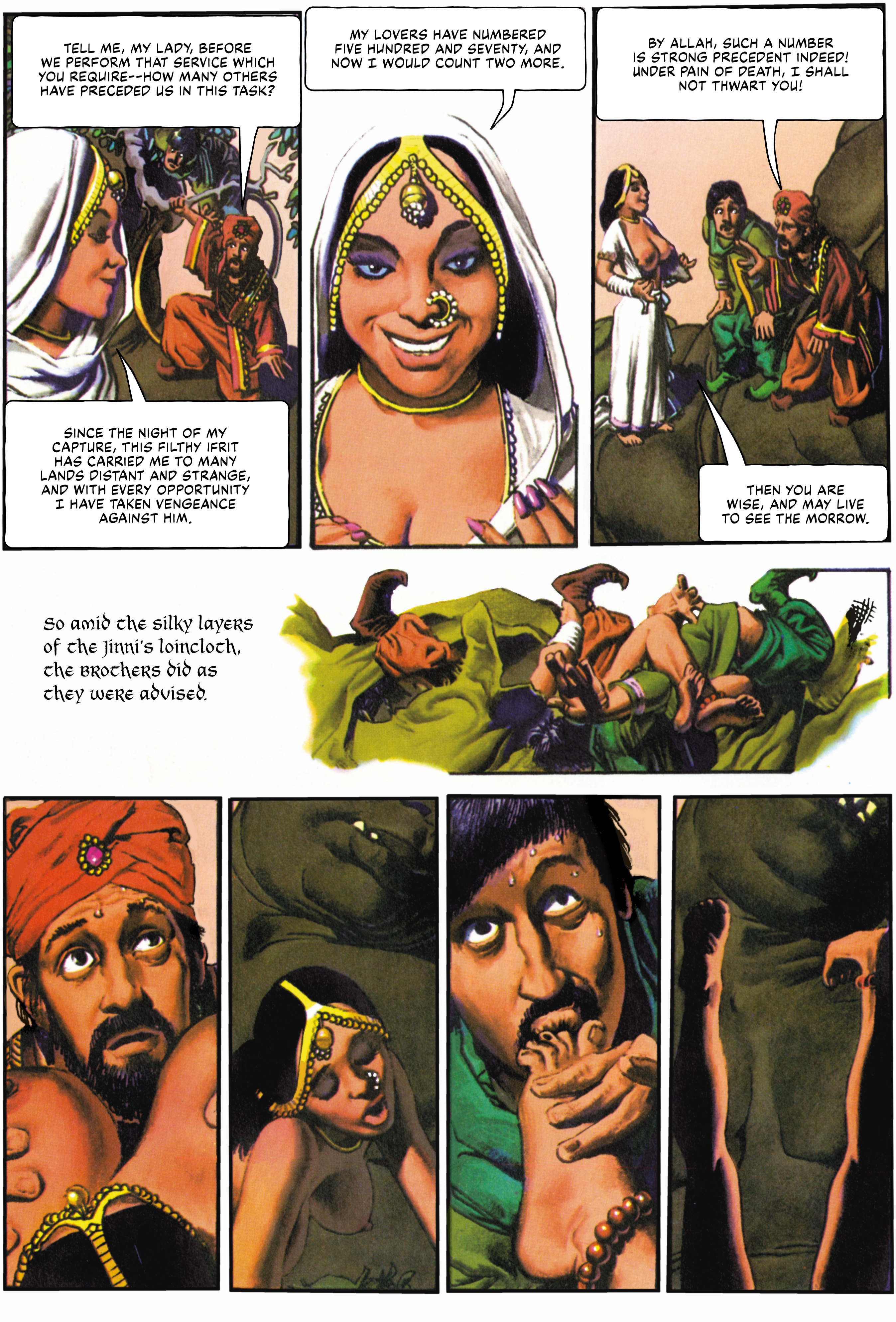
MAURICE HORN
New York City, October 1987

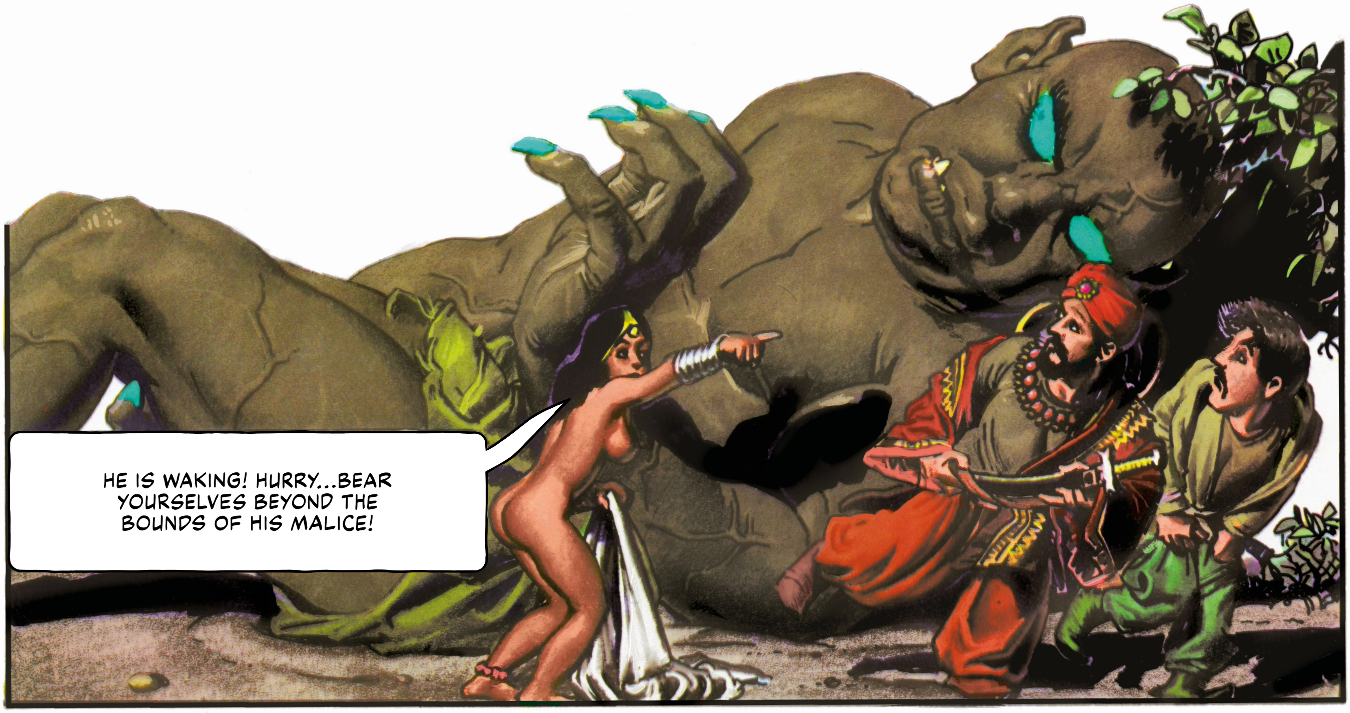


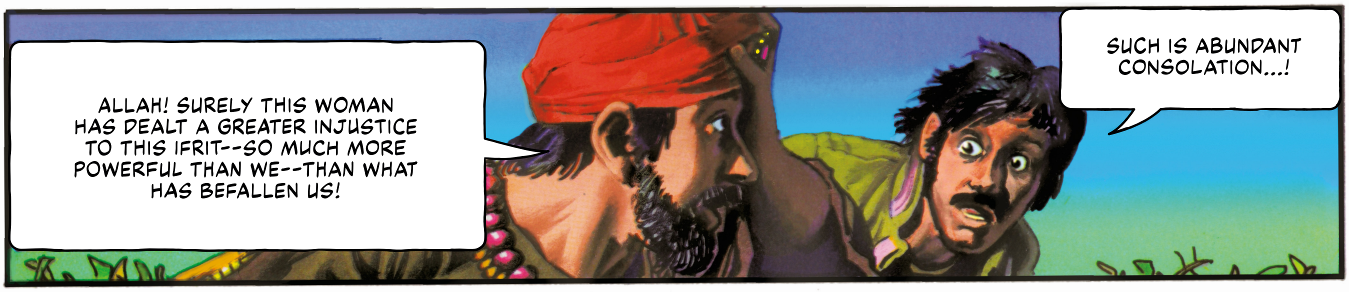

Shahrazad
It is related (but Allah is All-knowing!) that in time long gone before, two brothers turned their backs on kingship to wander over the earth, searching for one whose calamity overmatched their own...
Each a victim of a faithless Queen, their thoughts dwelt only upon their wives' evil deeds, and sorrow hung heavily in their hearts. Shahryar spoke to his younger brother, Shahzaman:
O MY BROTHER, IF I FIND NONE WHOSE WIFE IS MORE WANTON THAN MY OWN, THEN DEATH WILL SURELY BE MORE WELCOME TO ME THAN LIFE!
BY ALLAH, SO IT IS WITH ME, MY BROTHER!
And so the brothers wayfared by day and by night, not knowing when, if ever, they would return to their kingdoms.

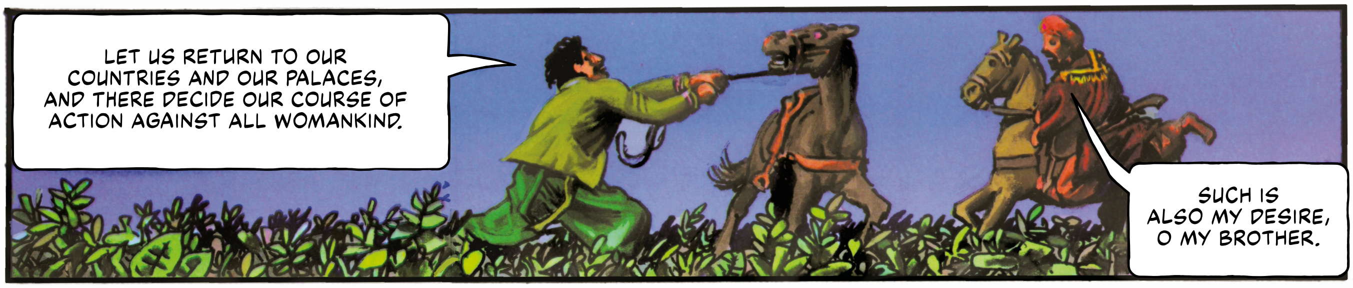

At last, when destiny had brought them to the shade of a tree by the ocean shore, and when they were deep in sleep, Shahryar was awakened by a distant roar as though the heavens were falling upon the earth.
SHAHZAMAN! WAKE UP! THE FURY OF ALLAH IS UPON US!
HAAAAAH!


BREATHE THE AIR AND FEEL OF THE SEA BREEZE, O MY CHOICEST LOVE! I WOULD SLEEP AWHILE--BUT THINK YOU NOT OF ESCAPE...
...FOR ⇒YAWN⇐ I WILL SEEK YOU OUT WHEREVER YOU MAY HIDE!
COME DOWN, AND FEAR NOT OF THIS IFRIT, MY HUSBAND, SO LONG AS YOU DO AS I BID!
KNOW THAT THIS BEAST SNATCHED ME ON MY WEDDING NIGHT THAT NONE MIGHT LAY WITH ME BUT HIM. BUT IN REVENGE I HAVE LAIN WITH AS MANY MEN AS I'VE WILLED, AND SO WOULD I DO WITH YOU! COME DOWN, OR DIE THE ILLEST OF DEATHS!

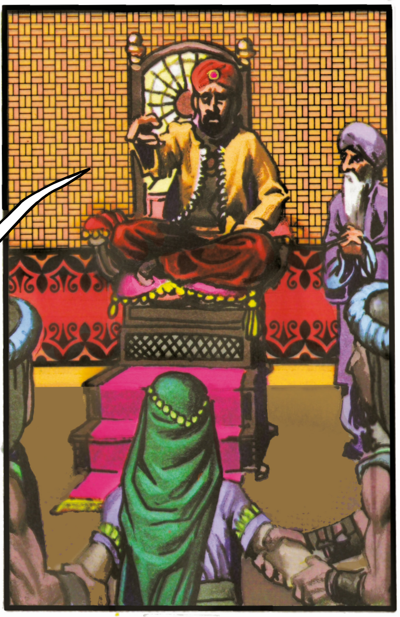

TELL ME, MY LADY, BEFORE WE PERFORM THAT SERVICE WHICH YOU REQUIRE--HOW MANY OTHERS HAVE PRECEDED US IN THIS TASK?
SINCE THE NIGHT OF MY CAPTURE, THIS FILTHY IFRIT HAS CARRIED ME TO MANY LANDS DISTANT AND STRANGE, AND WITH EVERY OPPORTUNITY I HAVE TAKEN VENGEANCE AGAINST HIM.
MY LOVERS HAVE NUMBERED FIVE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY, AND NOW I WOULD COUNT TWO MORE.
BY ALLAH, SUCH A NUMBER IS STRONG PRECEDENT INDEED! UNDER PAIN OF DEATH, I SHALL NOT THWART YOU!
THEN YOU ARE WISE, AND MAY LIVE TO SEE THE MORROW.
So amid the silky layers of the Jinni's loincloth, the brothers did as they were advised.

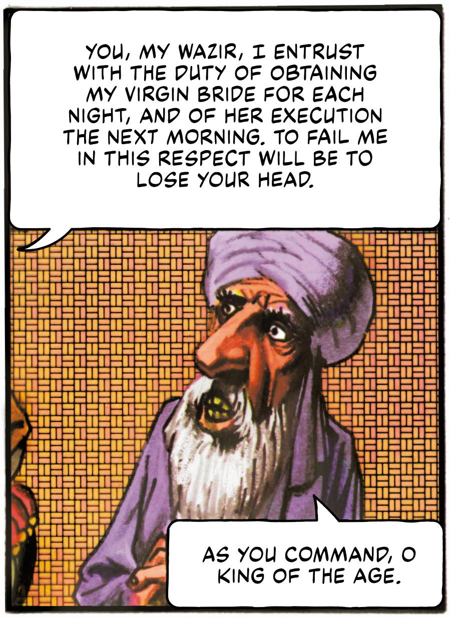

HE IS WAKING! HURRY...BEAR YOURSELVES BEYOND THE BOUNDS OF HIS MALICE!


ALLAH! SURELY THIS WOMAN HAS DEALT A GREATER INJUSTICE TO THIS IFRIT--SO MUCH MORE POWERFUL THAN WE--THAN WHAT HAS BEFALLEN US!
SUCH IS ABUNDANT CONSOLATION...!


LET US RETURN TO OUR COUNTRIES AND OUR PALACES, AND THERE DECIDE OUR COURSE OF ACTION AGAINST ALL WOMANKIND.
SUCH IS ALSO MY DESIRE, O MY BROTHER.

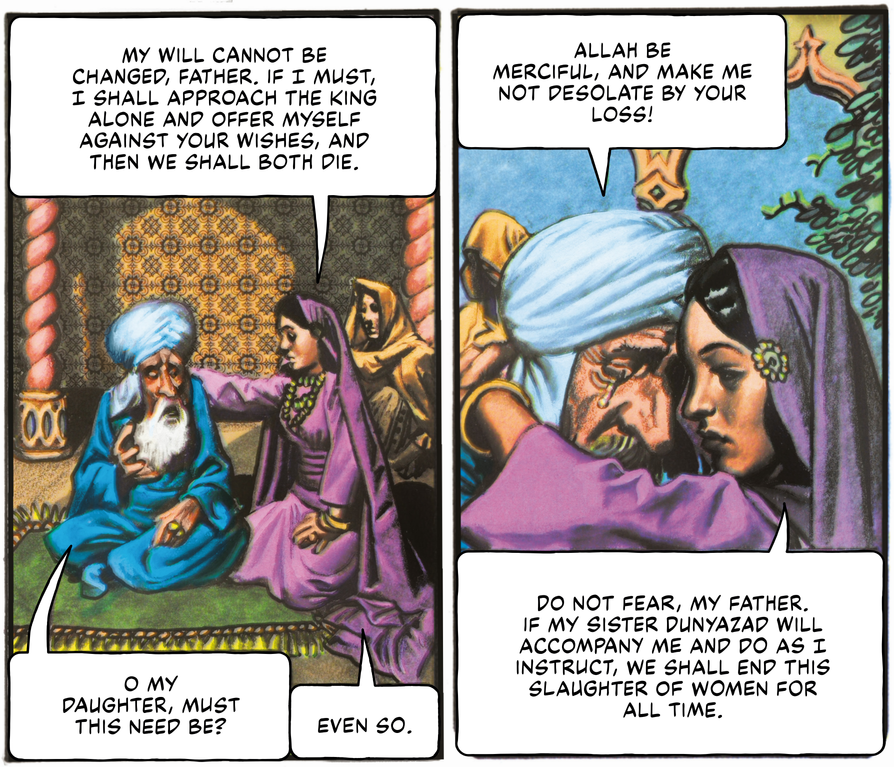
Returning to his city, Shahryar summoned his wife and his wazir and made a proclamation:


I COMMAND MY WIFE, THE QUEEN, TO BE PUT TO DEATH, FOR SHE HAS BROKEN HER MARRIAGE VOW. SUCH IS HER JUST FATE.
HENCEFORTH I SHALL MARRY A MAIDEN EACH NIGHT, AND I SHALL SLAY HER THE FOLLOWING MORNING, AS THERE IS NO WOMAN TO BE TRUSTED ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH.

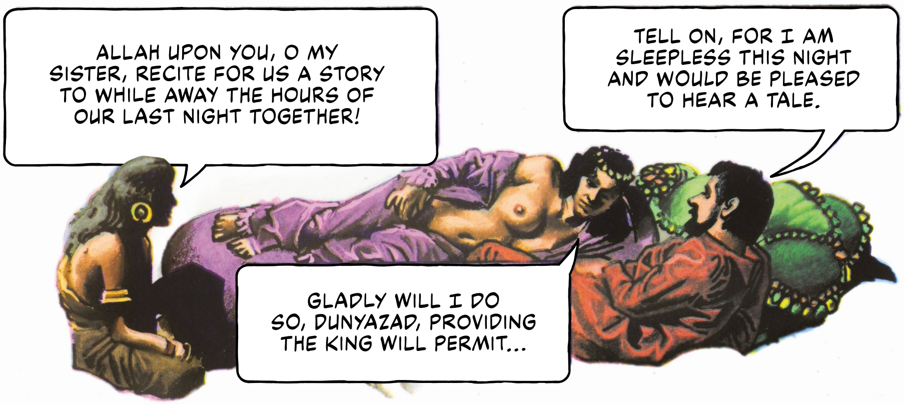

YOU, MY WAZIR, I ENTRUST WITH THE DUTY OF OBTAINING MY VIRGIN BRIDE FOR EACH NIGHT, AND OF HER EXECUTION THE NEXT MORNING. TO FAIL ME IN THIS RESPECT WILL BE TO LOSE YOUR HEAD.
AS YOU COMMAND, O KING OF THE AGE.

Such was King Shahryar's practice for the space of three years. Mothers wept and parents fled the city with their daughters, until no virgin remained for the King's pleasure. Presently the wazir went forth and, finding no suitable bride, returned home in sorrow and in fear for his life.

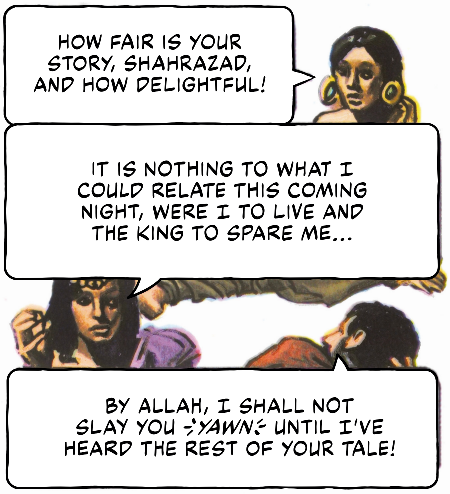
His eldest daughter, Shahrazad, perceived the cause of his anxiety and offered herself as the King's bride, but the wazir would not hear of such a plan.


MY WILL CANNOT BE CHANGED, FATHER. IF I MUST, I SHALL APPROACH THE KING ALONE AND OFFER MYSELF AGAINST YOUR WISHES, AND THEN WE SHALL BOTH DIE.
O MY DAUGHTER, MUST THIS NEED BE?
EVEN SO.
ALLAH BE MERCIFUL, AND MAKE ME NOT DESOLATE BY YOUR LOSS!
DO NOT FEAR, MY FATHER. IF MY SISTER DUNYAZAD WILL ACCOMPANY ME AND DO AS I INSTRUCT, WE SHALL END THIS SLAUGHTER OF WOMEN FOR ALL TIME.

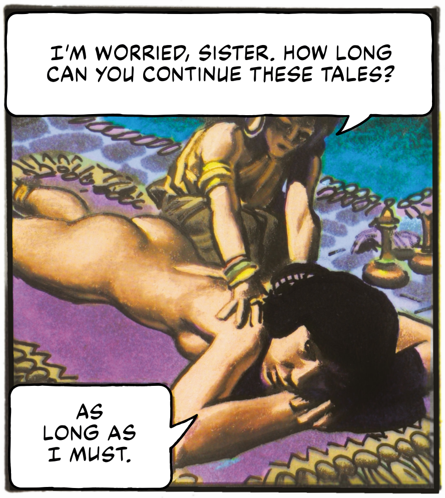
That night, when Dunyazad perceived that the King had had his will with Shahrazad, the sister spoke as she had been instructed:

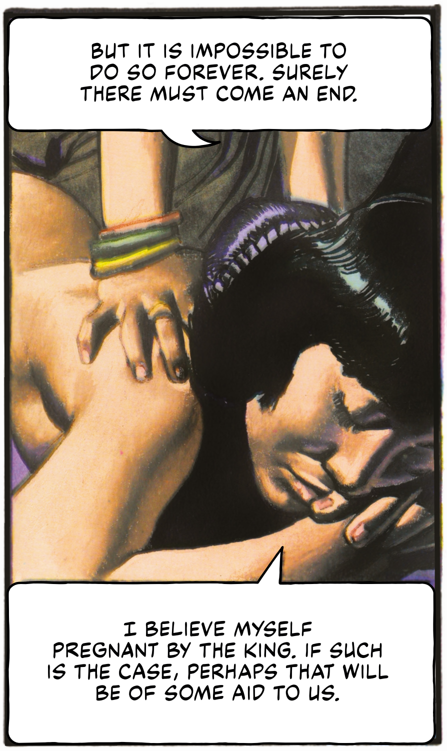

ALLAH UPON YOU, O MY SISTER, RECITE FOR US A STORY TO WHILE AWAY THE HOURS OF OUR LAST NIGHT TOGETHER!
TELL ON, FOR I AM SLEEPLESS THIS NIGHT AND WOULD BE PLEASED TO HEAR A TALE.
GLADLY WILL I DO SO, DUNYAZAD, PROVIDING THE KING WILL PERMIT...

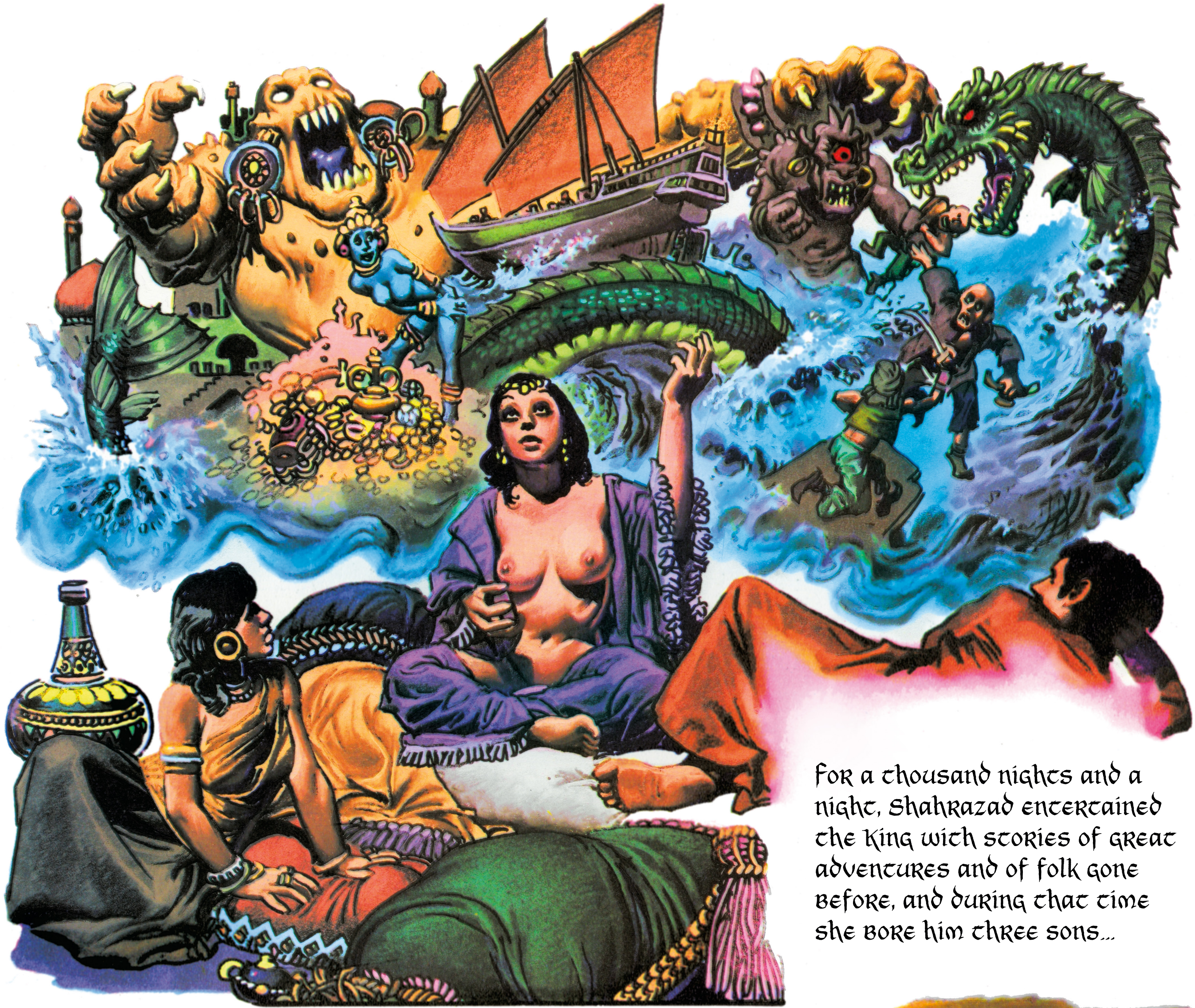
So Shahrazad began the tale of the Merchant and the Jinni, but before she had reached the tale's end she perceived the light of day and ceased her permitted say.


HOW FAIR IS YOUR STORY, SHAHRAZAD, AND HOW DELIGHTFUL!
IT IS NOTHING TO WHAT I COULD RELATE THIS COMING NIGHT, WERE I TO LIVE AND THE KING TO SPARE ME...
BY ALLAH, I SHALL NOT SLAY YOU ÷YAWN÷ UNTIL I'VE HEARD THE REST OF YOUR TALE!

Many nights were passed in like manner, and each morning Shahrazad ceased her story with the first light of dawn and was granted a stay of execution.

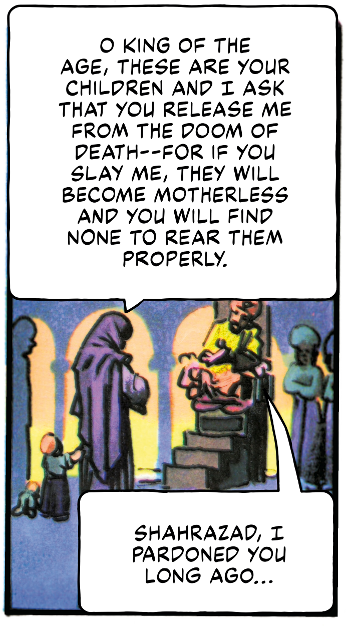

I'M WORRIED, SISTER. HOW LONG CAN YOU CONTINUE THESE TALES?
AS LONG AS I MUST.

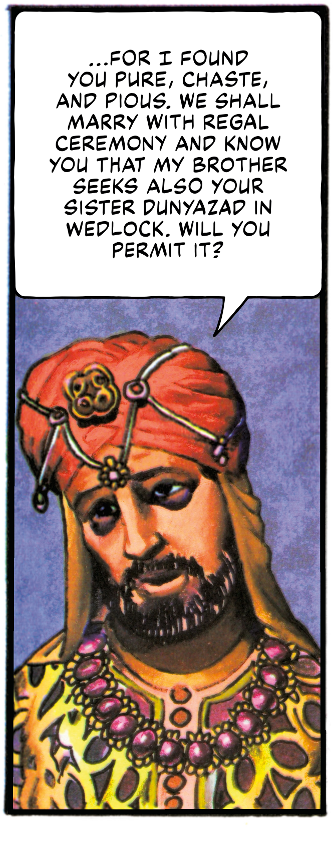

BUT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO DO SO FOREVER. SURELY THERE MUST COME AN END.
I BELIEVE MYSELF PREGNANT BY THE KING. IF SUCH IS THE CASE, PERHAPS THAT WILL BE OF SOME AID TO US.

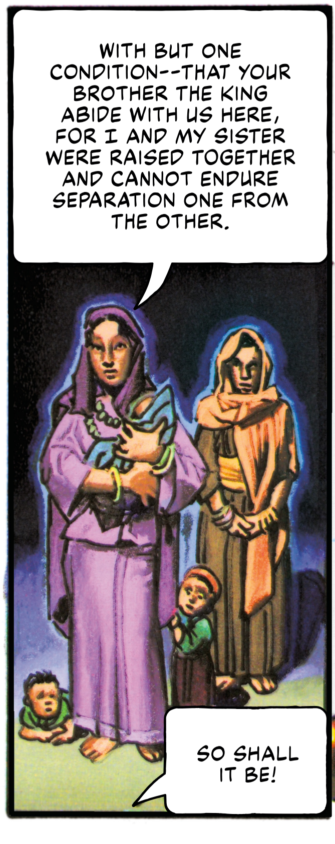


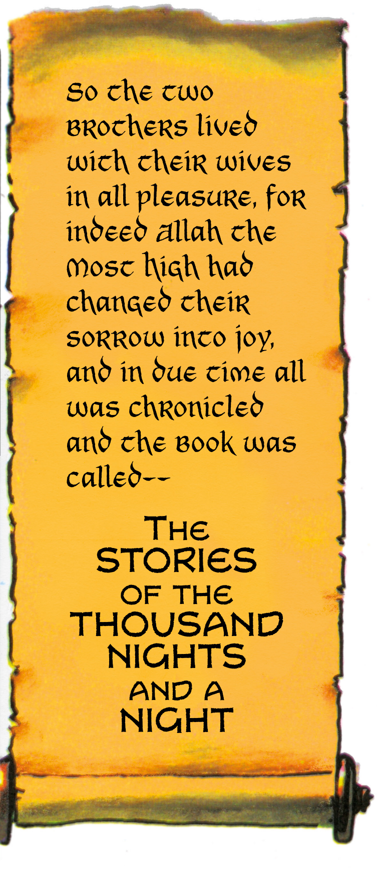
For a thousand nights and a night, Shahrazad entertained the King with stories of great adventures and of folk gone before, and during that time she bore him three sons...

...whereupon she appeared before Shahryar and asked of him a favor:


O KING OF THE AGE, THESE ARE YOUR CHILDREN AND I ASK THAT YOU RELEASE ME FROM THE DOOM OF DEATH--FOR IF YOU SLAY ME, THEY WILL BECOME MOTHERLESS AND YOU WILL FIND NONE TO REAR THEM PROPERLY.
SHAHRAZAD, I PARDONED YOU LONG AGO...

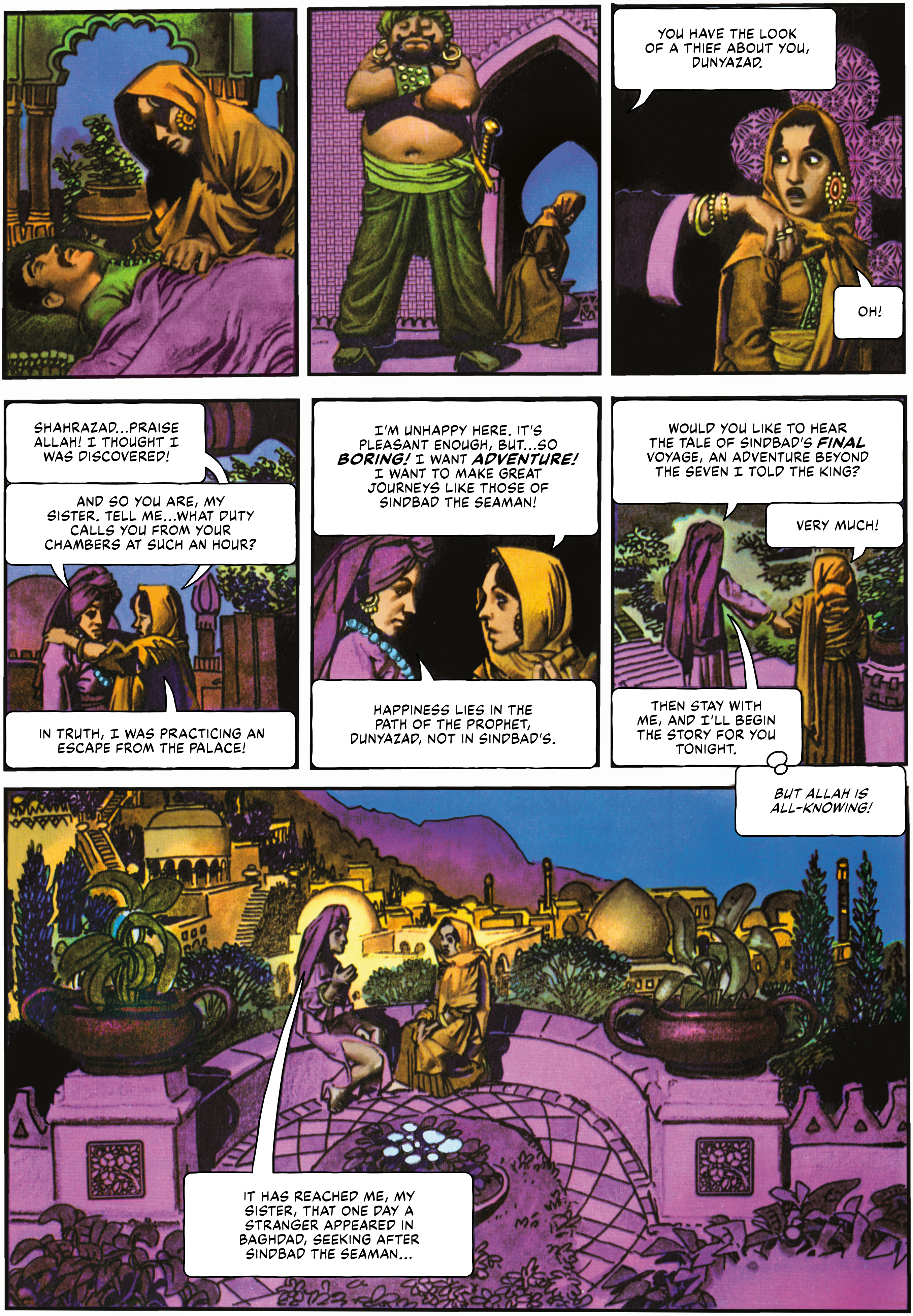

...FOR I FOUND YOU PURE, CHASTE, AND PIOUS. WE SHALL MARRY WITH REGAL CEREMONY AND KNOW YOU THAT MY BROTHER SEEKS ALSO YOUR SISTER DUNYAZAD IN WEDLOCK. WILL YOU PERMIT IT?

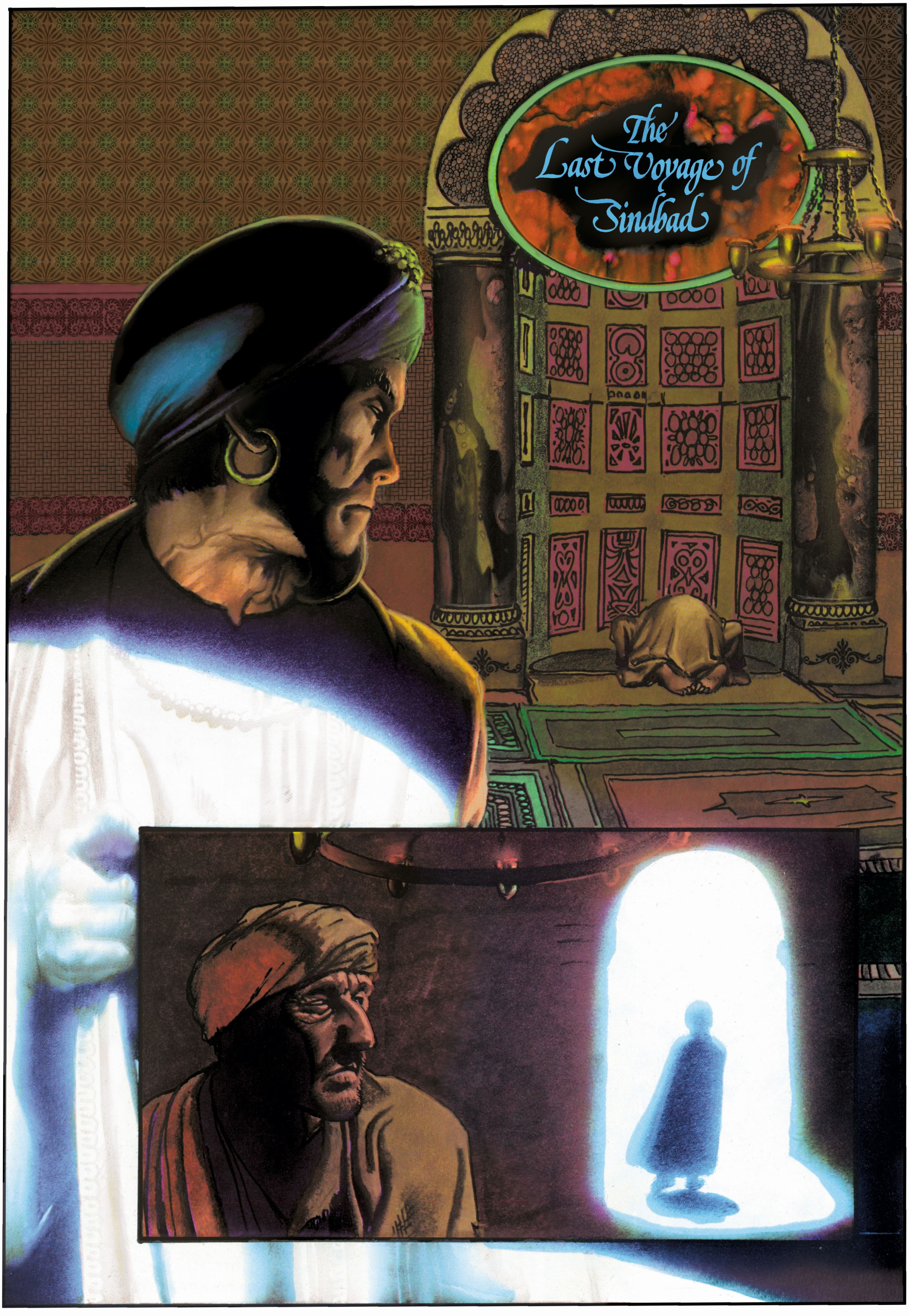

WITH BUT ONE CONDITION--THAT YOUR BROTHER THE KING ABIDE WITH US HERE, FOR I AND MY SISTER WERE RAISED TOGETHER AND CANNOT ENDURE SEPARATION ONE FROM THE OTHER.
SO SHALL IT BE!

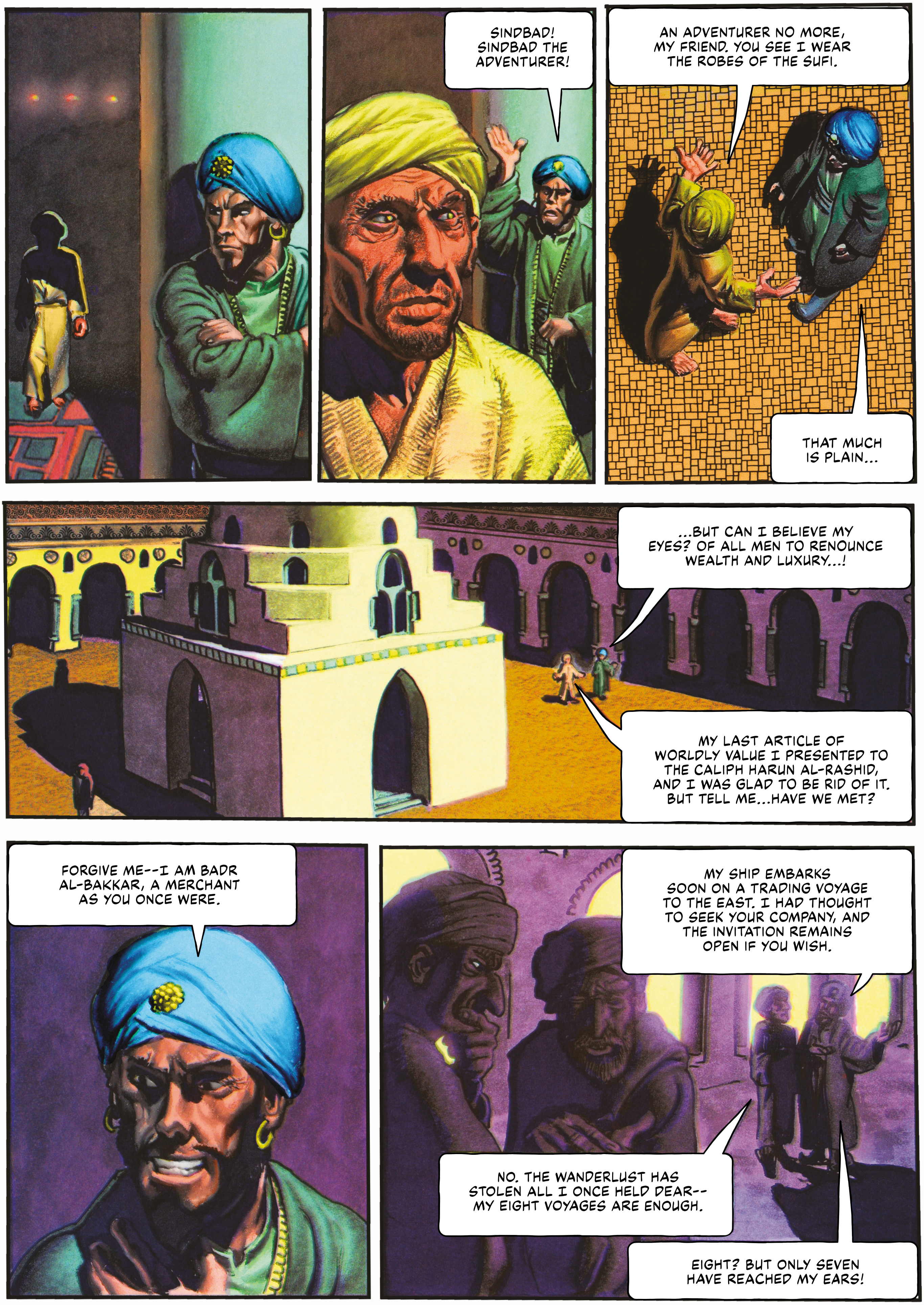


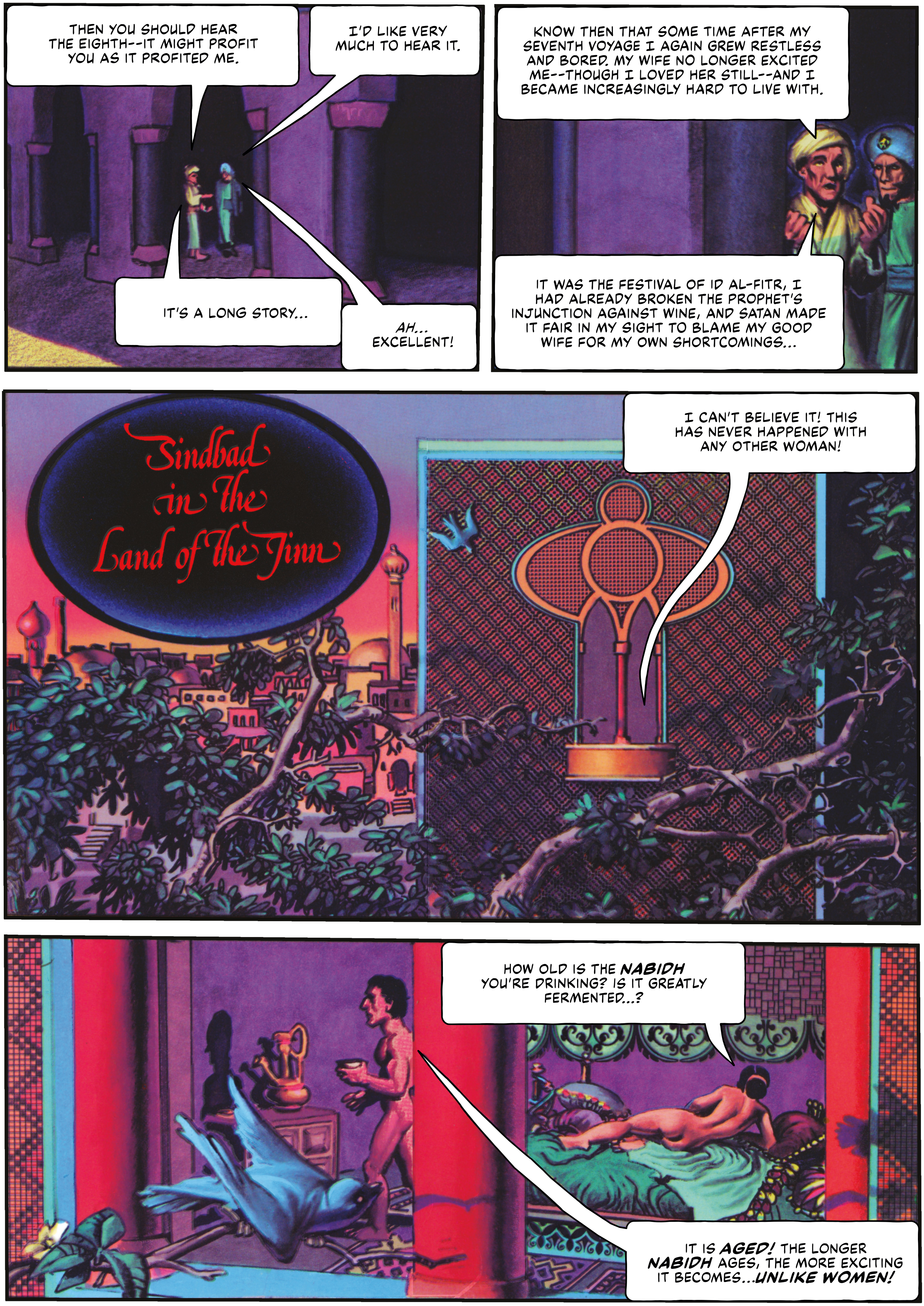
So the two brothers lived with their wives in all pleasure, for indeed Allah the Most High had changed their sorrow into joy, and in due time all was chronicled and the book was called--

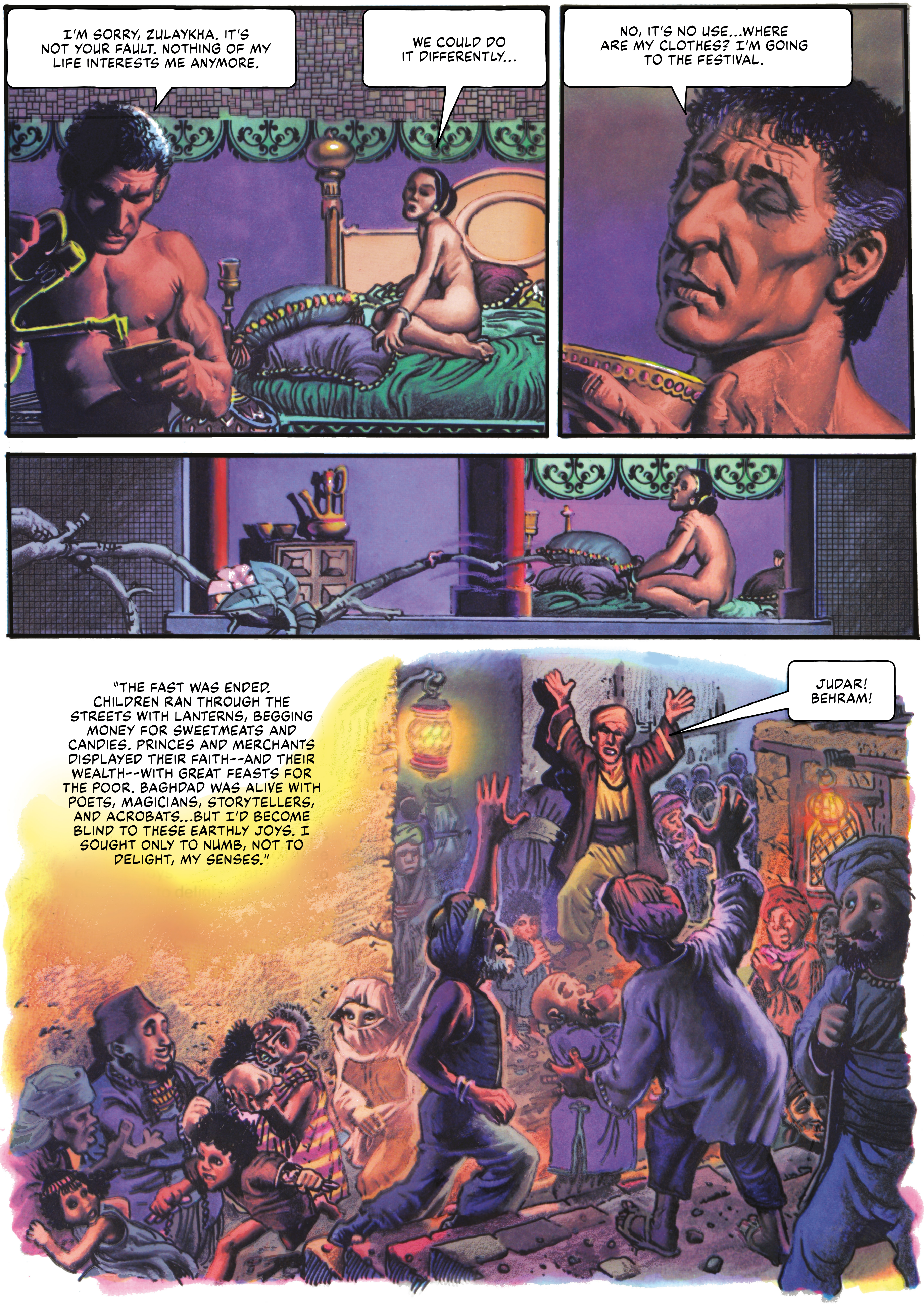
THE
STORIES
OF THE
THOUSAND
NIGHTS
AND A
NIGHT

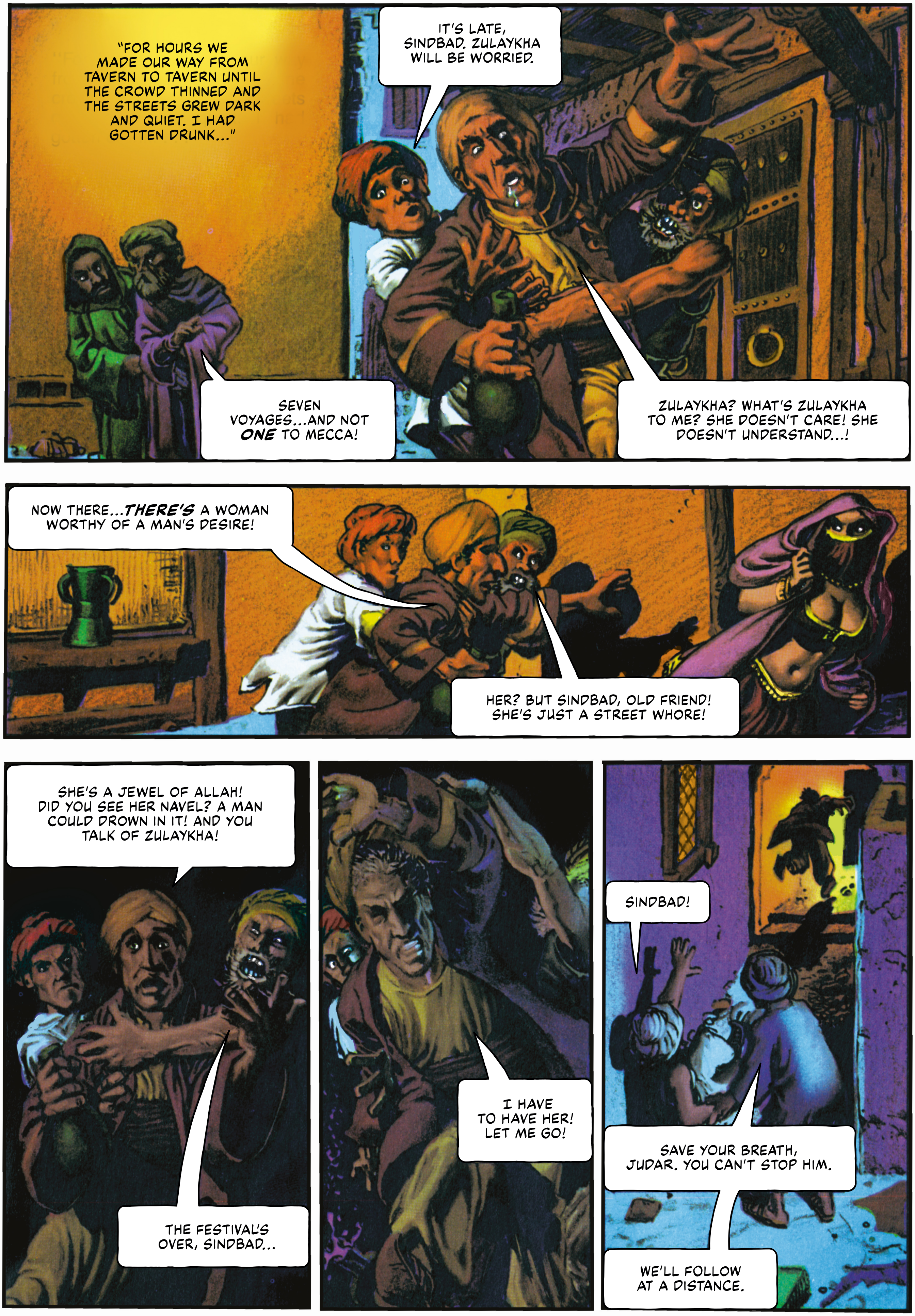

YOU HAVE THE LOOK OF A THIEF ABOUT YOU, DUNYAZAD.
OH!
SHAHRAZAD...PRAISE ALLAH! I THOUGHT I WAS DISCOVERED!
AND SO YOU ARE, MY SISTER. TELL ME...WHAT DUTY CALLS YOU FROM YOUR CHAMBERS AT SUCH AN HOUR?
IN TRUTH, I WAS PRACTICING AN ESCAPE FROM THE PALACE!
I'M UNHAPPY HERE. IT'S PLEASANT ENOUGH, BUT...SO ***BORING!*** I WANT ***ADVENTURE!*** I WANT TO MAKE GREAT JOURNEYS LIKE THOSE OF SINDBAD THE SEAMAN!
HAPPINESS LIES IN THE PATH OF THE PROPHET, DUNYAZAD, NOT IN SINDBAD'S.
WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR THE TALE OF SINDBAD'S ***FINAL*** VOYAGE, AN ADVENTURE BEYOND THE SEVEN I TOLD THE KING?
VERY MUCH!
THEN STAY WITH ME, AND I'LL BEGIN THE STORY FOR YOU TONIGHT.
BUT ALLAH IS ALL-KNOWING!
IT HAS REACHED ME, MY SISTER, THAT ONE DAY A STRANGER APPEARED IN BAGHDAD, SEEKING AFTER SINDBAD THE SEAMAN...

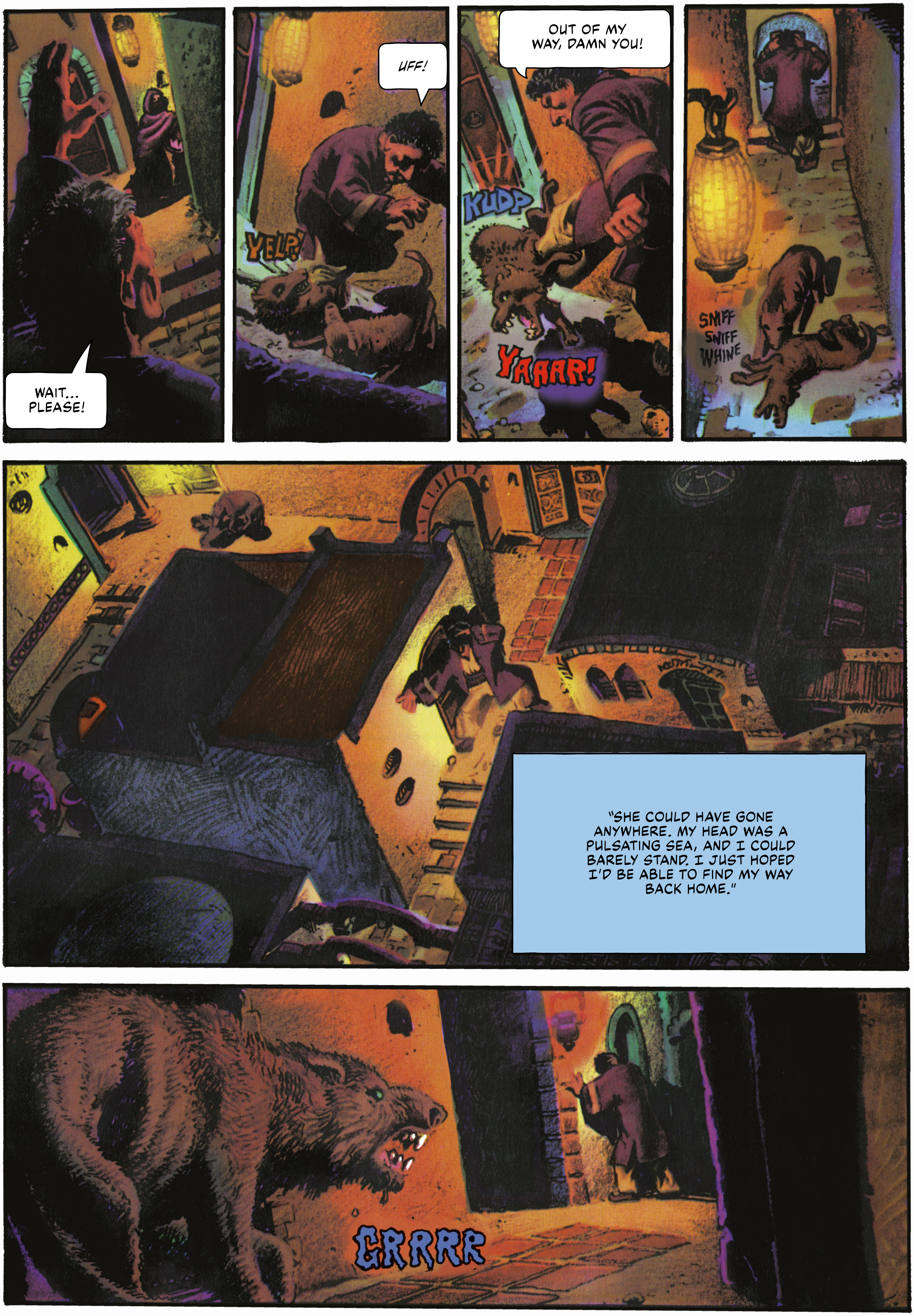

The Last Voyage of Sindbad

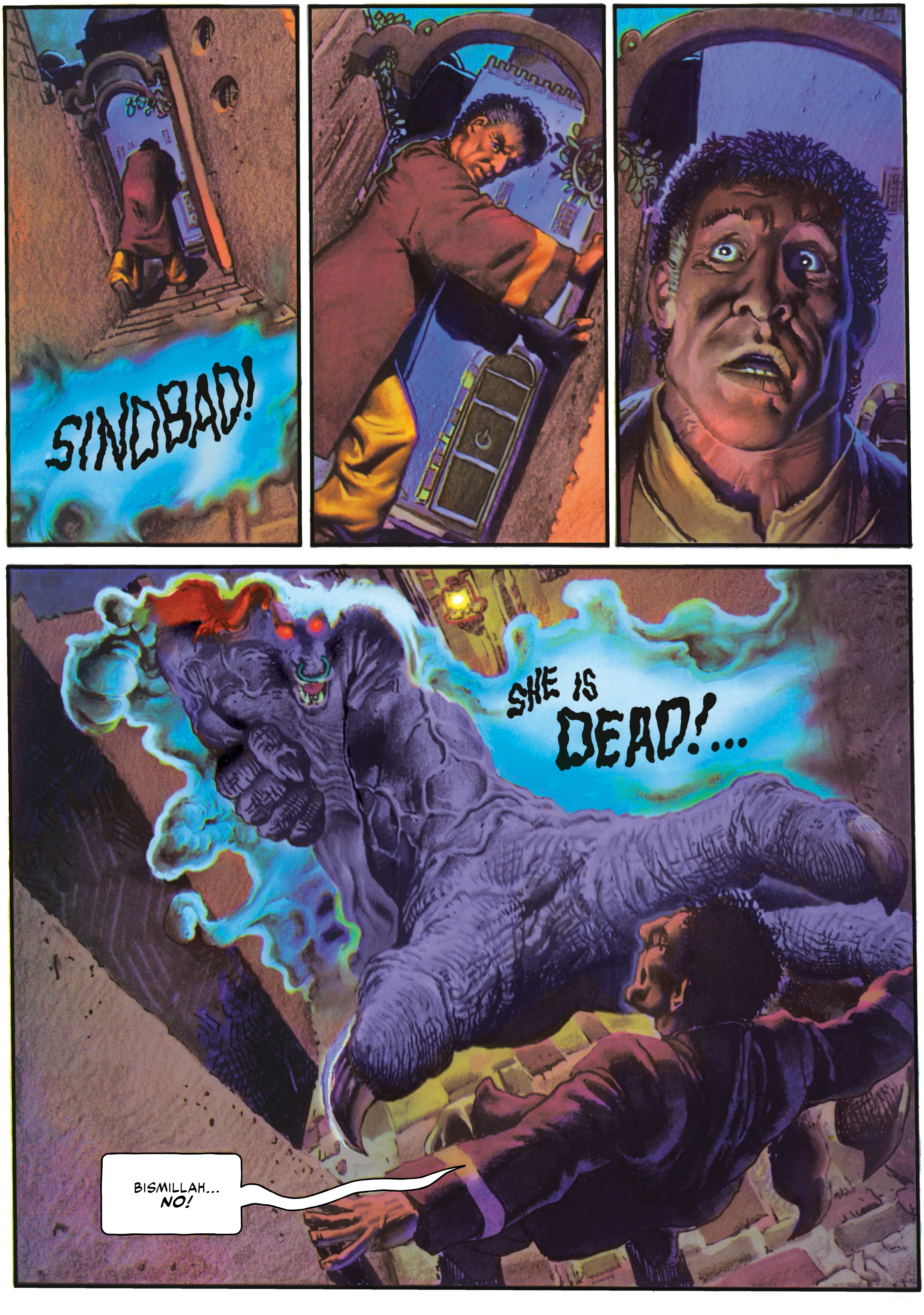

SINDBAD! SINDBAD THE ADVENTURER!
AN ADVENTURER NO MORE, MY FRIEND. YOU SEE I WEAR THE ROBES OF THE SUFI.
THAT MUCH IS PLAIN...
...BUT CAN I BELIEVE MY EYES? OF ALL MEN TO RENOUNCE WEALTH AND LUXURY...!
MY LAST ARTICLE OF WORLDLY VALUE I PRESENTED TO THE CALIPH HARUN AL-RASHID, AND I WAS GLAD TO BE RID OF IT. BUT TELL ME...HAVE WE MET?
FORGIVE ME--I AM BADR AL-BAKKAR, A MERCHANT AS YOU ONCE WERE.
MY SHIP EMBARKS SOON ON A TRADING VOYAGE TO THE EAST. I HAD THOUGHT TO SEEK YOUR COMPANY, AND THE INVITATION REMAINS OPEN IF YOU WISH.
NO. THE WANDERLUST HAS STOLEN ALL I ONCE HELD DEAR-- MY EIGHT VOYAGES ARE ENOUGH.
EIGHT? BUT ONLY SEVEN HAVE REACHED MY EARS!

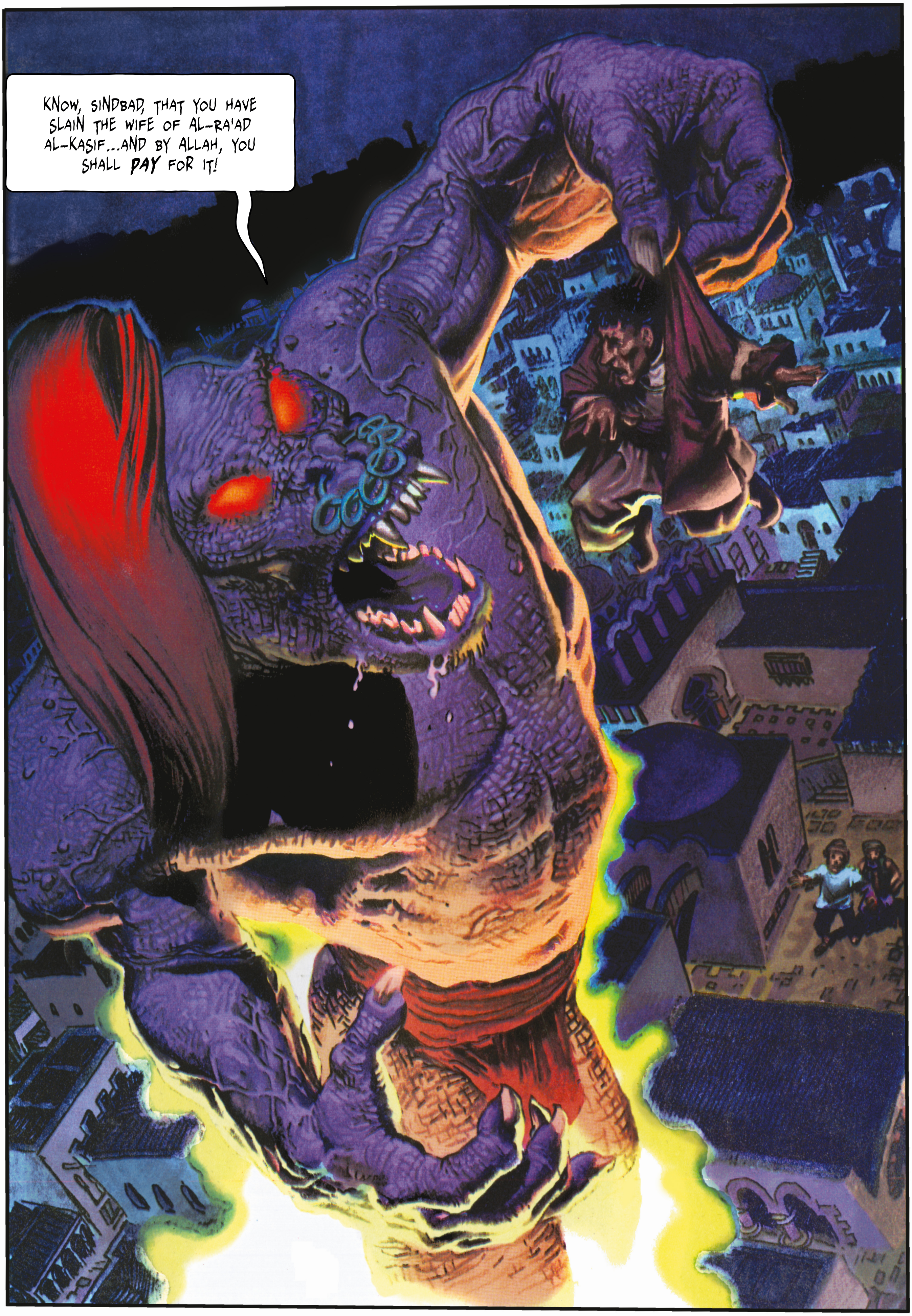

THEN YOU SHOULD HEAR THE EIGHTH--IT MIGHT PROFIT YOU AS IT PROFITED ME.
I'D LIKE VERY MUCH TO HEAR IT.
IT'S A LONG STORY...
AH... EXCELLENT!
KNOW THEN THAT SOME TIME AFTER MY SEVENTH VOYAGE I AGAIN GREW RESTLESS AND BORED. MY WIFE NO LONGER EXCITED ME--THOUGH I LOVED HER STILL--AND I BECAME INCREASINGLY HARD TO LIVE WITH.
IT WAS THE FESTIVAL OF ID AL-FITR, I HAD ALREADY BROKEN THE PROPHET'S INJUNCTION AGAINST WINE, AND SATAN MADE IT FAIR IN MY SIGHT TO BLAME MY GOOD WIFE FOR MY OWN SHORTCOMINGS...
Sindbad in The Land of The Jinn
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THIS HAS NEVER HAPPENED WITH ANY OTHER WOMAN!
HOW OLD IS THE ***NABIDH*** YOU'RE DRINKING? IS IT GREATLY FERMENTED...?
IT IS ***AGED!*** THE LONGER ***NABIDH*** AGES, THE MORE EXCITING IT BECOMES...***UNLIKE WOMEN!***

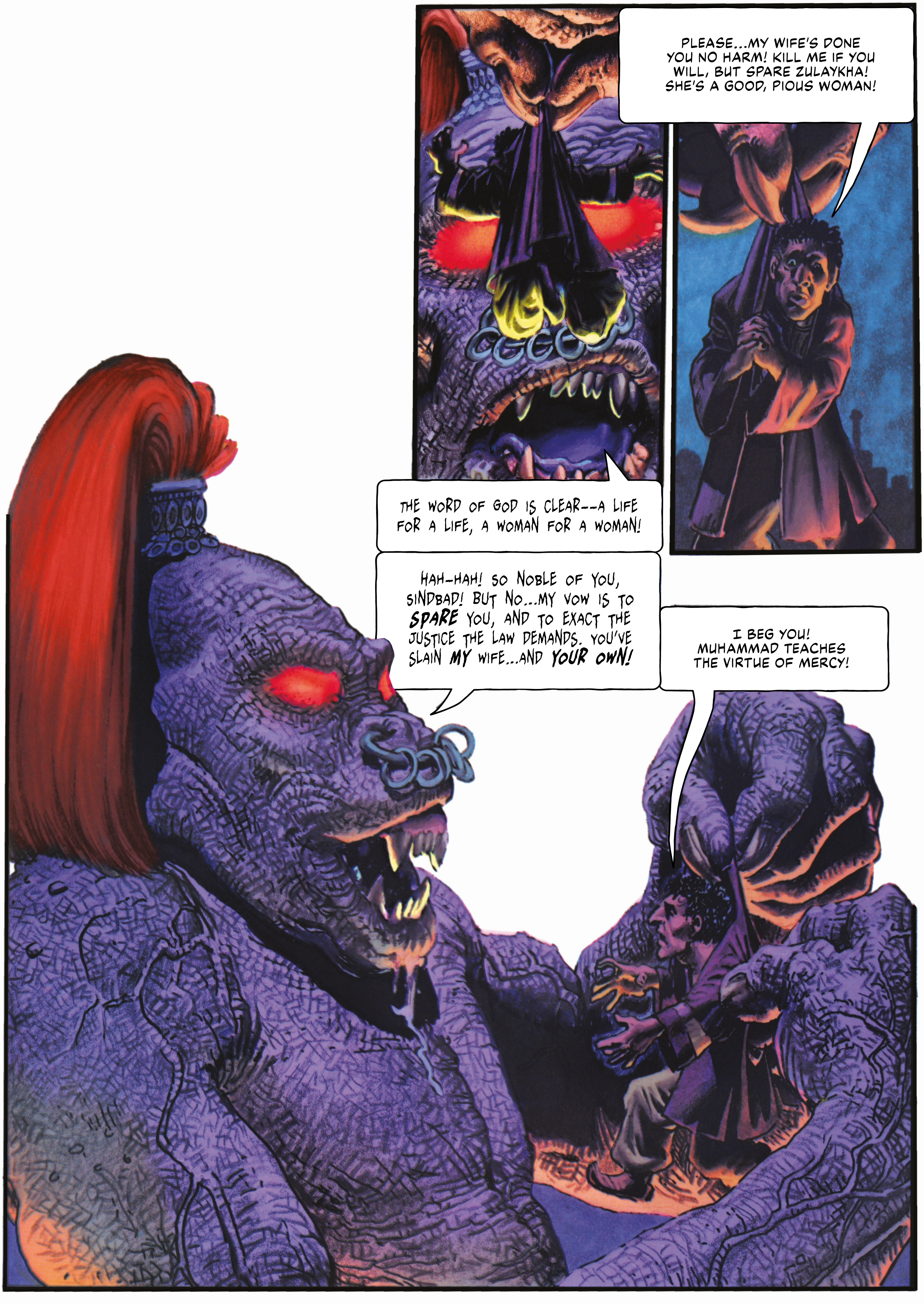

I'M SORRY, ZULAYKHA. IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT. NOTHING OF MY LIFE INTERESTS ME ANYMORE.
WE COULD DO IT DIFFERENTLY...
NO, IT'S NO USE...WHERE ARE MY CLOTHES? I'M GOING TO THE FESTIVAL.
"THE FAST WAS ENDED. CHILDREN RAN THROUGH THE STREETS WITH LANTERNS, BEGGING MONEY FOR SWEETMEATS AND CANDIES. PRINCES AND MERCHANTS DISPLAYED THEIR FAITH--AND THEIR WEALTH--WITH GREAT FEASTS FOR THE POOR. BAGHDAD WAS ALIVE WITH POETS, MAGICIANS, STORYTELLERS, AND ACROBATS...BUT I'D BECOME BLIND TO THESE EARTHLY JOYS. I SOUGHT ONLY TO NUMB, NOT TO DELIGHT, MY SENSES."
JUDAR! BEHRAM!

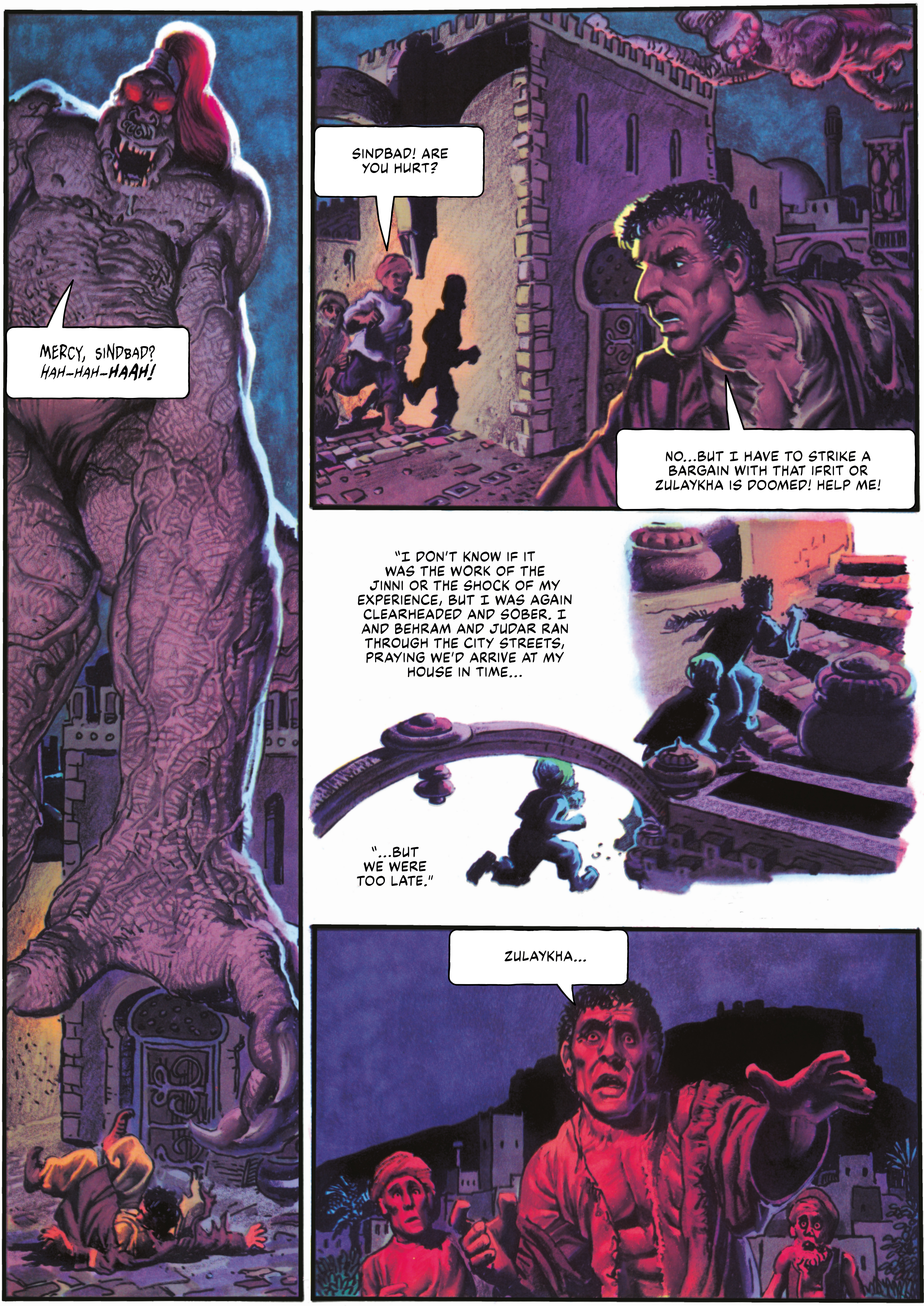

"FOR HOURS WE MADE OUR WAY FROM TAVERN TO TAVERN UNTIL THE CROWD THINNED AND THE STREETS GREW DARK AND QUIET. I HAD GOTTEN DRUNK..."
IT'S LATE, SINDBAD. ZULAYKHA WILL BE WORRIED.
SEVEN VOYAGES...AND NOT ***ONE*** TO MECCA!
ZULAYKHA? WHAT'S ZULAYKHA TO ME? SHE DOESN'T CARE! SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND...!
NOW THERE...***THERE'S*** A WOMAN WORTHY OF A MAN'S DESIRE!
HER? BUT SINDBAD, OLD FRIEND! SHE'S JUST A STREET WHORE!
SHE'S A JEWEL OF ALLAH! DID YOU SEE HER NAVEL? A MAN COULD DROWN IN IT! AND YOU TALK OF ZULAYKHA!
THE FESTIVAL'S OVER, SINDBAD...
I HAVE TO HAVE HER! LET ME GO!
SINDBAD!
SAVE YOUR BREATH, JUDAR. YOU CAN'T STOP HIM.
WE'LL FOLLOW AT A DISTANCE.

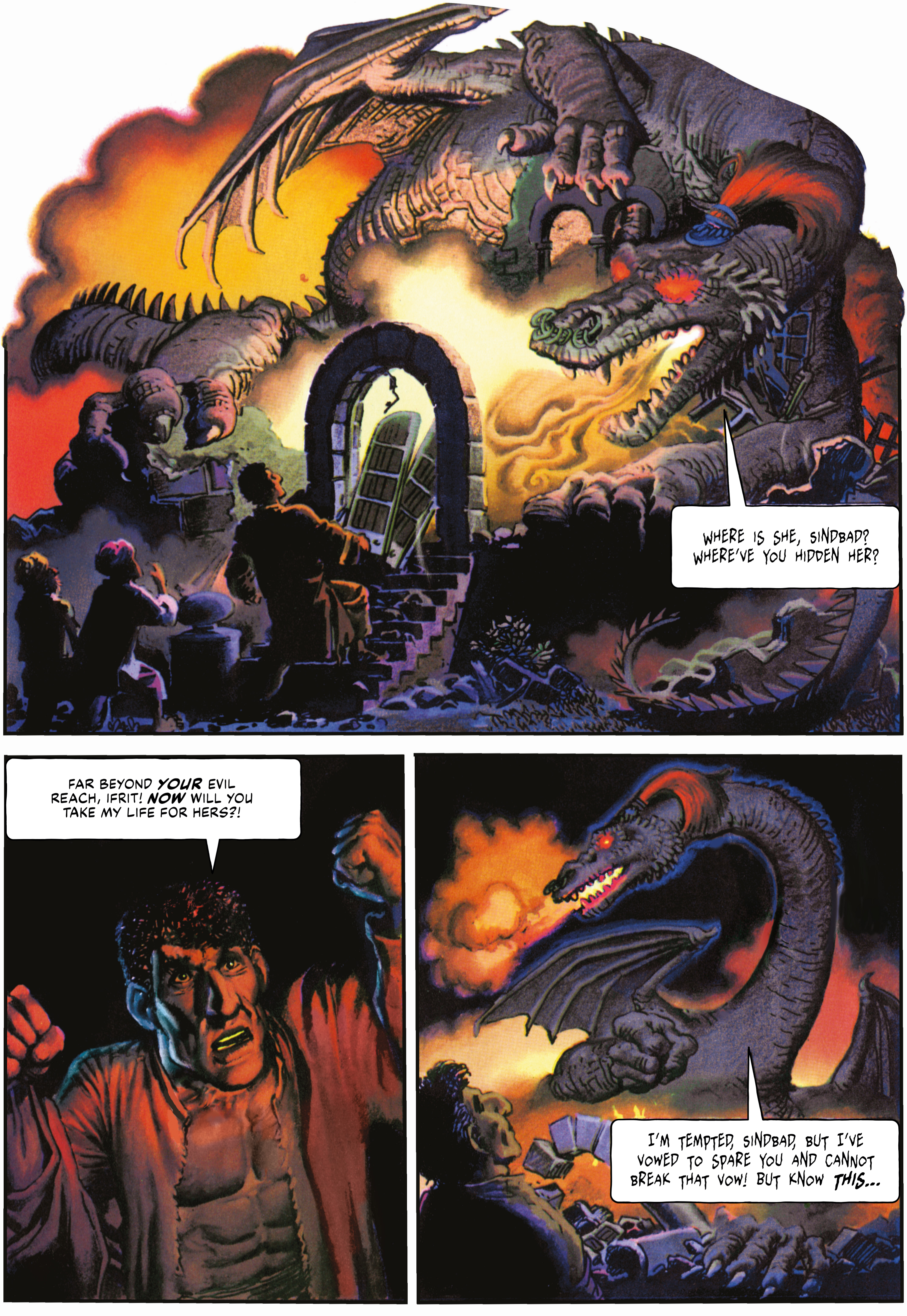

WAIT... PLEASE!
UFF!
YELP!
OUT OF MY WAY, DAMN YOU!
KUDP
YAAAR!
SNIFF SNIFF WHINE
"SHE COULD HAVE GONE ANYWHERE. MY HEAD WAS A PULSATING SEA, AND I COULD BARELY STAND. I JUST HOPED I'D BE ABLE TO FIND MY WAY BACK HOME."
GRRRR

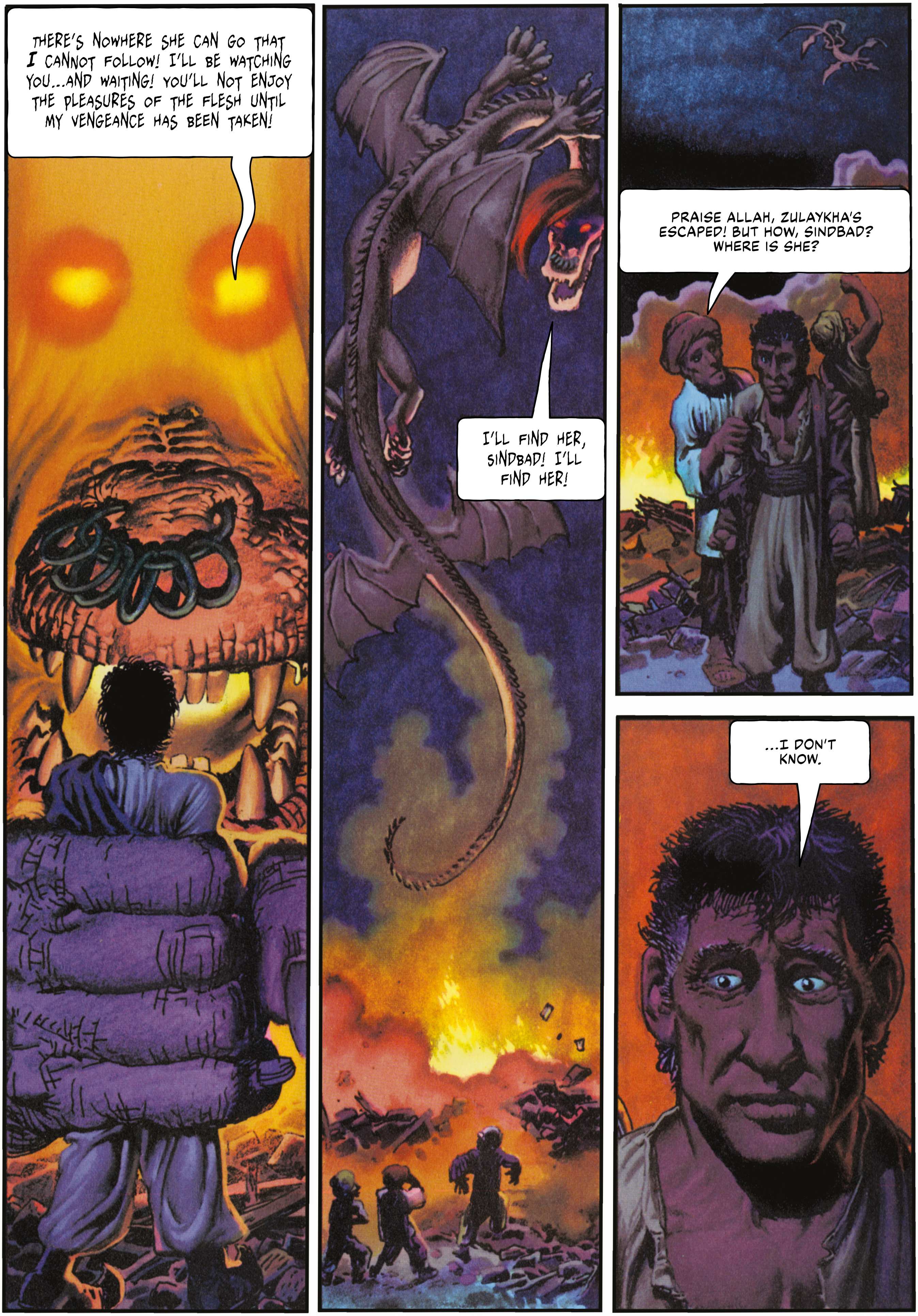

SINDBAD!
SHE IS DEAD!...
BISMILLAH... NO!

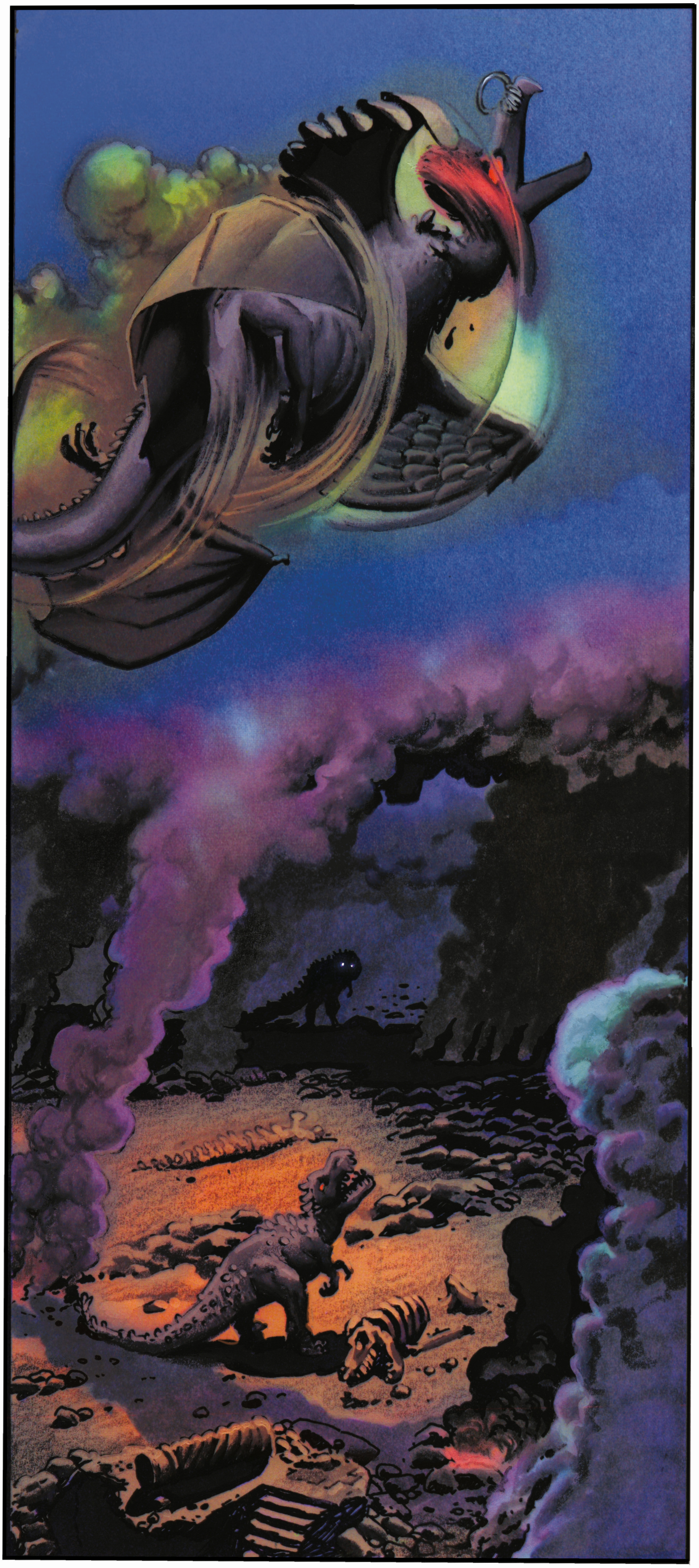

KNOW, SINDBAD, THAT YOU HAVE SLAIN THE WIFE OF AL-RA'AD AL-KASIF...AND BY ALLAH, YOU SHALL *PAY* FOR IT!

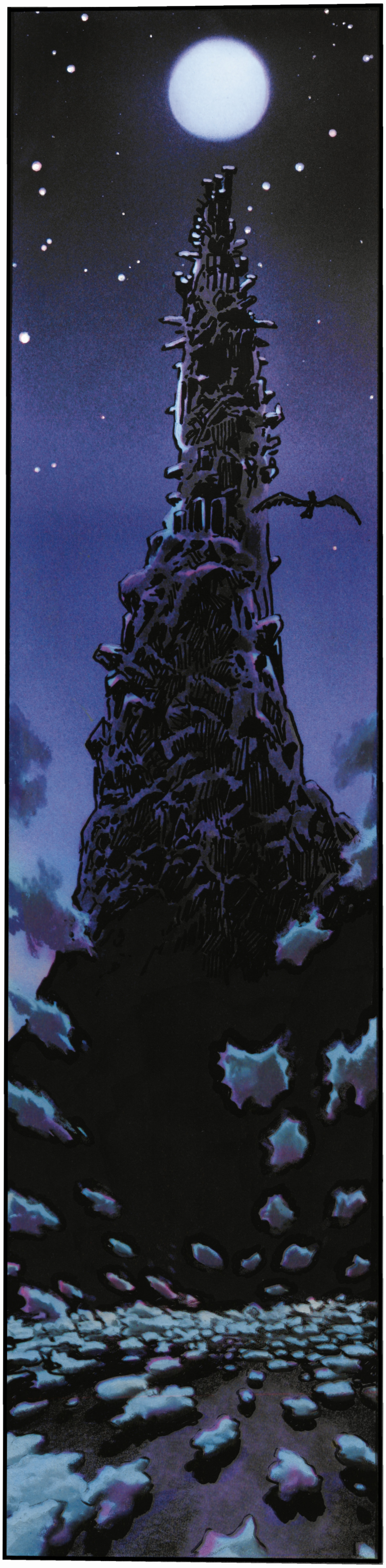

PLEASE...MY WIFE'S DONE YOU NO HARM! KILL ME IF YOU WILL, BUT SPARE ZULAYKHA! SHE'S A GOOD, PIOUS WOMAN!
THE WORD OF GOD IS CLEAR--A LIFE FOR A LIFE, A WOMAN FOR A WOMAN!
HAH-HAH! SO NOBLE OF YOU, SINDBAD! BUT NO...MY VOW IS TO ***SPARE*** YOU, AND TO EXACT THE JUSTICE THE LAW DEMANDS. YOU'VE SLAIN ***MY*** WIFE...AND ***YOUR OWN!***
I BEG YOU! MUHAMMAD TEACHES THE VIRTUE OF MERCY!

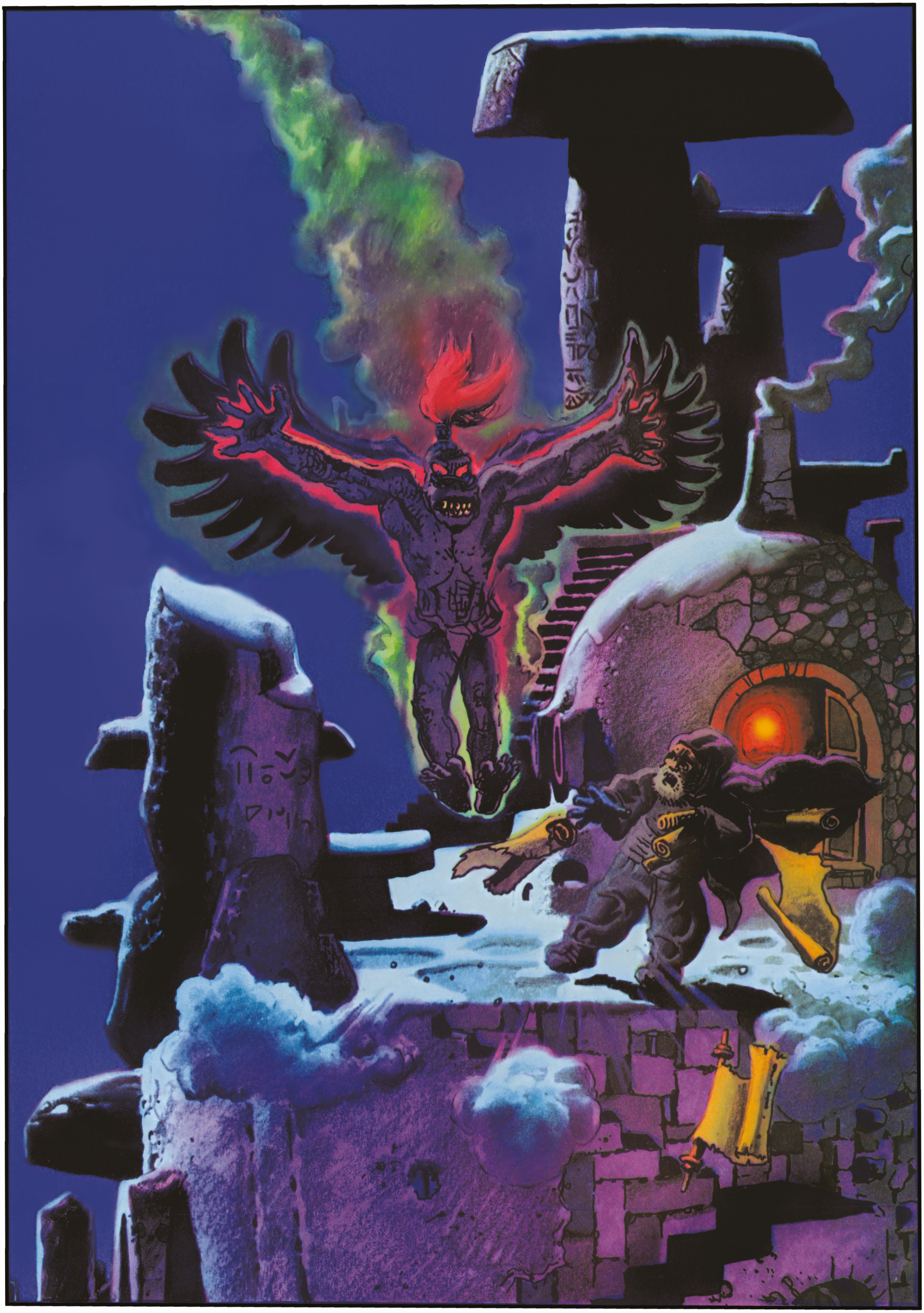

MERCY, SINDBAD? HAH-HAH-**HAAH!**
SINDBAD! ARE YOU HURT?
NO...BUT I HAVE TO STRIKE A BARGAIN WITH THAT IFRIT OR ZULAYKHA IS DOOMED! HELP ME!
"I DON'T KNOW IF IT WAS THE WORK OF THE JINNI OR THE SHOCK OF MY EXPERIENCE, BUT I WAS AGAIN CLEARHEADED AND SOBER. I AND BEHRAM AND JUDAR RAN THROUGH THE CITY STREETS, PRAYING WE'D ARRIVE AT MY HOUSE IN TIME...
"...BUT WE WERE TOO LATE."
ZULAYKHA...

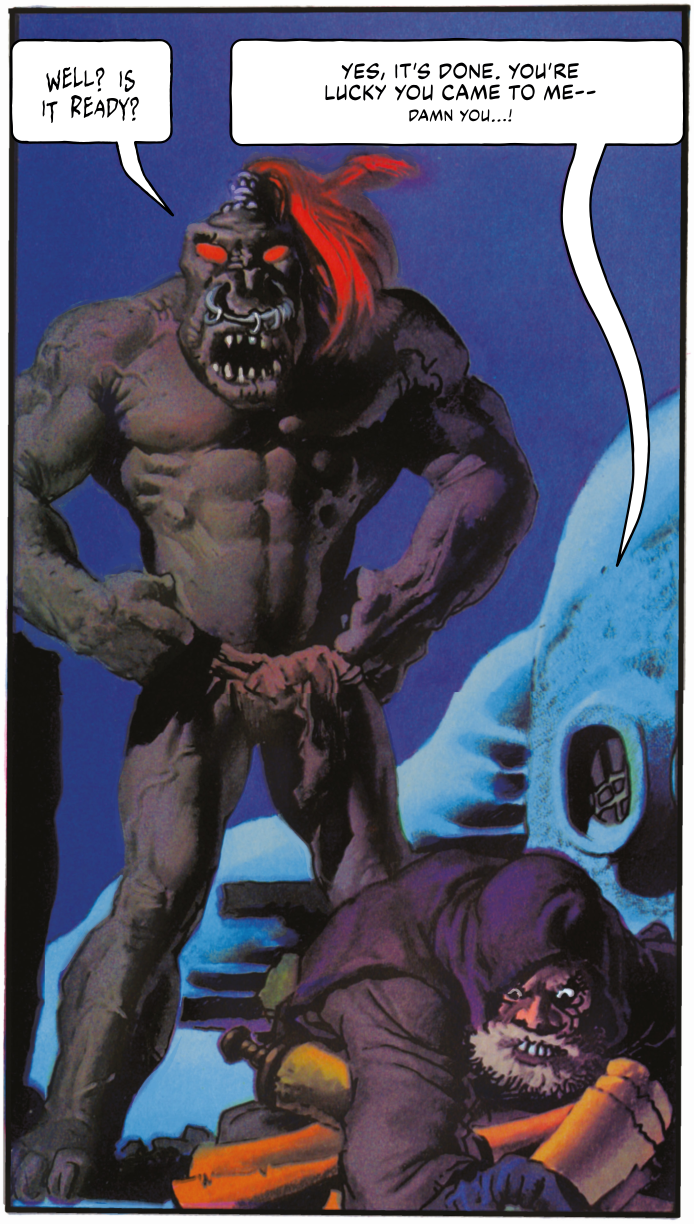

WHERE IS SHE, SINDBAD? WHERE'VE YOU HIDDEN HER?
FAR BEYOND ***YOUR*** EVIL REACH, IFRIT! ***NOW*** WILL YOU TAKE MY LIFE FOR HERS?!
I'M TEMPTED, SINDBAD, BUT I'VE VOWED TO SPARE YOU AND CANNOT BREAK THAT VOW! BUT KNOW ***THIS...***

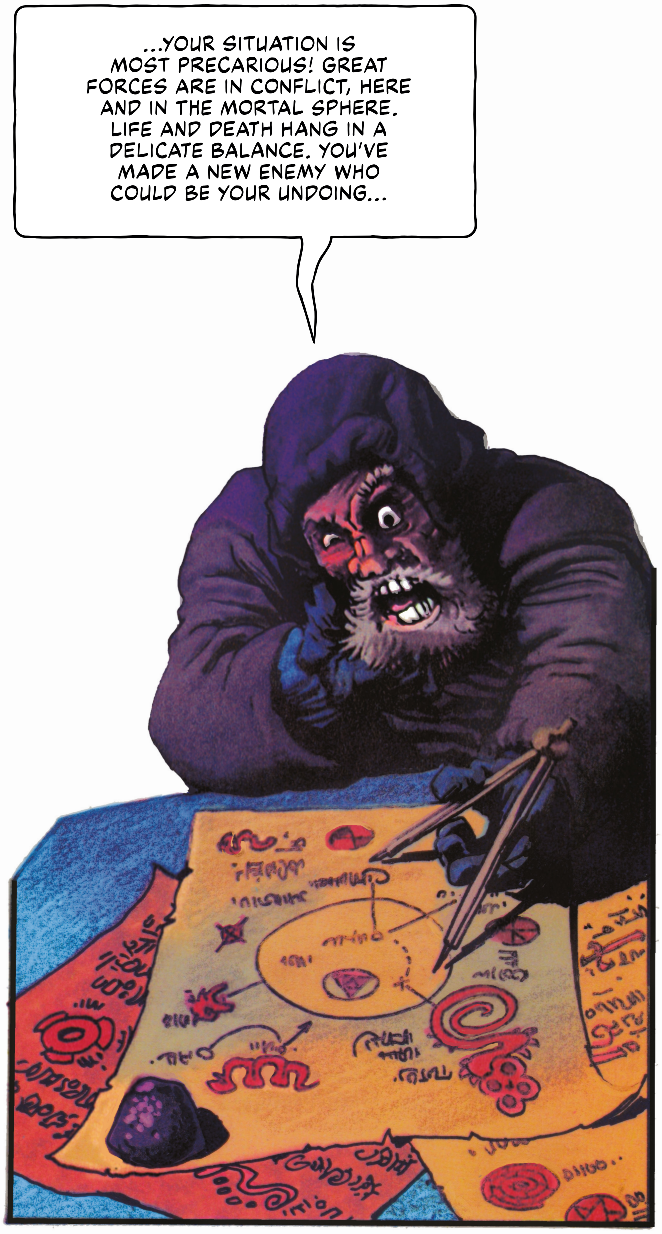

THERE'S NOWHERE SHE CAN GO THAT *I* CANNOT FOLLOW! I'LL BE WATCHING YOU...AND WAITING! YOU'LL NOT ENJOY THE PLEASURES OF THE FLESH UNTIL MY VENGEANCE HAS BEEN TAKEN!
I'LL FIND HER, SINDBAD! I'LL FIND HER!
PRAISE ALLAH, ZULAYKHA'S ESCAPED! BUT HOW, SINDBAD? WHERE IS SHE?
...I DON'T KNOW.

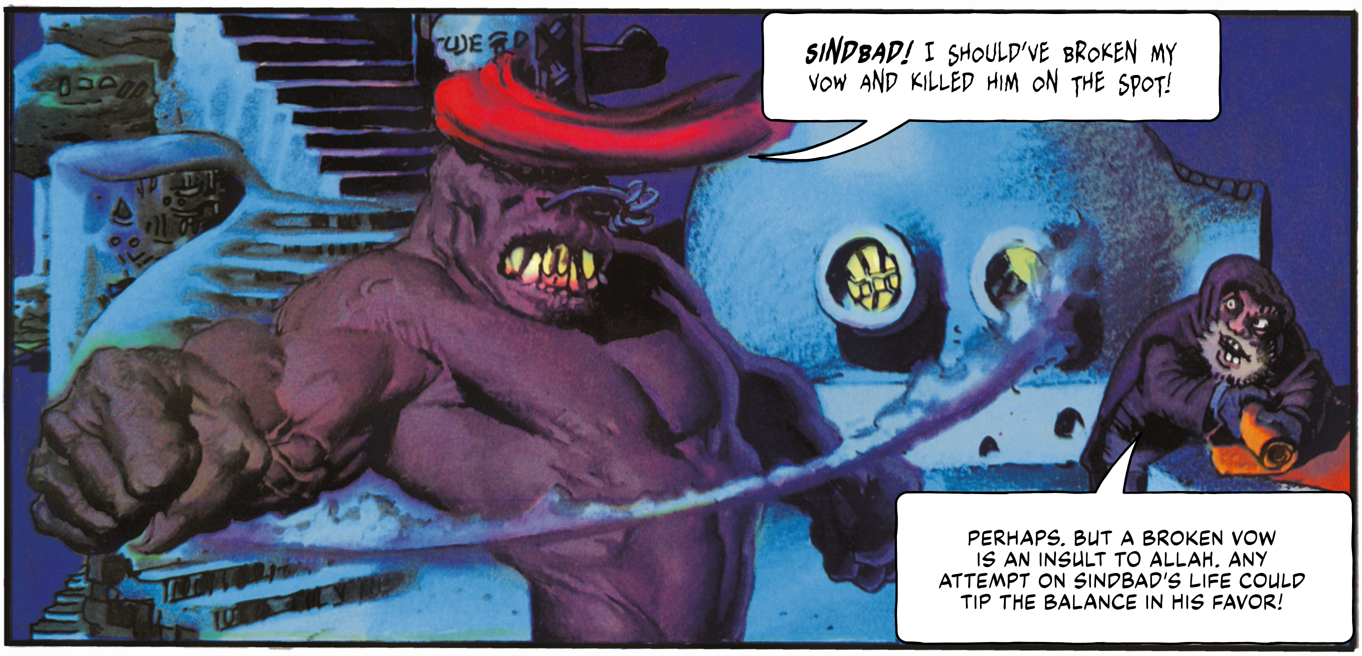


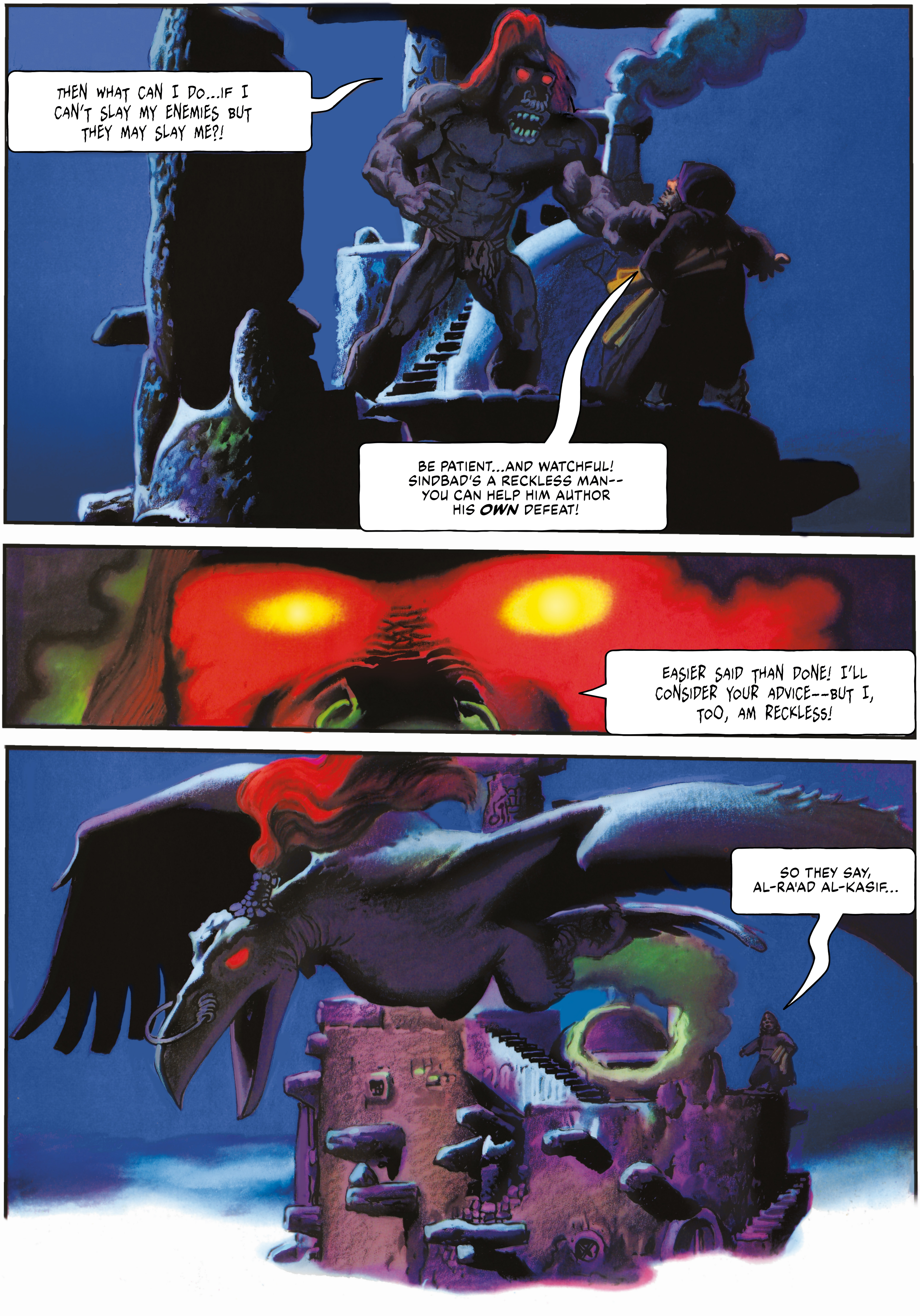


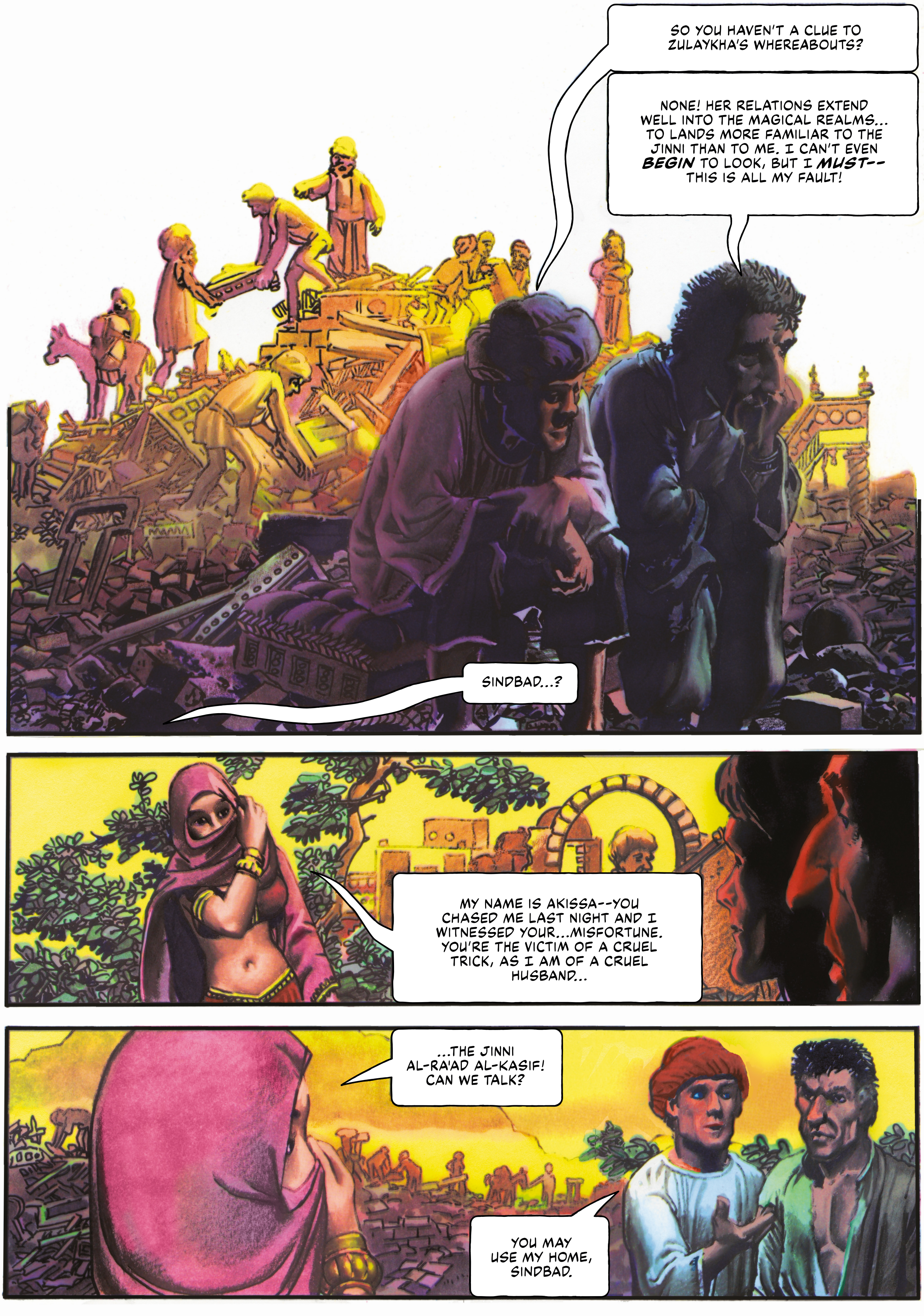


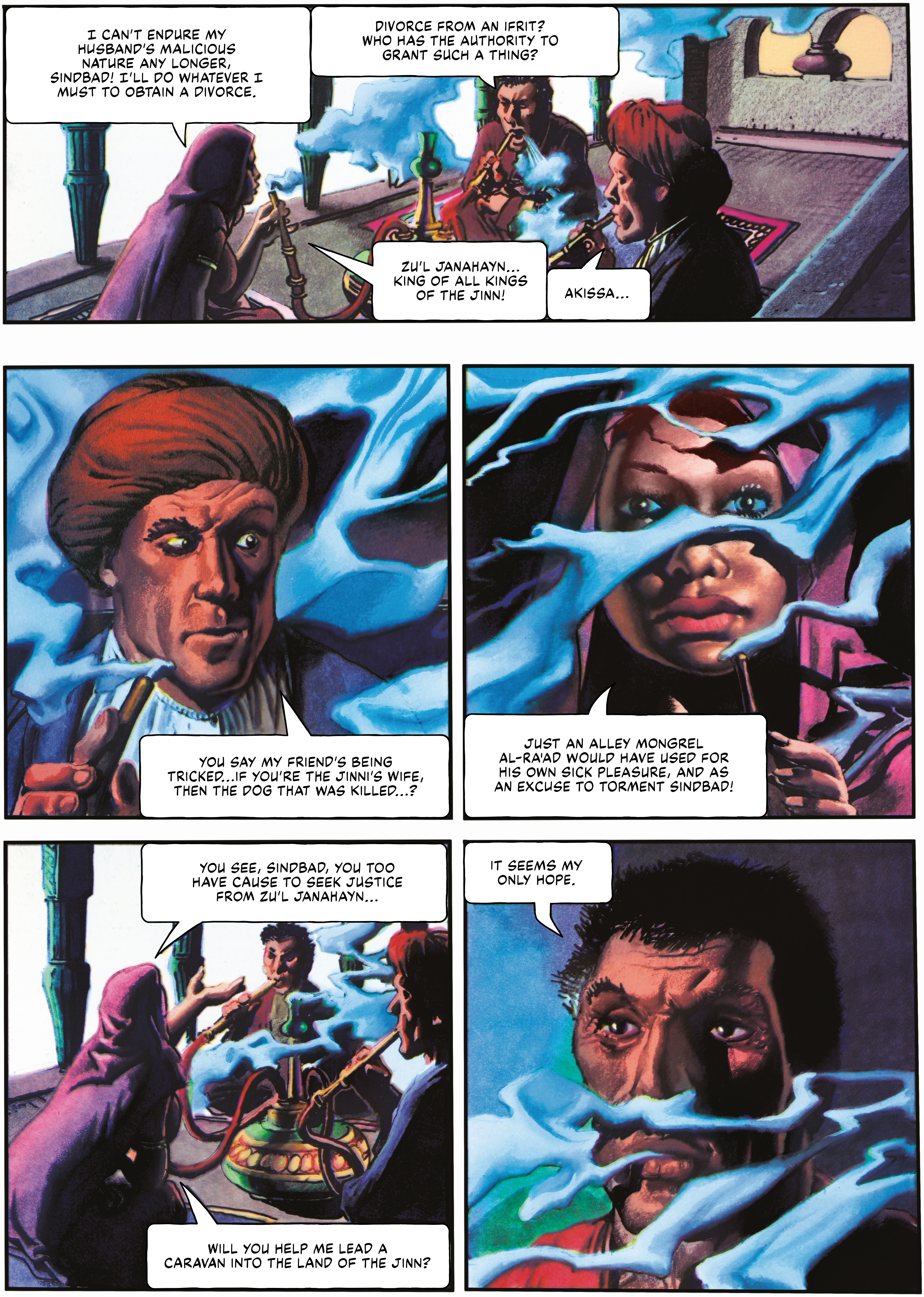

WELL? IS IT READY?
YES, IT'S DONE. YOU'RE LUCKY YOU CAME TO ME-- DAMN YOU...!

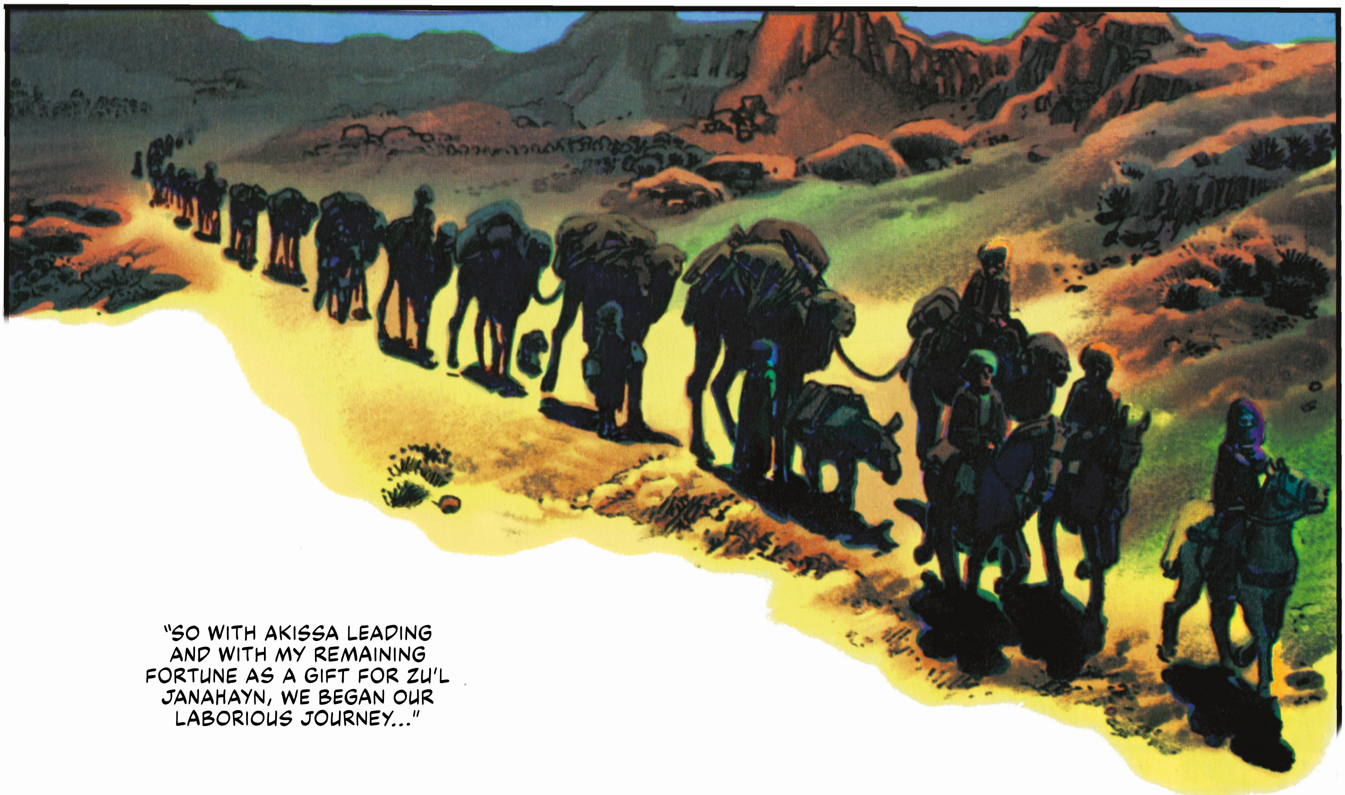

...YOUR SITUATION IS MOST PRECARIOUS! GREAT FORCES ARE IN CONFLICT, HERE AND IN THE MORTAL SPHERE. LIFE AND DEATH HANG IN A DELICATE BALANCE. YOU'VE MADE A NEW ENEMY WHO COULD BE YOUR UNDOING...

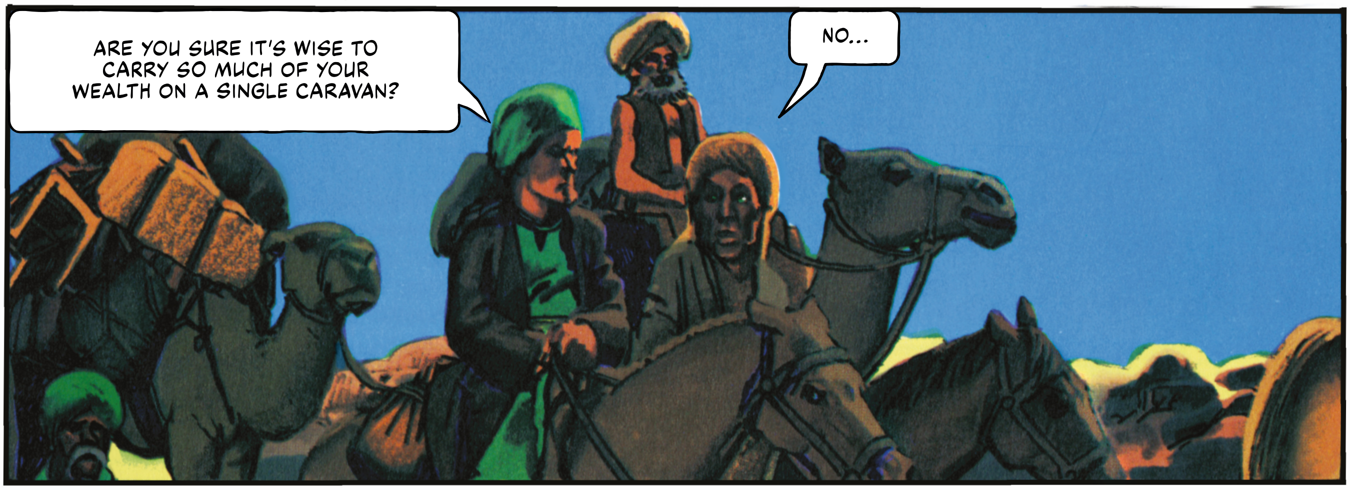

SINDBAD! I SHOULD'VE BROKEN MY VOW AND KILLED HIM ON THE SPOT!
PERHAPS. BUT A BROKEN VOW IS AN INSULT TO ALLAH. ANY ATTEMPT ON SINDBAD'S LIFE COULD TIP THE BALANCE IN HIS FAVOR!

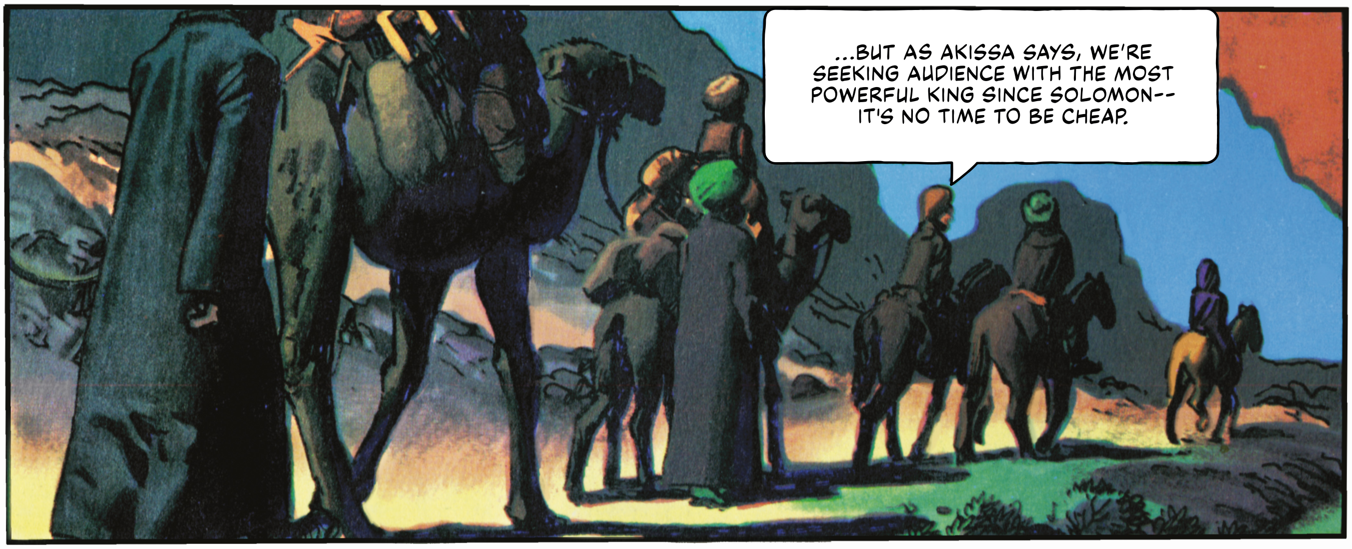

THEN WHAT CAN I DO...IF I CAN'T SLAY MY ENEMIES BUT THEY MAY SLAY ME?!
BE PATIENT...AND WATCHFUL! SINDBAD'S A RECKLESS MAN--YOU CAN HELP HIM AUTHOR HIS **OWN** DEFEAT!
EASIER SAID THAN DONE! I'LL CONSIDER YOUR ADVICE--BUT I, TOO, AM RECKLESS!
SO THEY SAY, AL-RA'AD AL-KASIF...

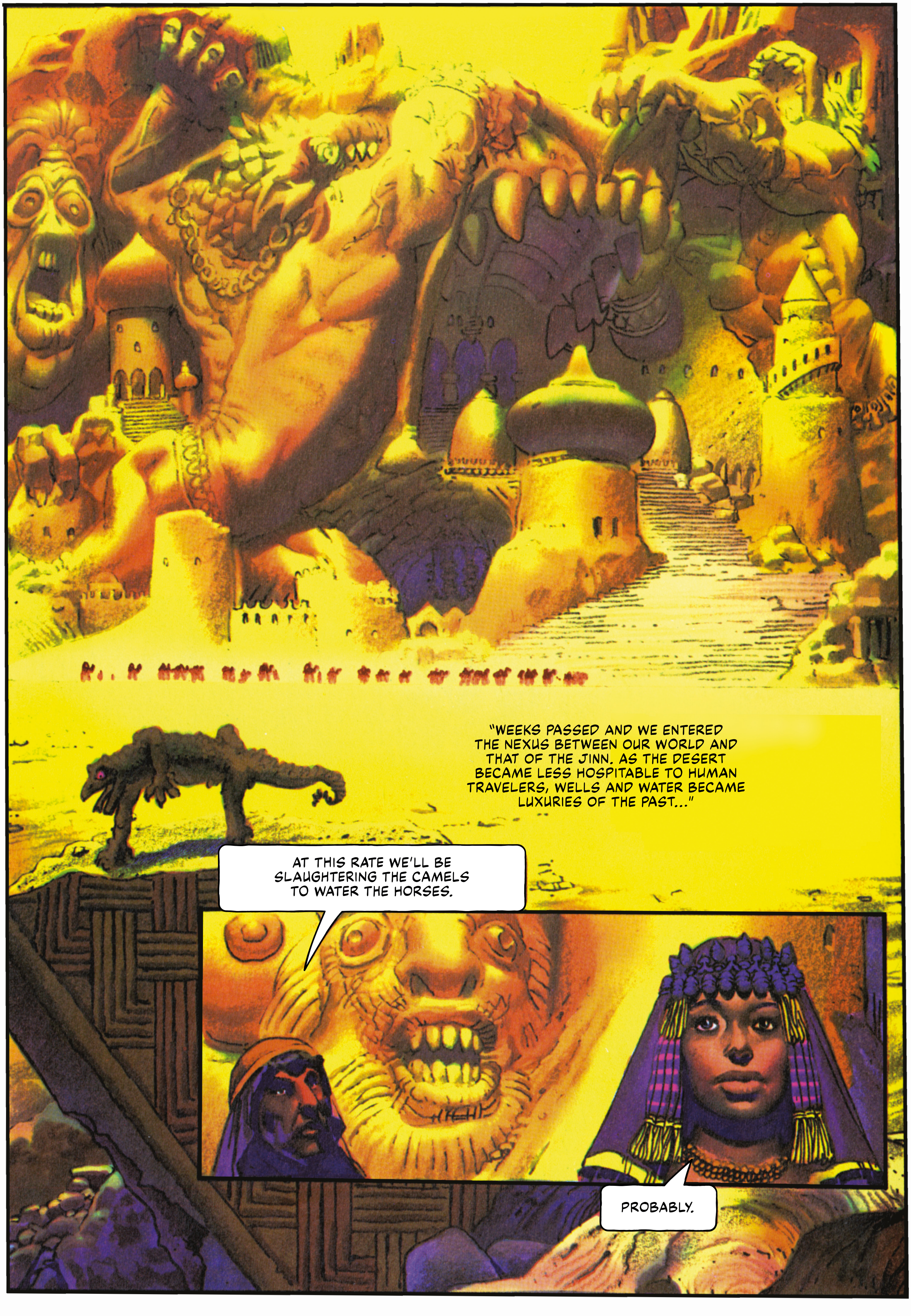

SO YOU HAVEN'T A CLUE TO ZULAYKHA'S WHEREABOUTS?
NONE! HER RELATIONS EXTEND WELL INTO THE MAGICAL REALMS... TO LANDS MORE FAMILIAR TO THE JINNI THAN TO ME. I CAN'T EVEN **BEGIN** TO LOOK, BUT I ***MUST***-- THIS IS ALL MY FAULT!
SINDBAD...?
MY NAME IS AKISSA--YOU CHASED ME LAST NIGHT AND I WITNESSED YOUR...MISFORTUNE. YOU'RE THE VICTIM OF A CRUEL TRICK, AS I AM OF A CRUEL HUSBAND...
...THE JINNI AL-RA'AD AL-KASIF! CAN WE TALK?
YOU MAY USE MY HOME, SINDBAD.

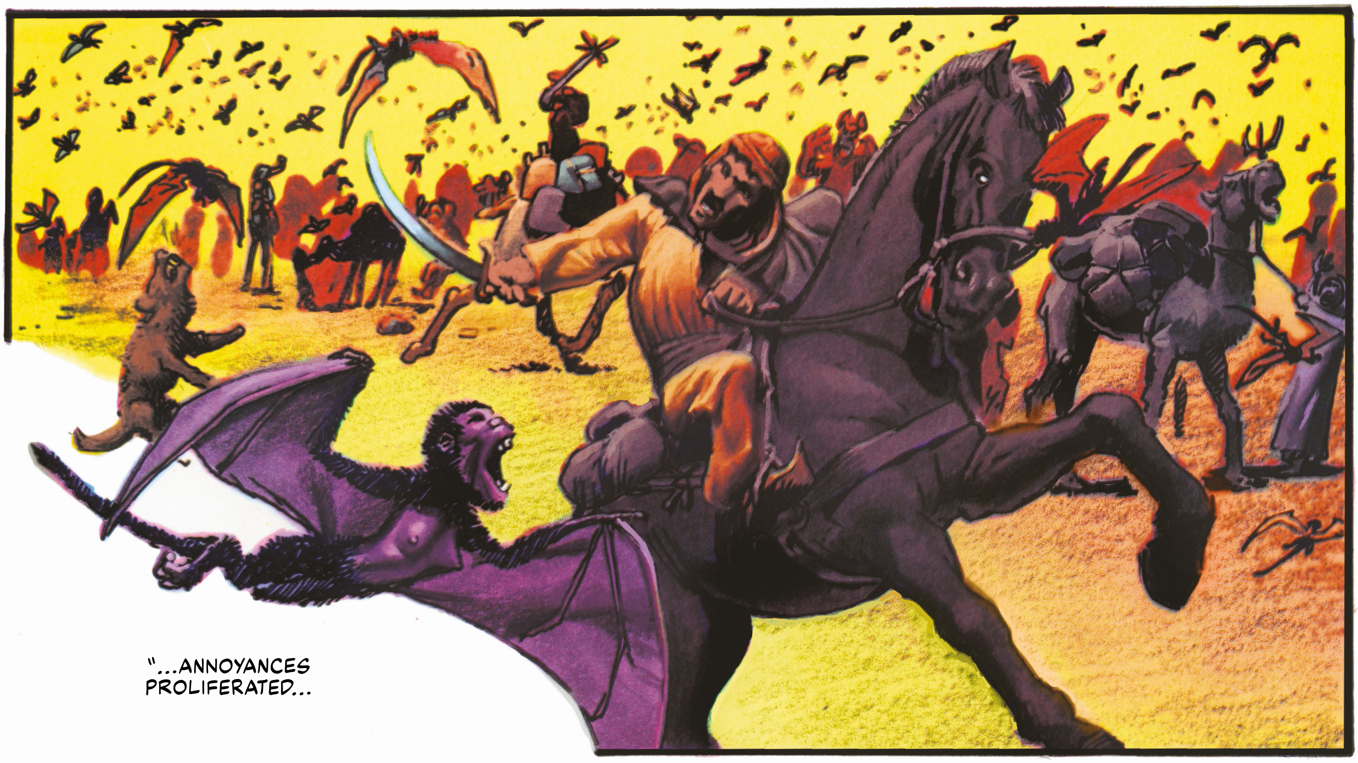

I CAN'T ENDURE MY HUSBAND'S MALICIOUS NATURE ANY LONGER, SINDBAD! I'LL DO WHATEVER I MUST TO OBTAIN A DIVORCE.
DIVORCE FROM AN IFRIT? WHO HAS THE AUTHORITY TO GRANT SUCH A THING?
ZU'L JANAHAYN... KING OF ALL KINGS OF THE JINN!
AKISSA...
YOU SAY MY FRIEND'S BEING TRICKED...IF YOU'RE THE JINNI'S WIFE, THEN THE DOG THAT WAS KILLED...?
JUST AN ALLEY MONGREL AL-RA'AD WOULD HAVE USED FOR HIS OWN SICK PLEASURE, AND AS AN EXCUSE TO TORMENT SINDBAD!
YOU SEE, SINDBAD, YOU TOO HAVE CAUSE TO SEEK JUSTICE FROM ZU'L JANAHAYN...
WILL YOU HELP ME LEAD A CARAVAN INTO THE LAND OF THE JINN?
IT SEEMS MY ONLY HOPE.

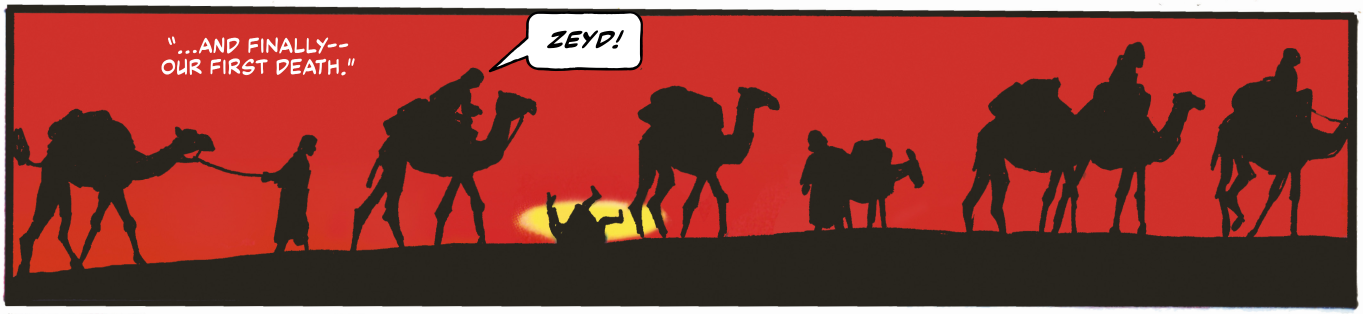

"SO WITH AKISSA LEADING AND WITH MY REMAINING FORTUNE AS A GIFT FOR ZU'L JANAHAYN, WE BEGAN OUR LABORIOUS JOURNEY..."

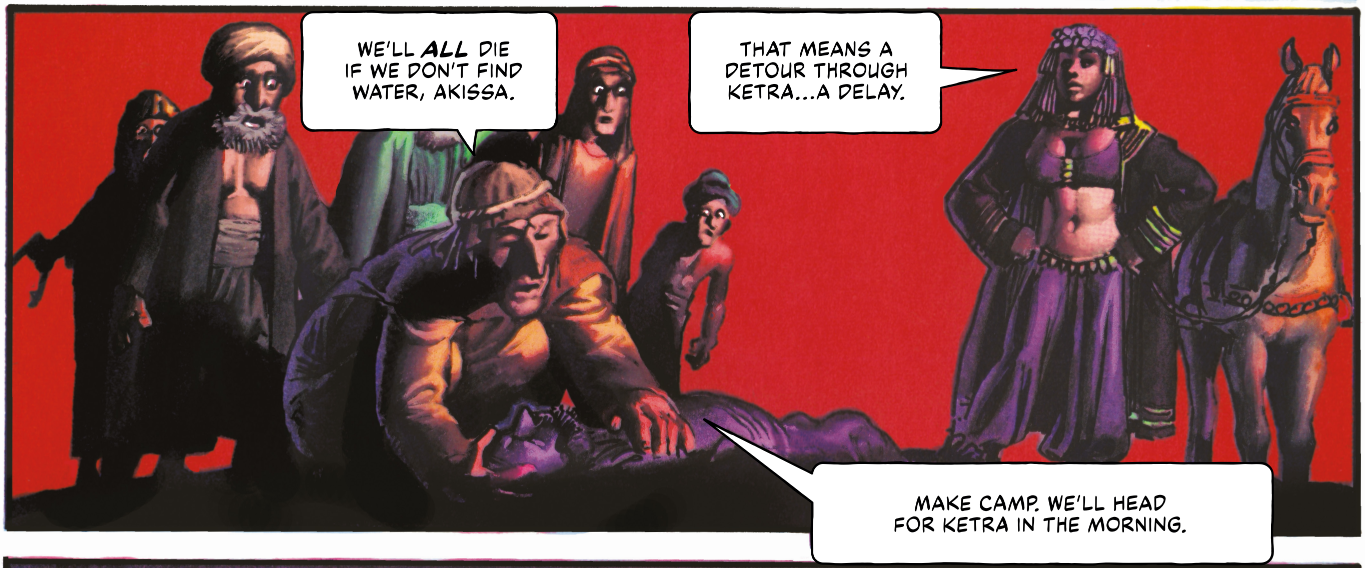

ARE YOU SURE IT'S WISE TO CARRY SO MUCH OF YOUR WEALTH ON A SINGLE CARAVAN?
NO...

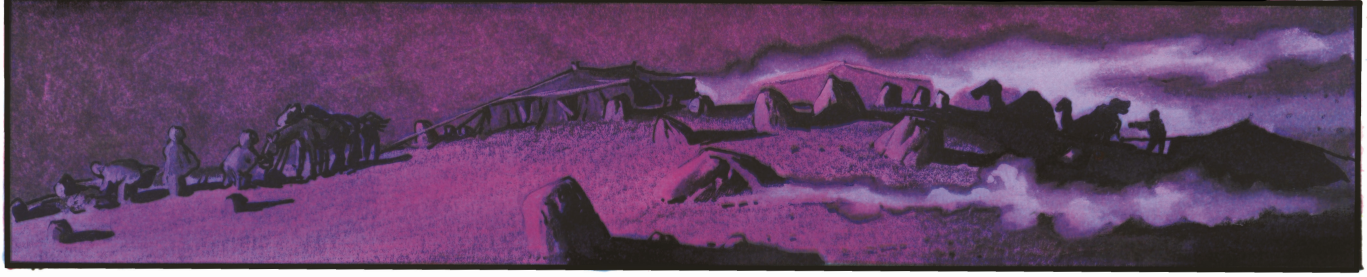

...BUT AS AKISSA SAYS, WE'RE SEEKING AUDIENCE WITH THE MOST POWERFUL KING SINCE SOLOMON-- IT'S NO TIME TO BE CHEAP.

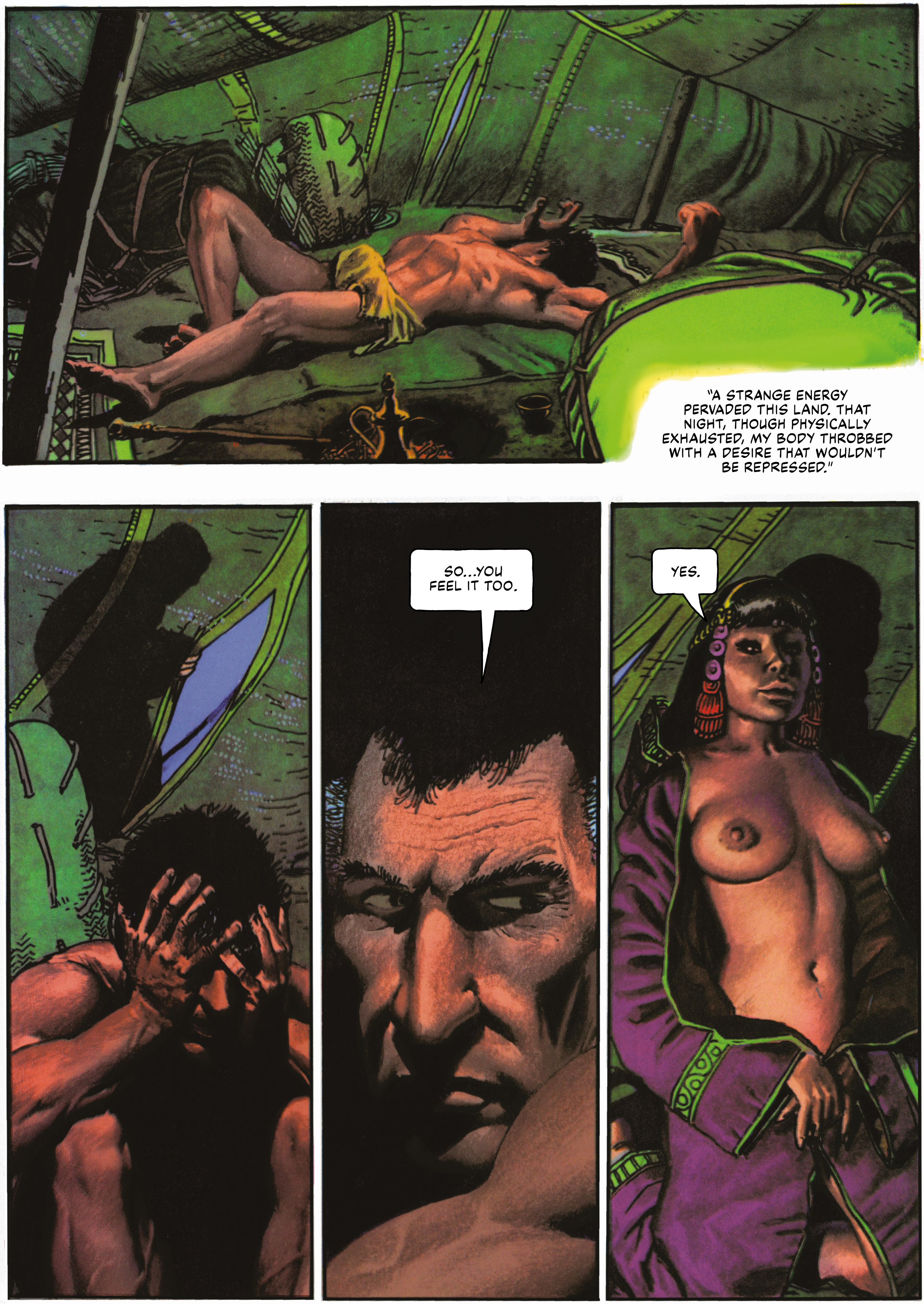

"WEEKS PASSED AND WE ENTERED THE NEXUS BETWEEN OUR WORLD AND THAT OF THE JINN. AS THE DESERT BECAME LESS HOSPITABLE TO HUMAN TRAVELERS, WELLS AND WATER BECAME LUXURIES OF THE PAST..."
AT THIS RATE WE'LL BE SLAUGHTERING THE CAMELS TO WATER THE HORSES.
PROBABLY.

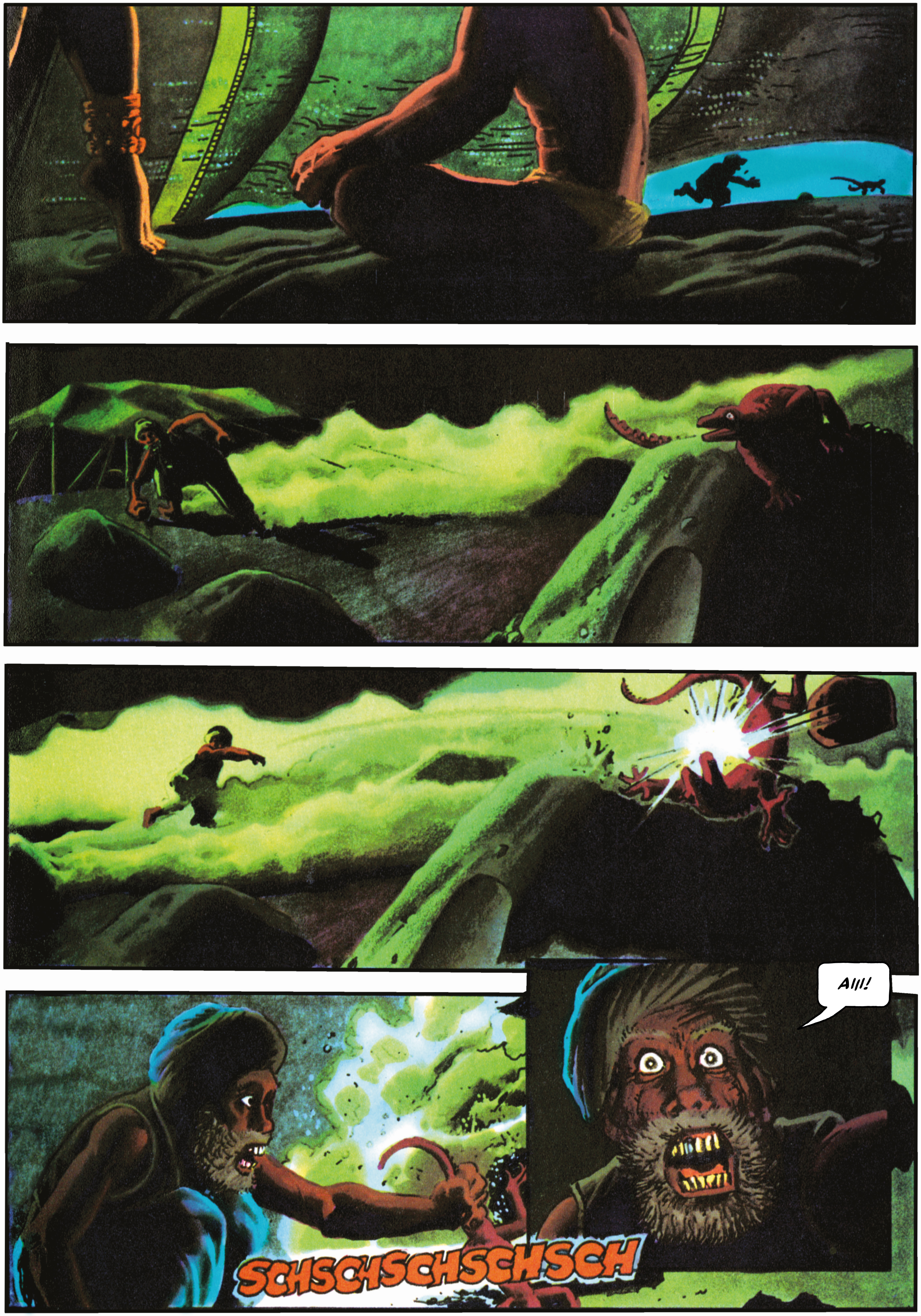

"...ANNOYANCES PROLIFERATED...

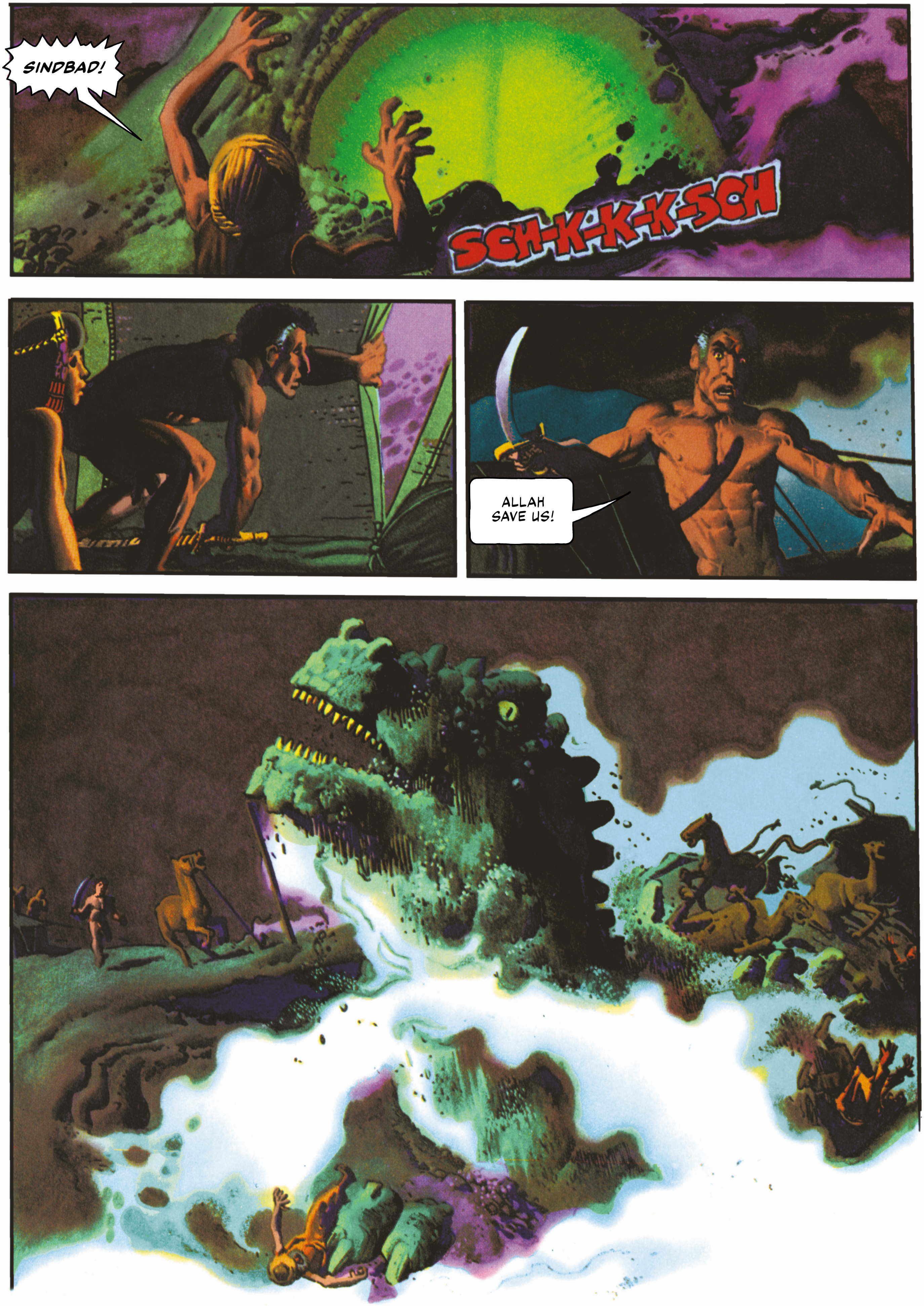

"...AND FINALLY-- OUR FIRST DEATH."
ZEYD!

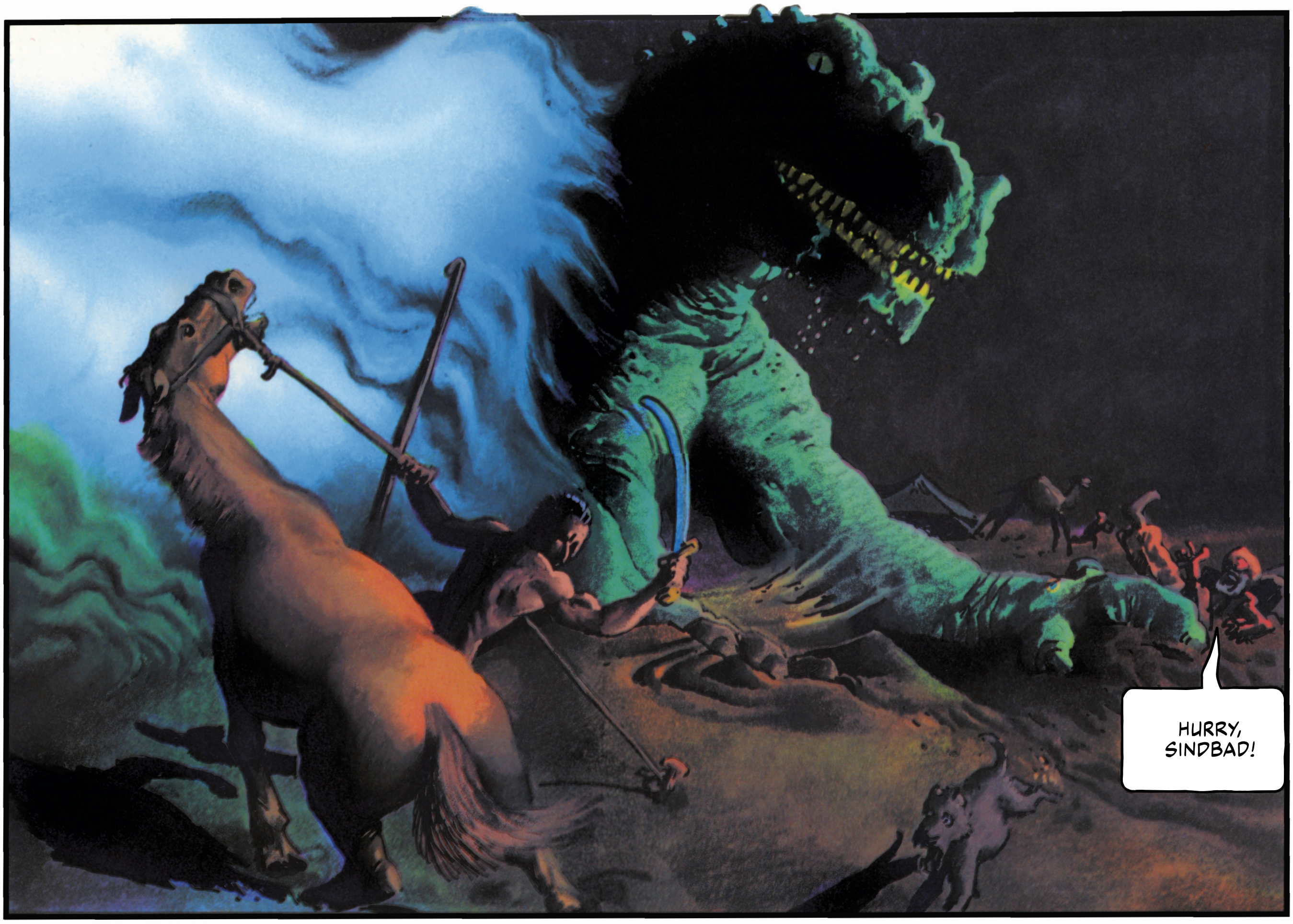

WE'LL ***ALL*** DIE IF WE DON'T FIND WATER, AKISSA.
THAT MEANS A DETOUR THROUGH KETRA...A DELAY.
MAKE CAMP. WE'LL HEAD FOR KETRA IN THE MORNING.

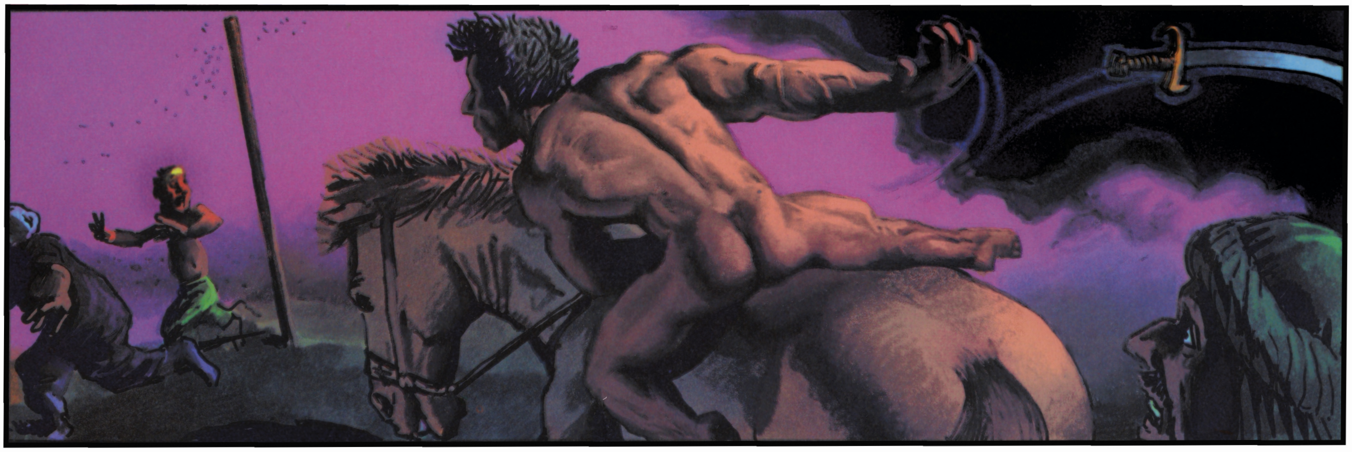


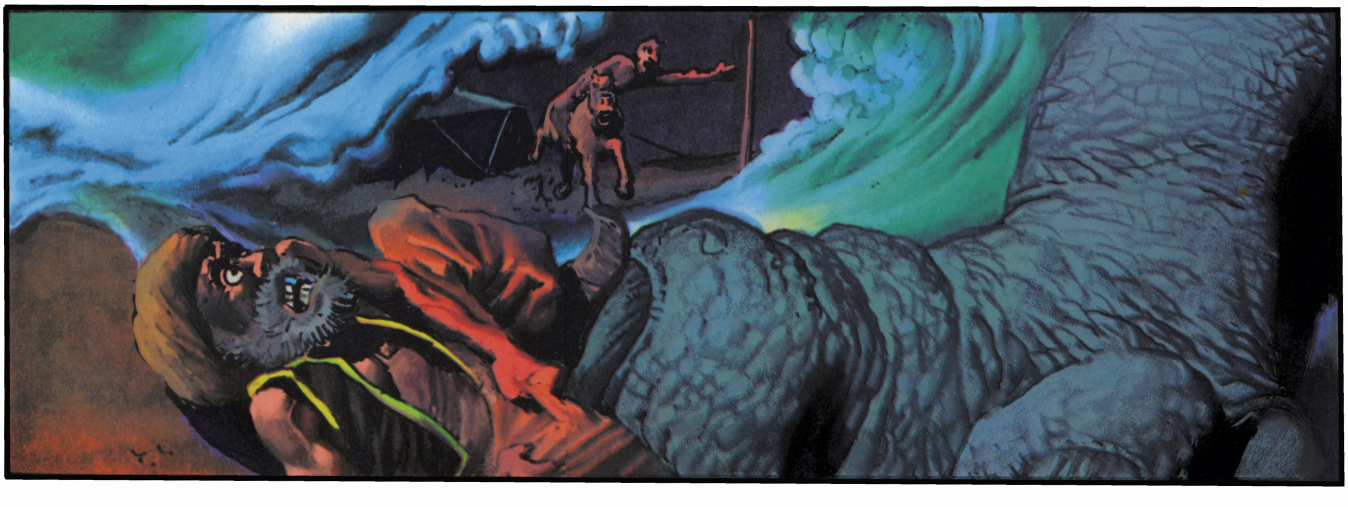

"A STRANGE ENERGY PERVADED THIS LAND. THAT NIGHT, THOUGH PHYSICALLY EXHAUSTED, MY BODY THROBBED WITH A DESIRE THAT WOULDN'T BE REPRESSED."
SO...YOU FEEL IT TOO.
YES.

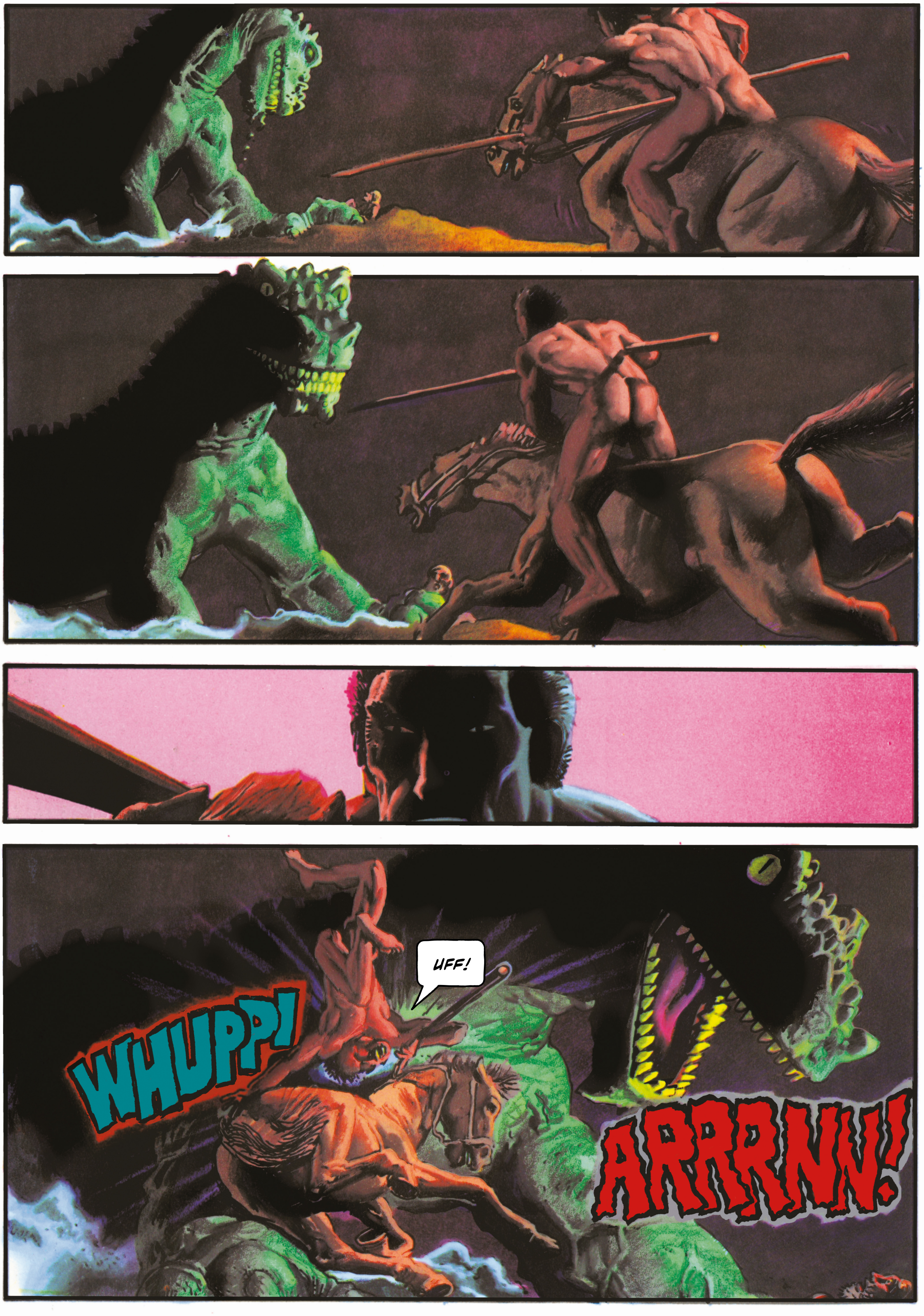

SCHSCHSCHSCHSCH
AIII!

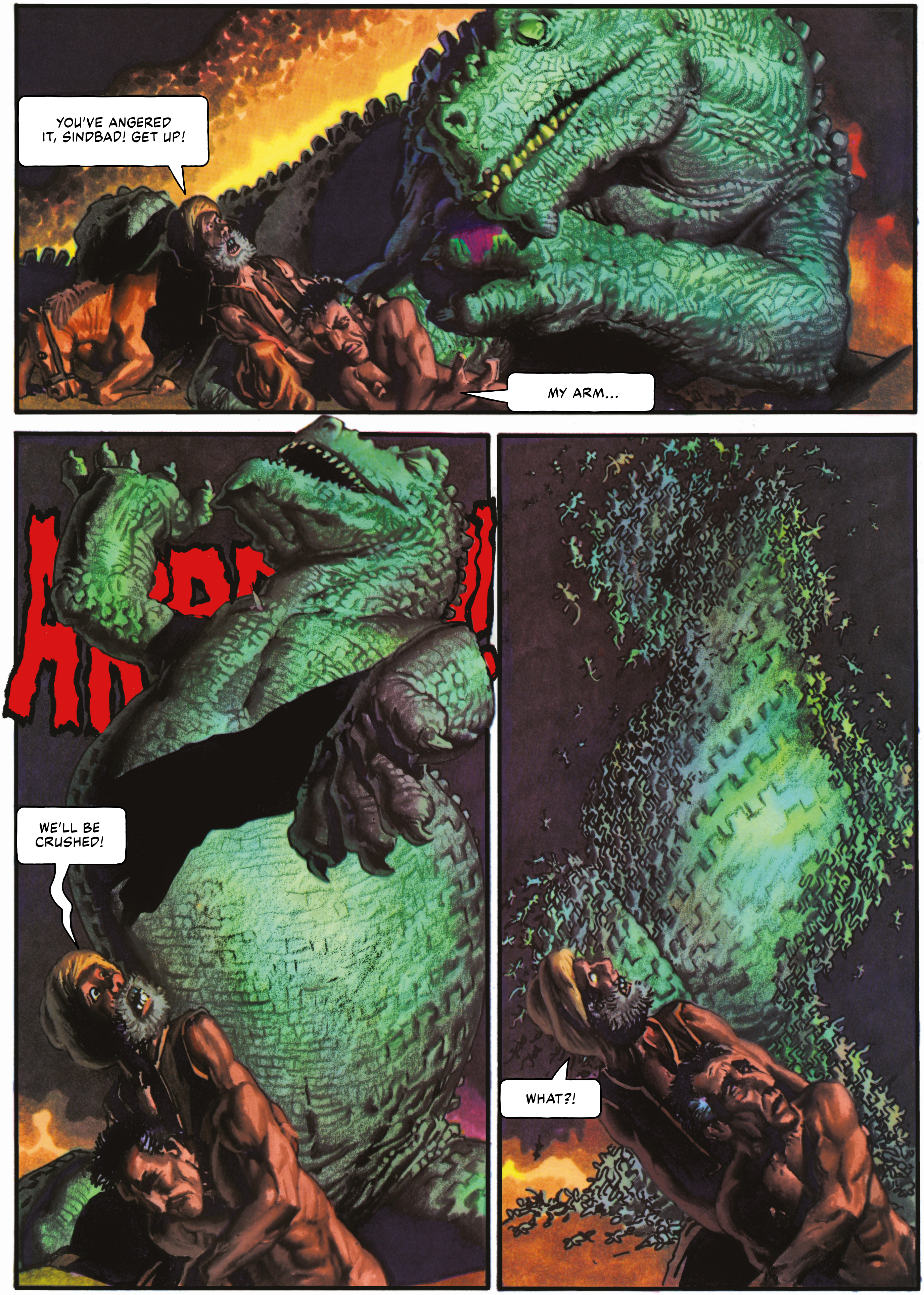

SINDBAD!
SCH-K-K-K-SCH
ALLAH SAVE US!

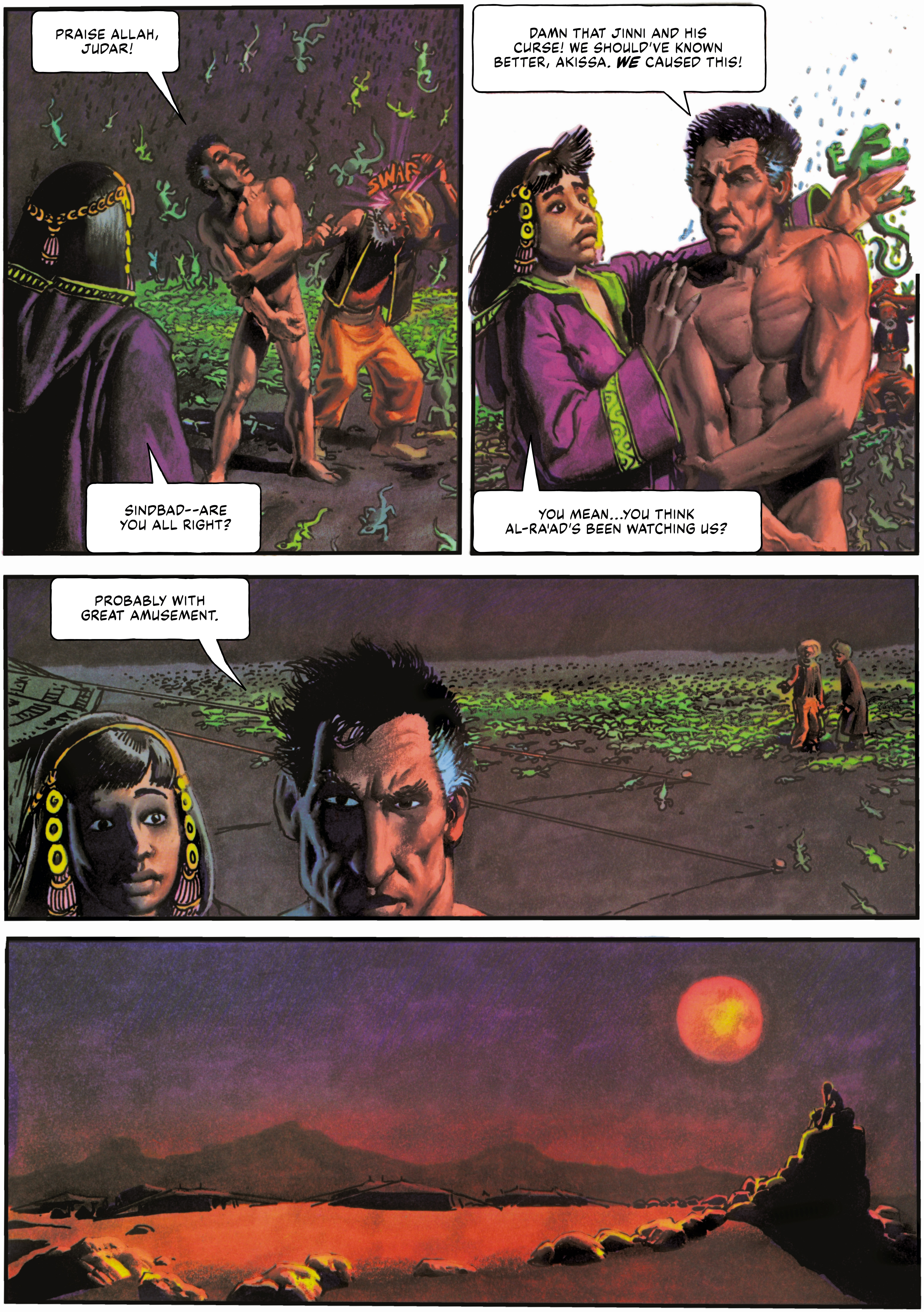

HURRY, SINDBAD!

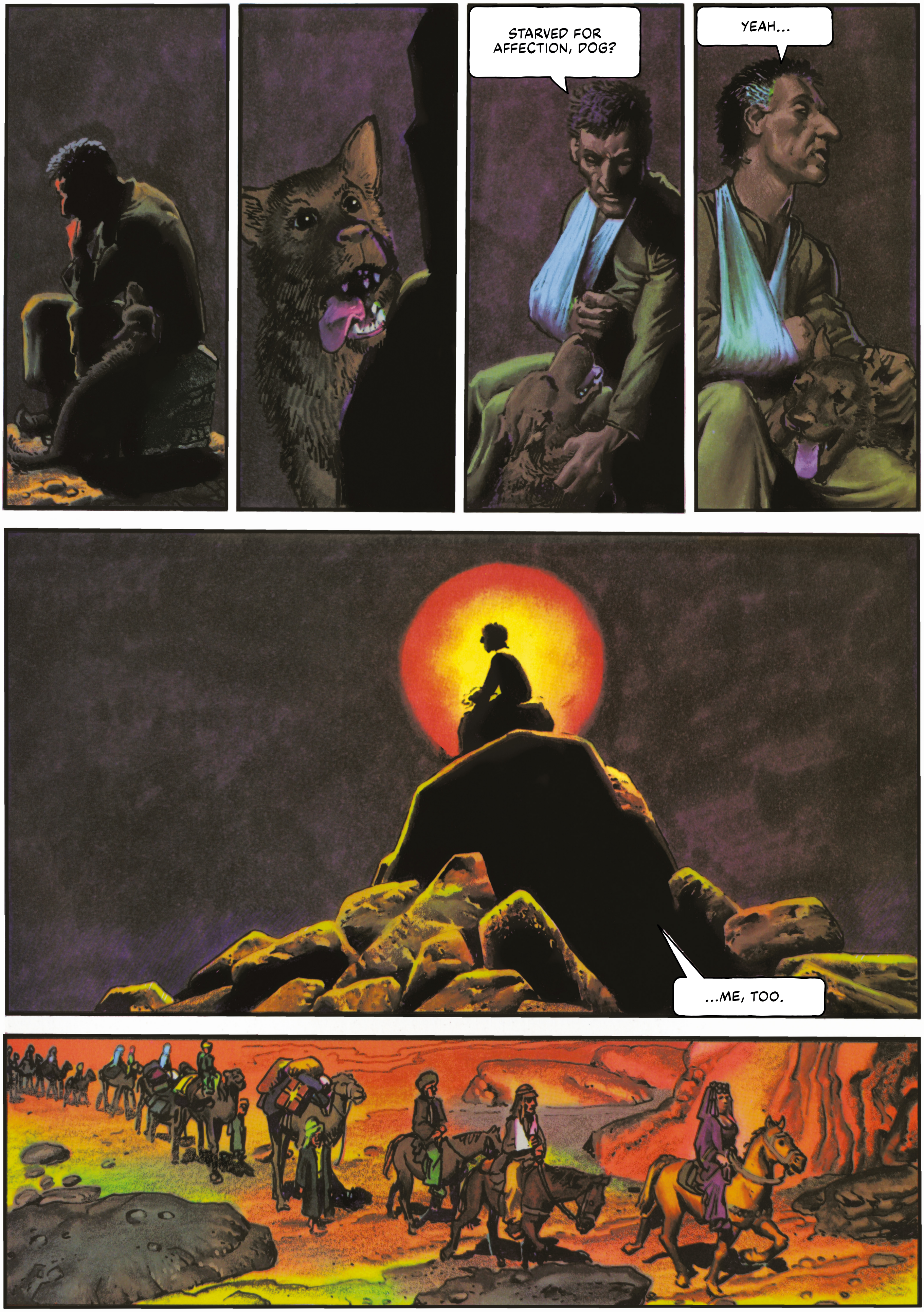


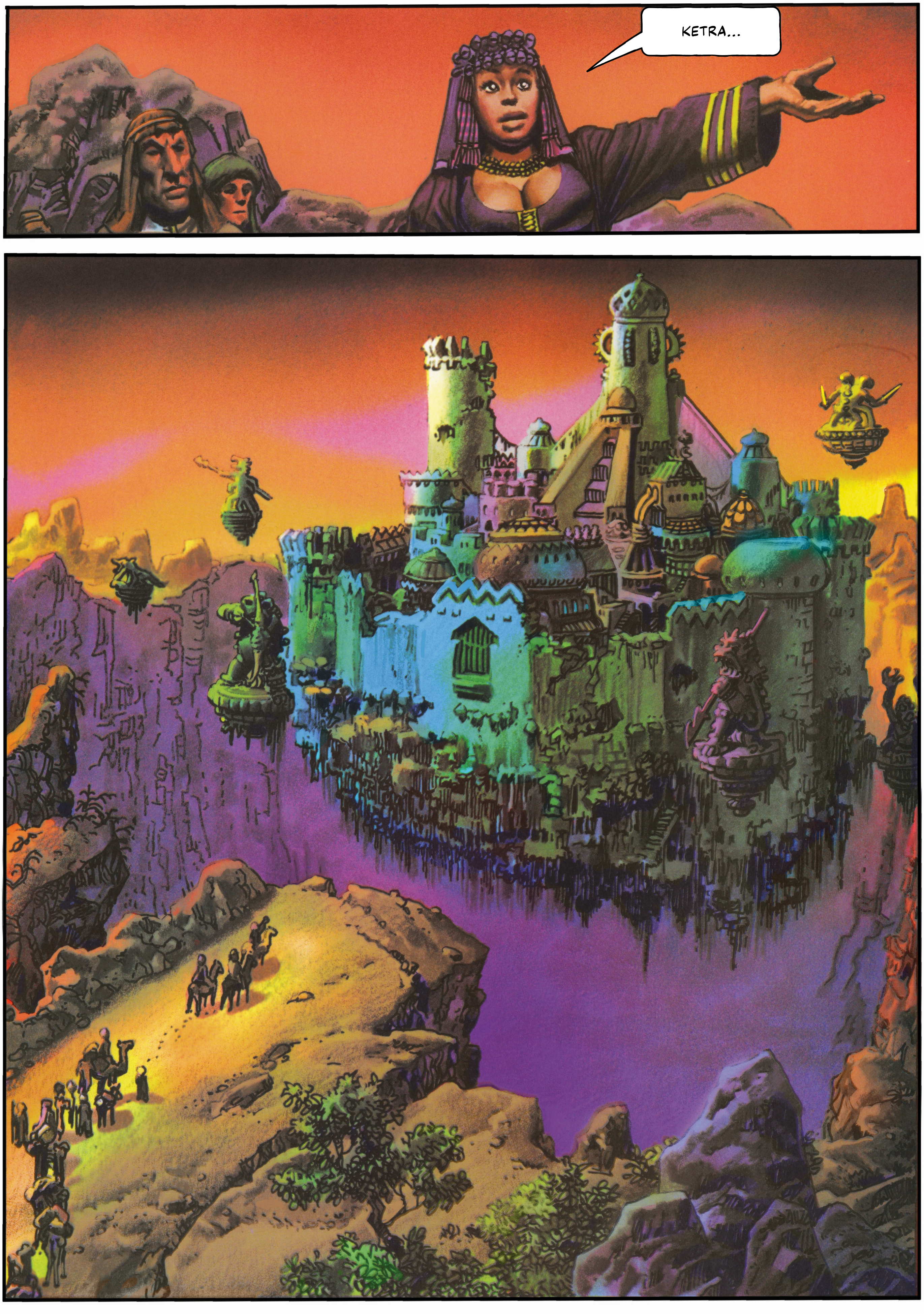


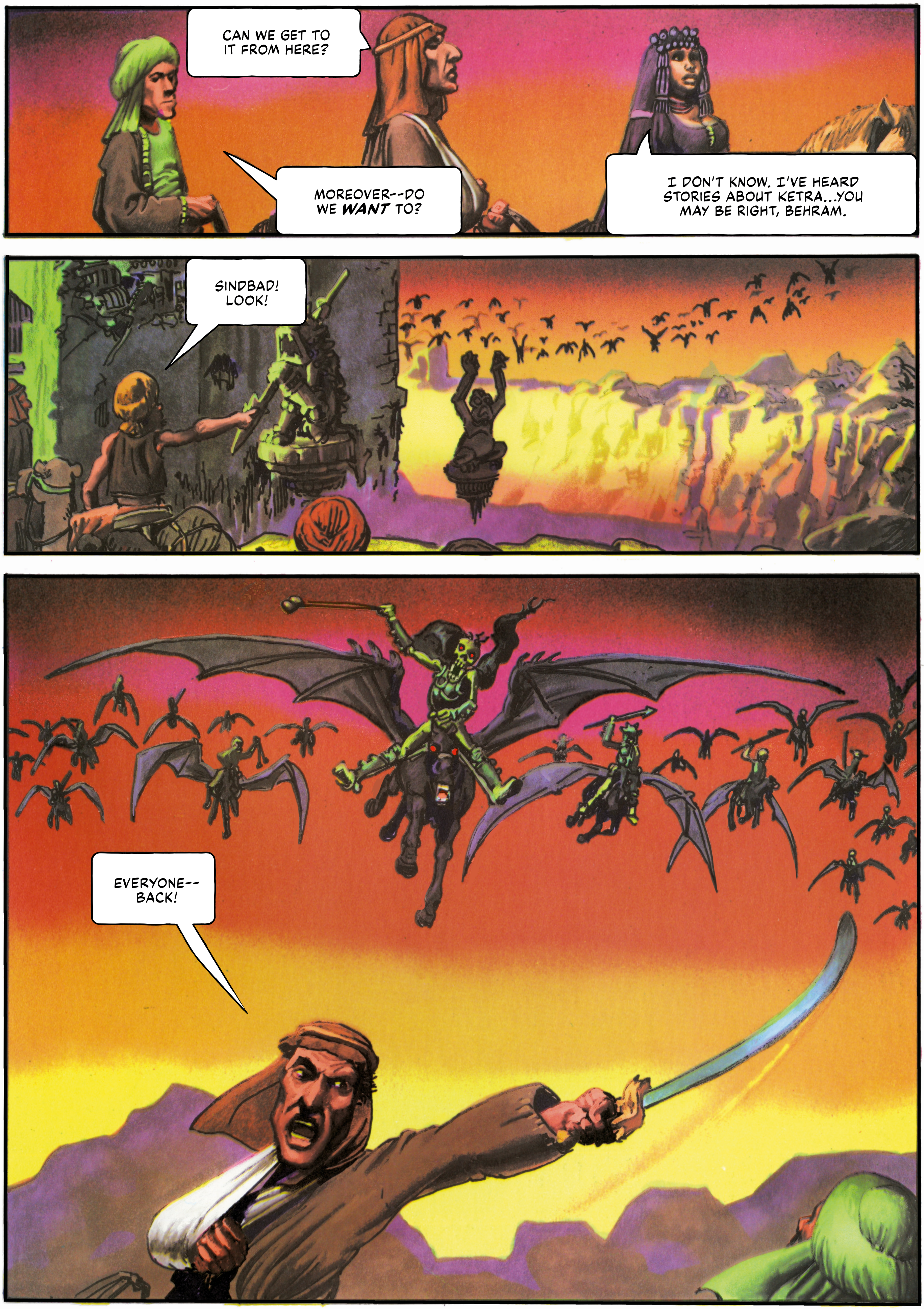

WHUPP!
UFF!
ARRRNN!

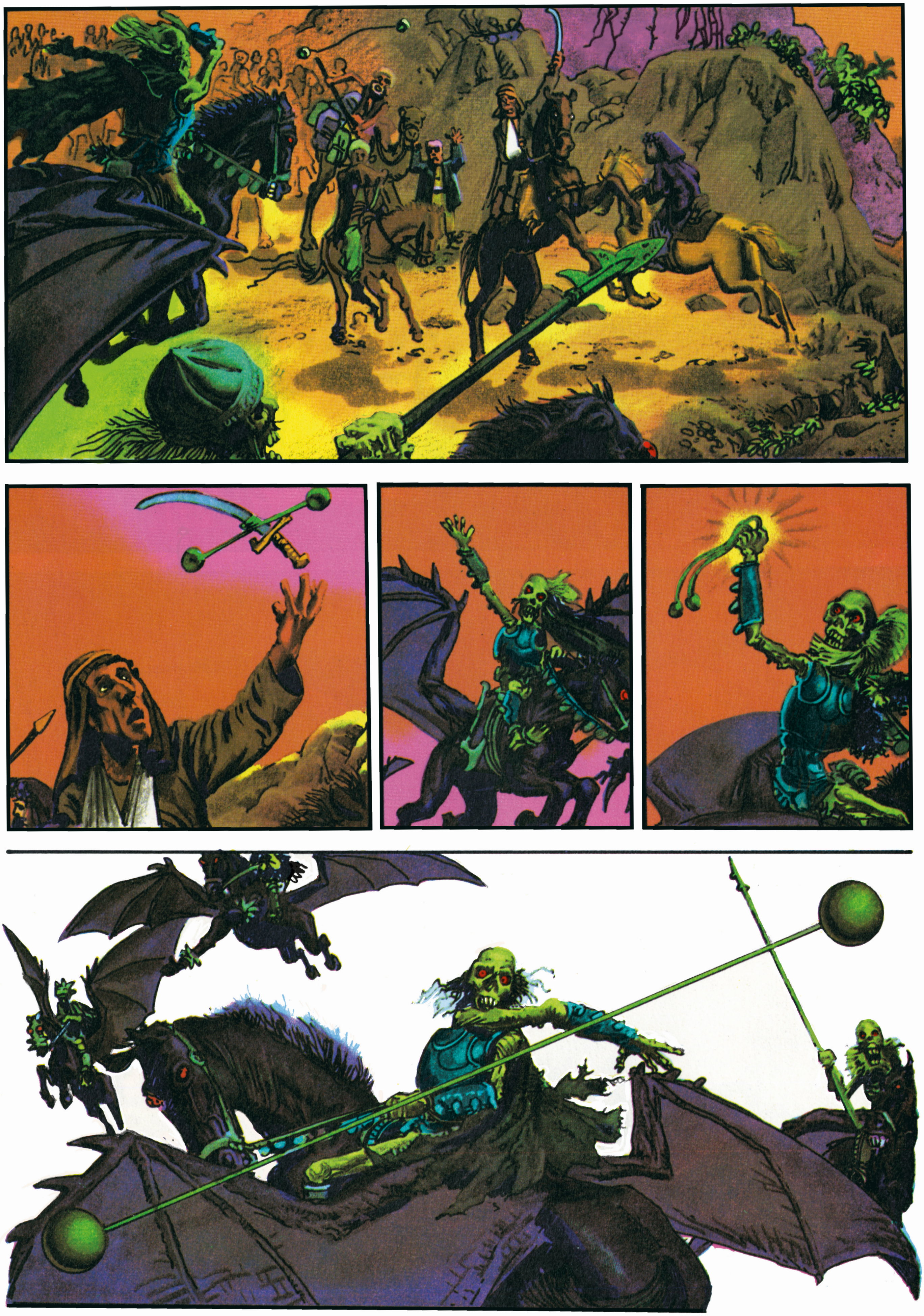

YOU'VE ANGERED IT, SINDBAD! GET UP!
MY ARM...
WE'LL BE CRUSHED!
WHAT?!

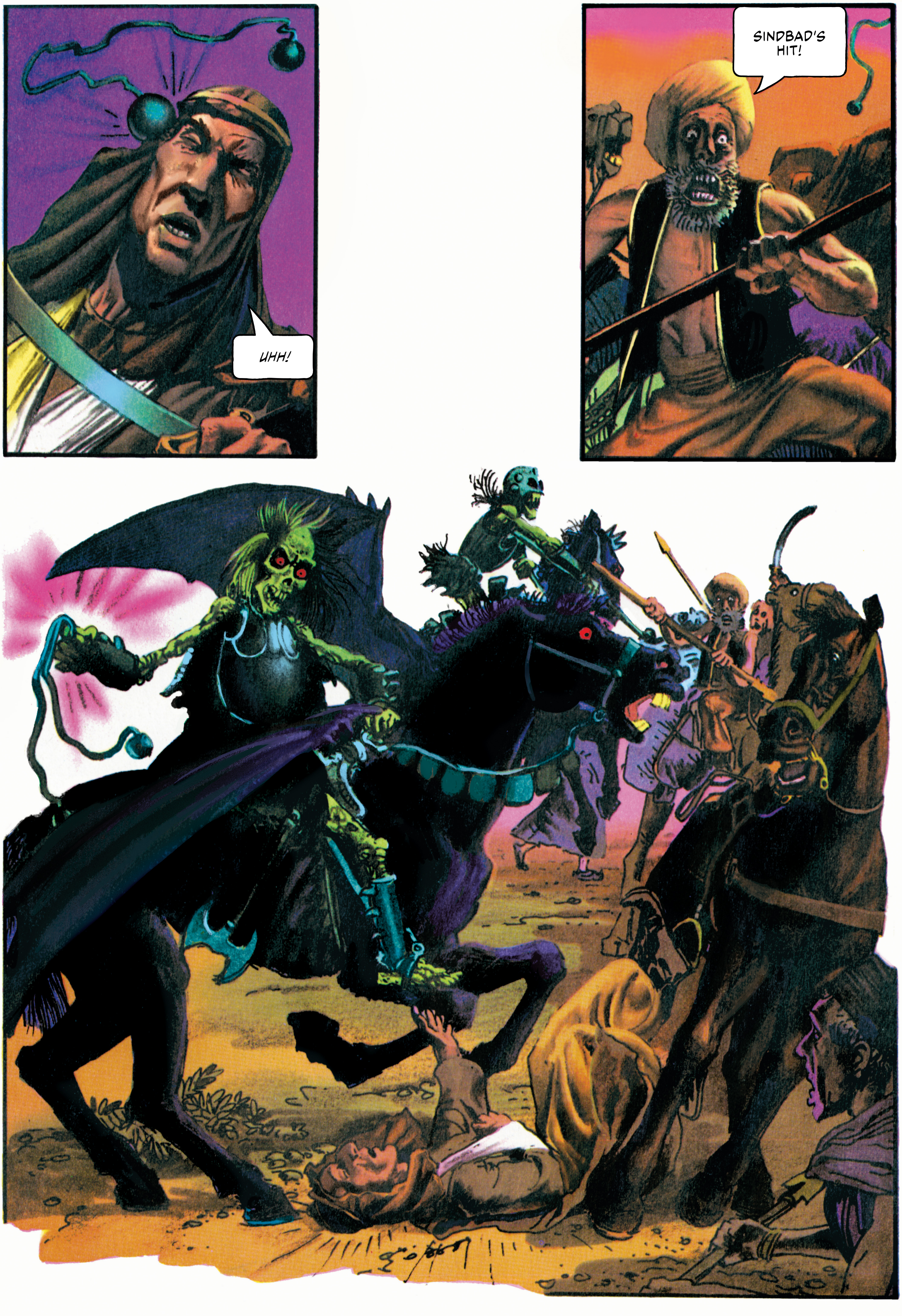

PRAISE ALLAH, JUDAR!
SWAF
SINDBAD--ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
DAMN THAT JINNI AND HIS CURSE! WE SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER, AKISSA. **WE** CAUSED THIS!
YOU MEAN...YOU THINK AL-RA'AD'S BEEN WATCHING US?
PROBABLY WITH GREAT AMUSEMENT.

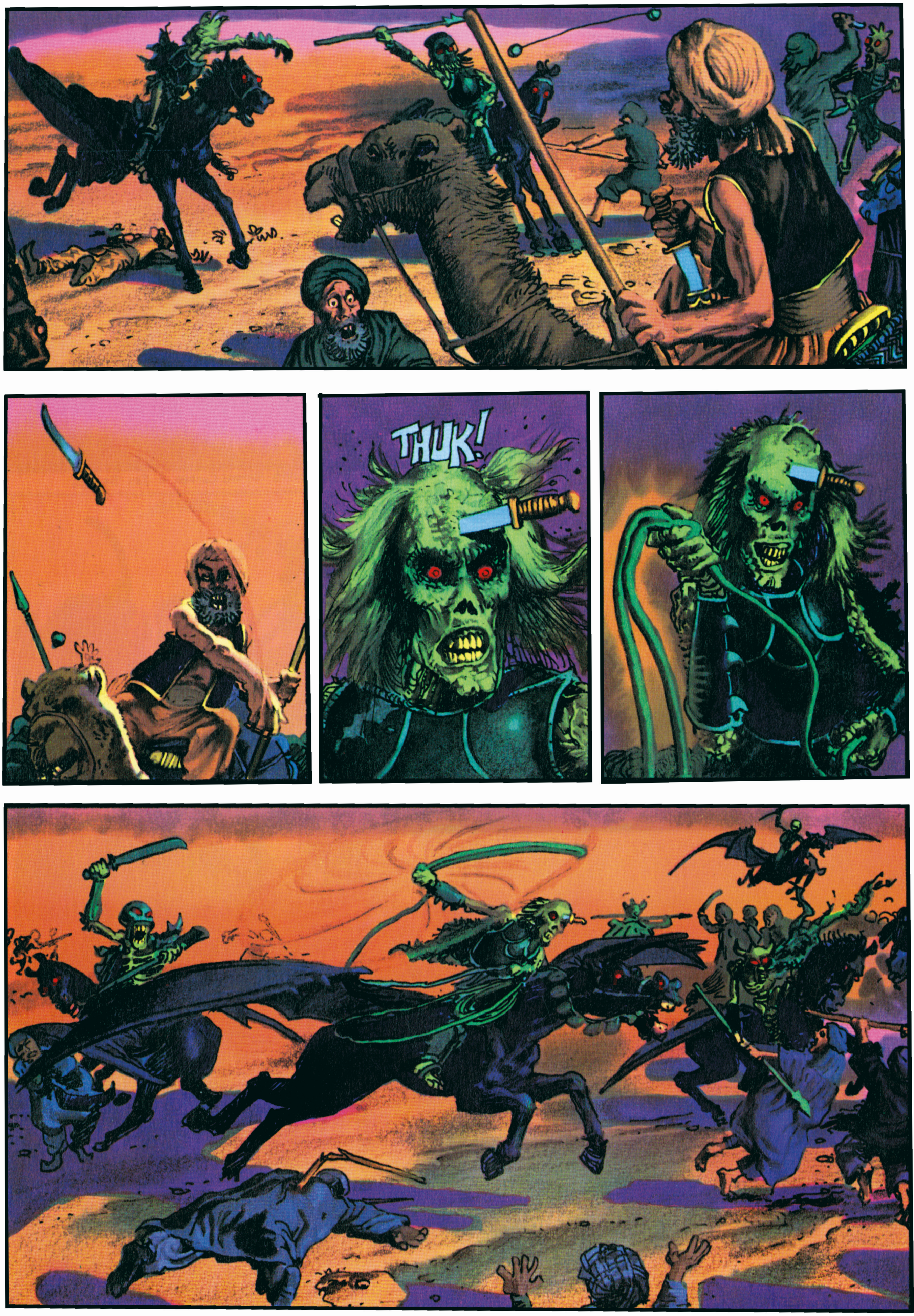

STARVED FOR AFFECTION, DOG?
YEAH...
...ME, TOO.

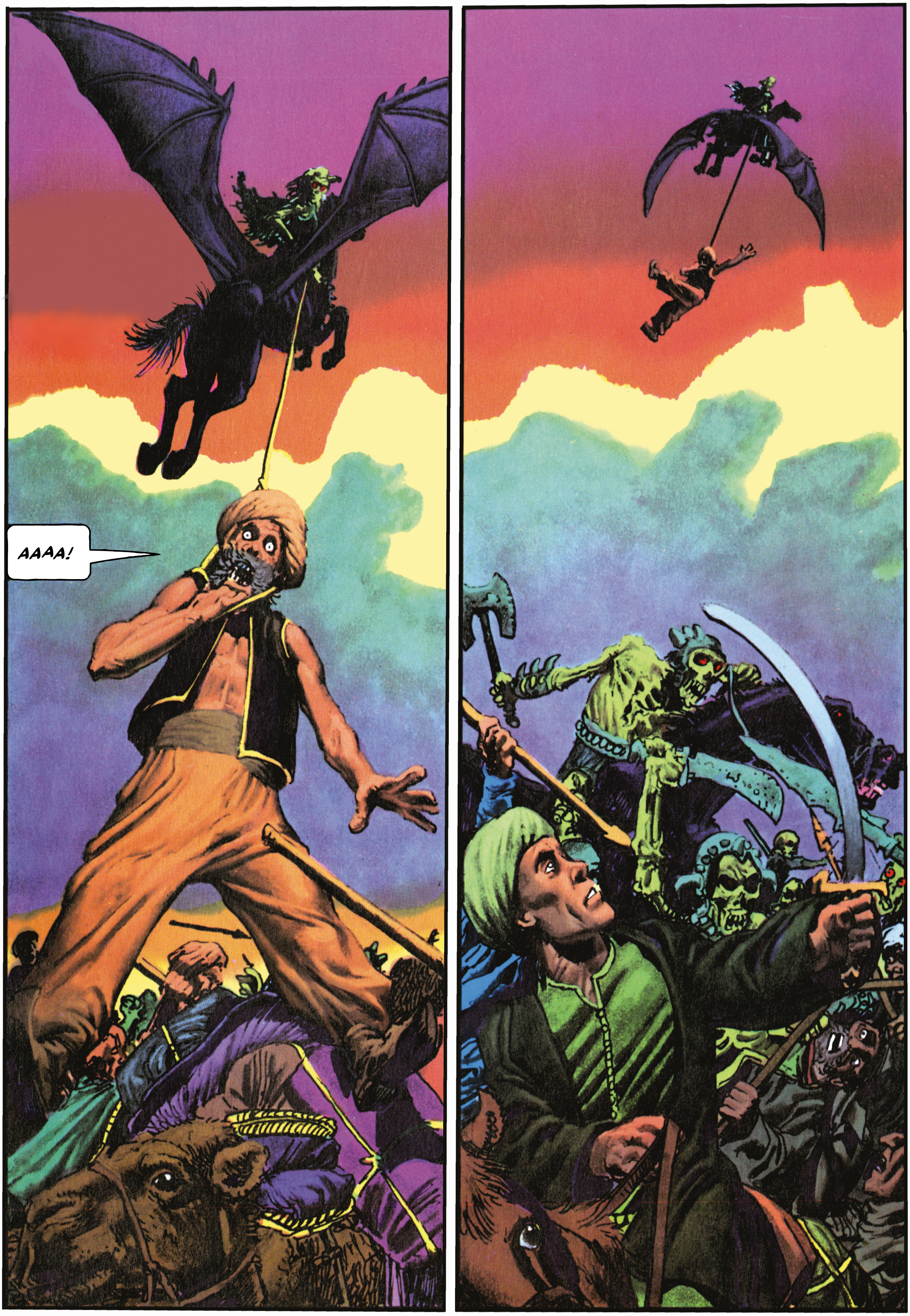

KETRA...

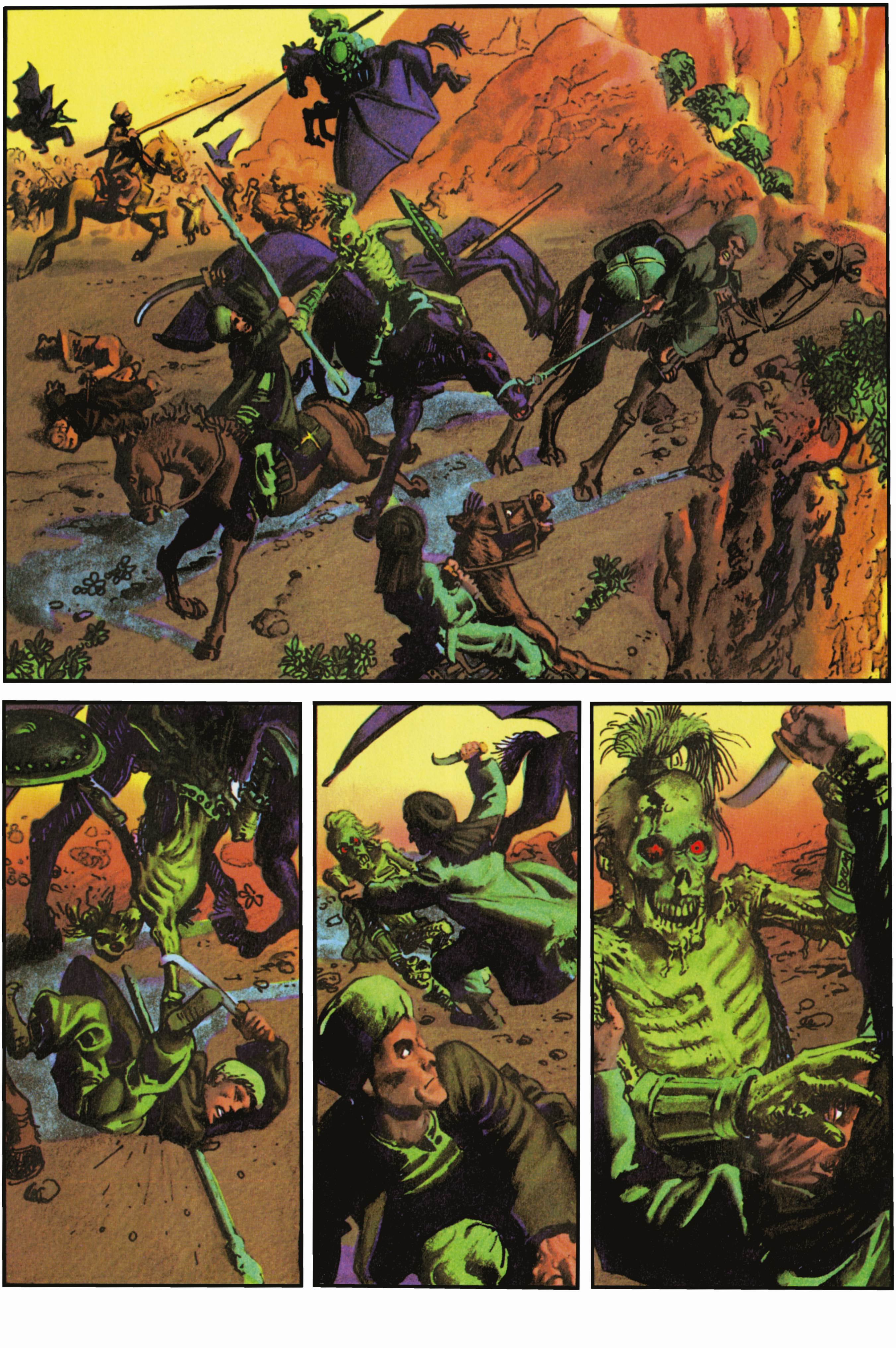

CAN WE GET TO IT FROM HERE?
MOREOVER--DO WE *WANT* TO?
I DON'T KNOW. I'VE HEARD STORIES ABOUT KETRA...YOU MAY BE RIGHT, BEHRAM.
SINDBAD! LOOK!
EVERYONE--BACK!

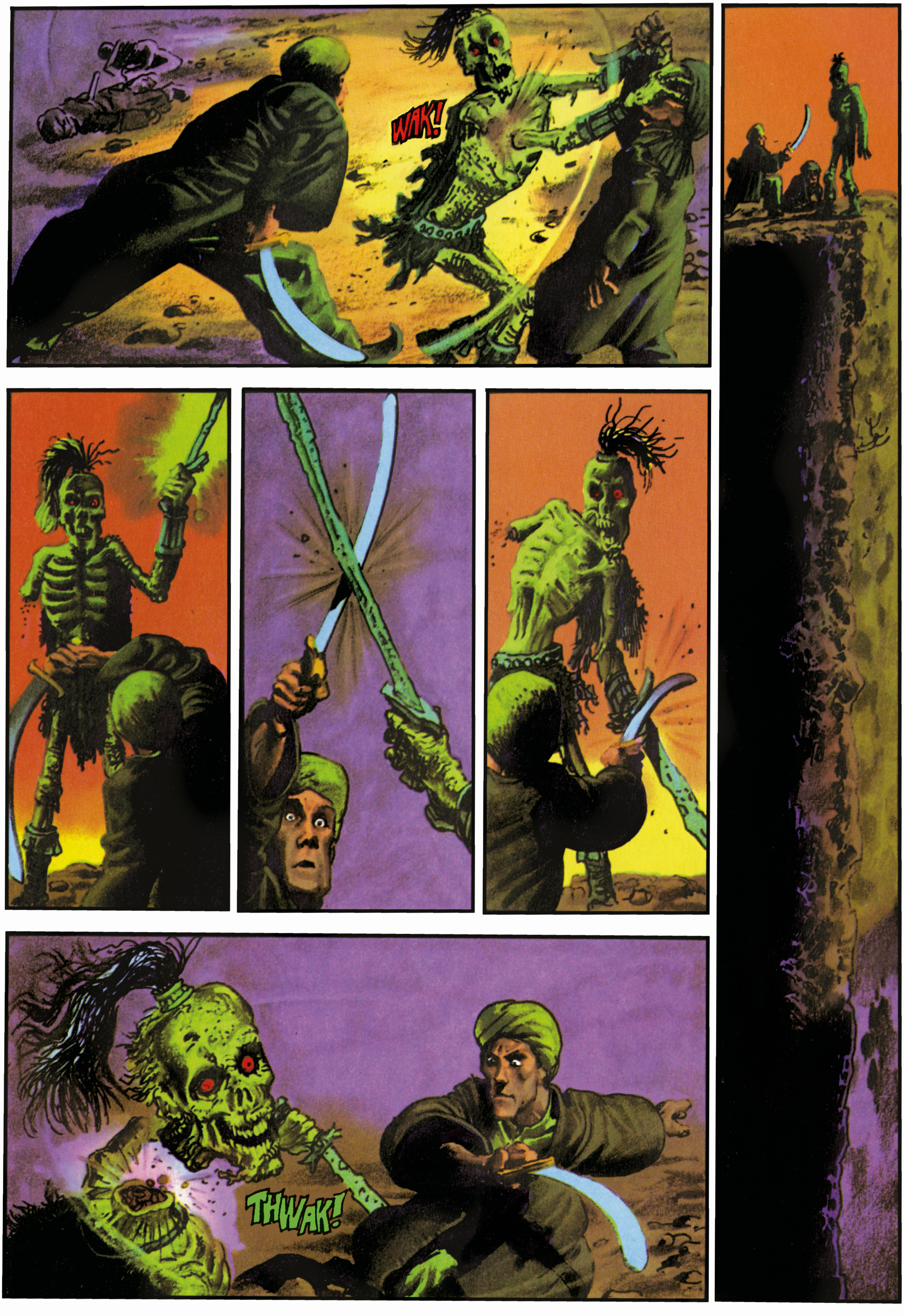


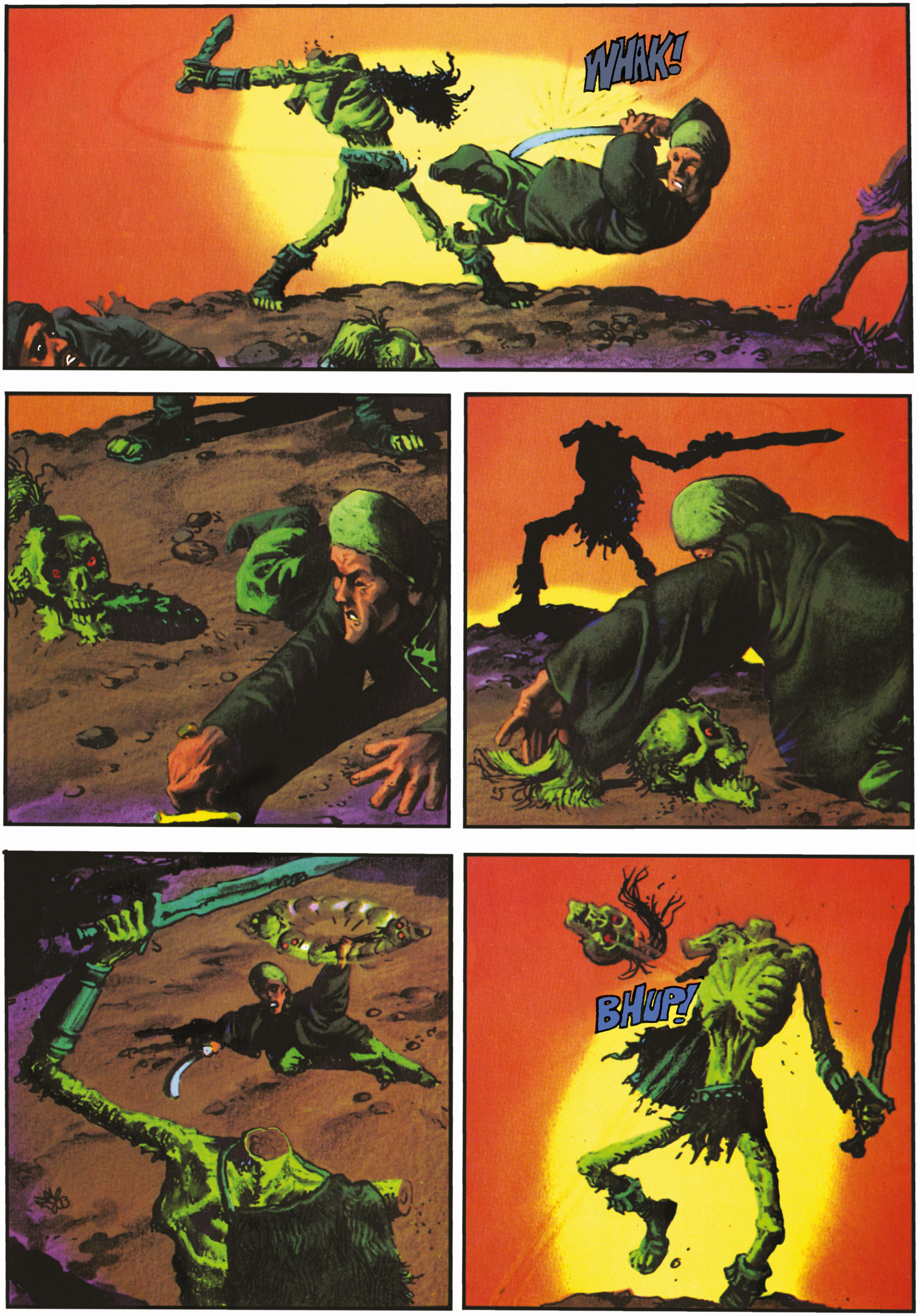

UHH!
SINDBAD'S HIT!

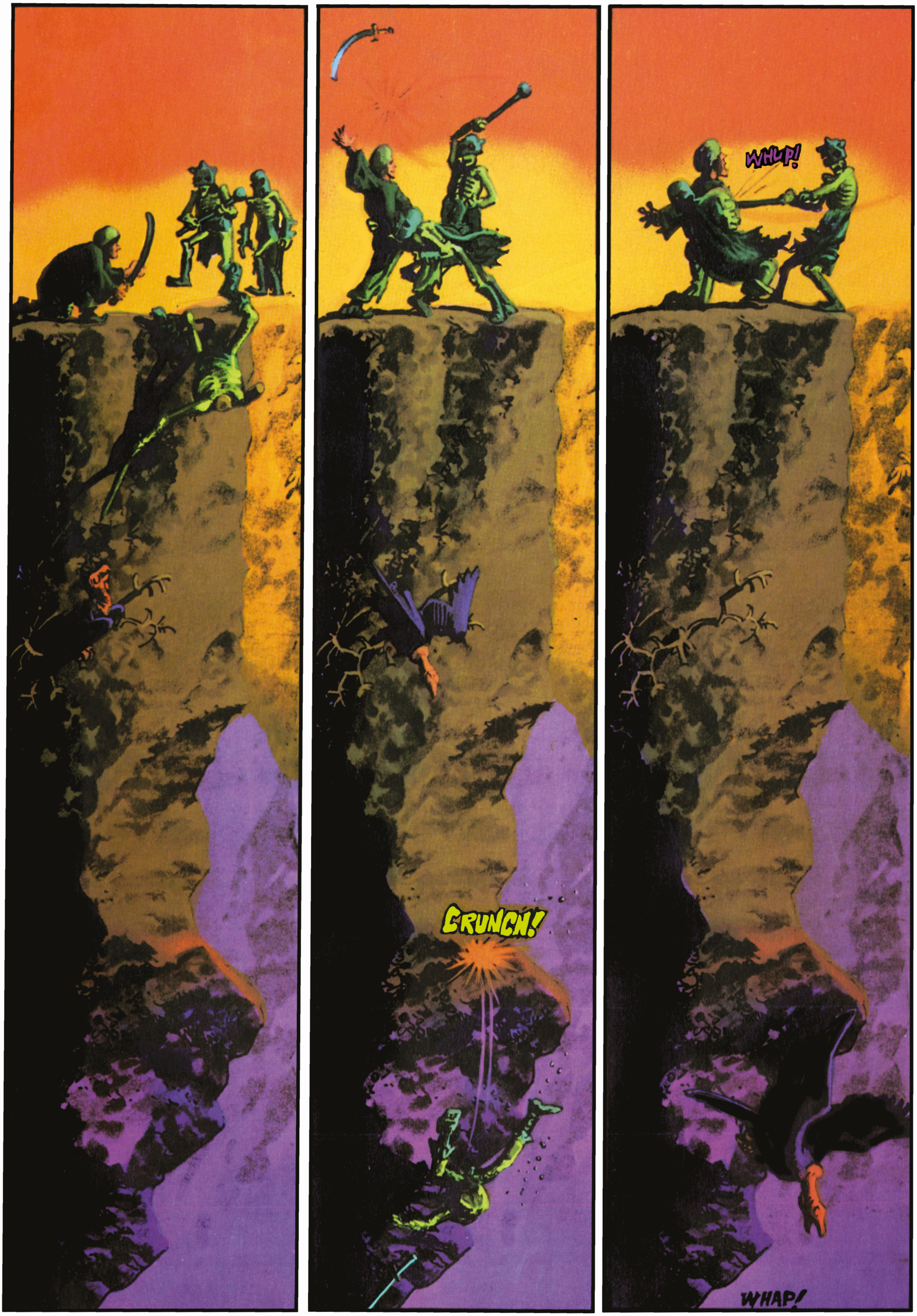

THUK!

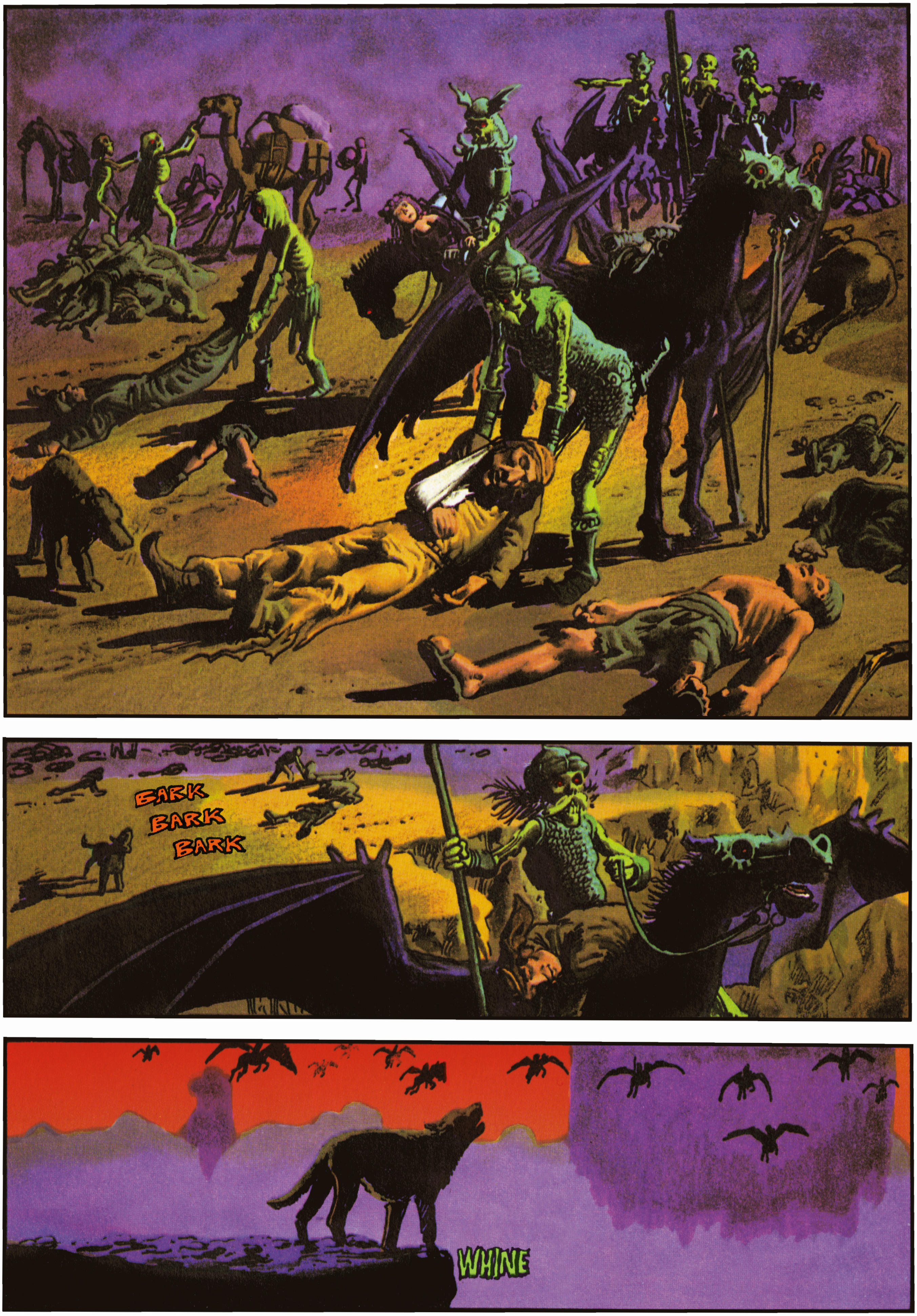

AAAA!

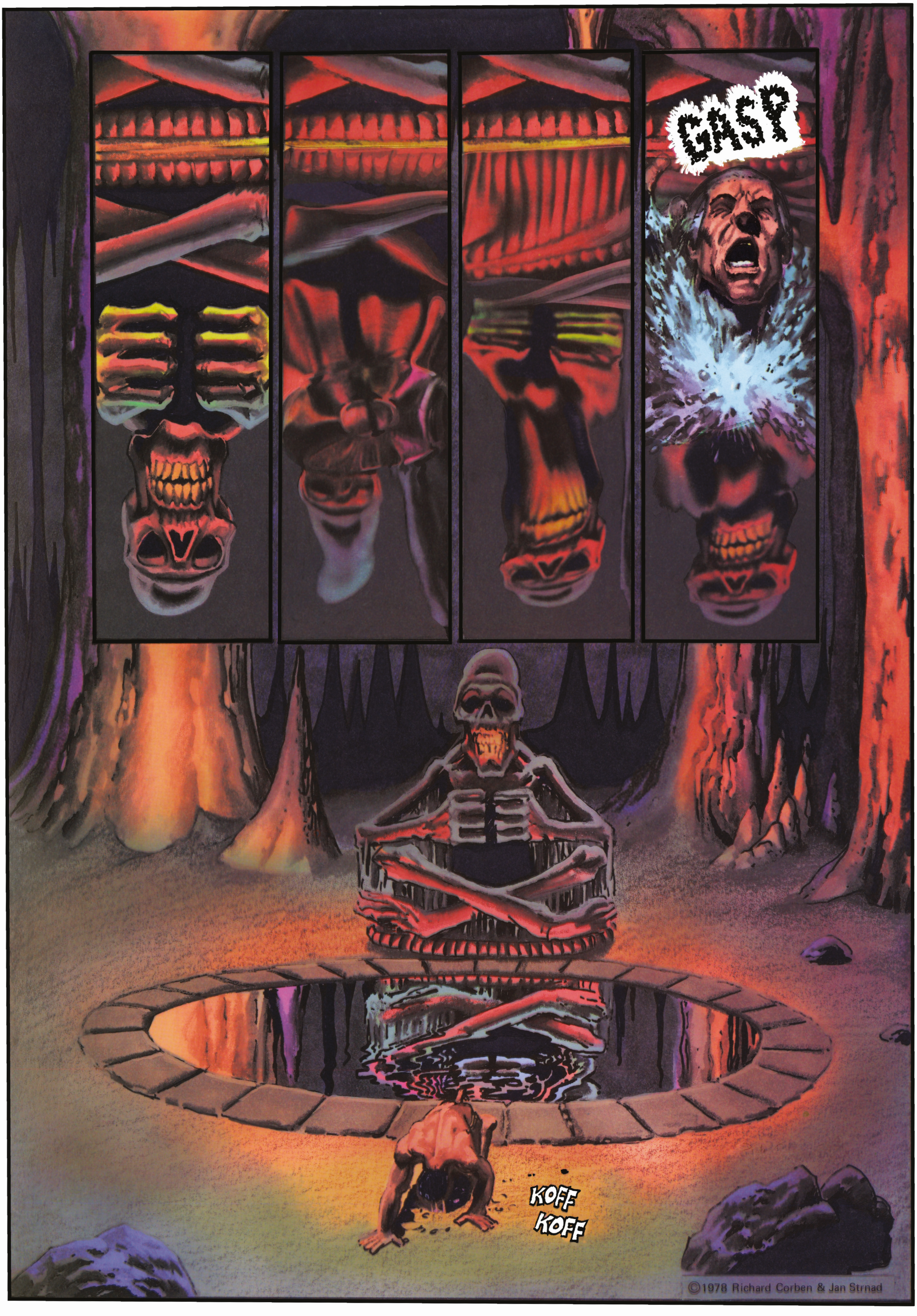



WAK!
THWAK!


WHAK!
BHUP!


WHUP!
CRUNCH!
WHAP!


BARK
BARK
BARK
WHINE


GASP
KOFF KOFF

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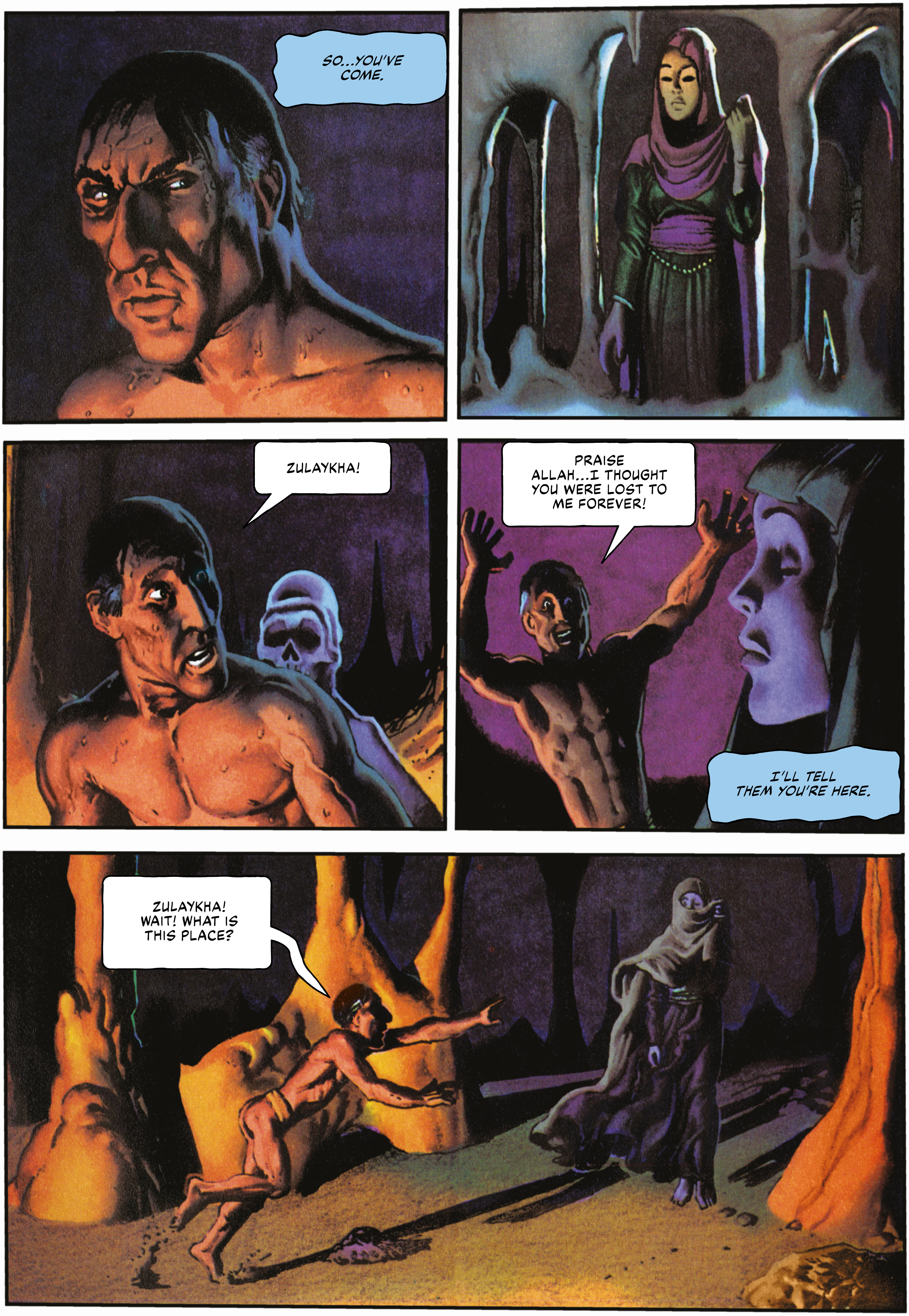
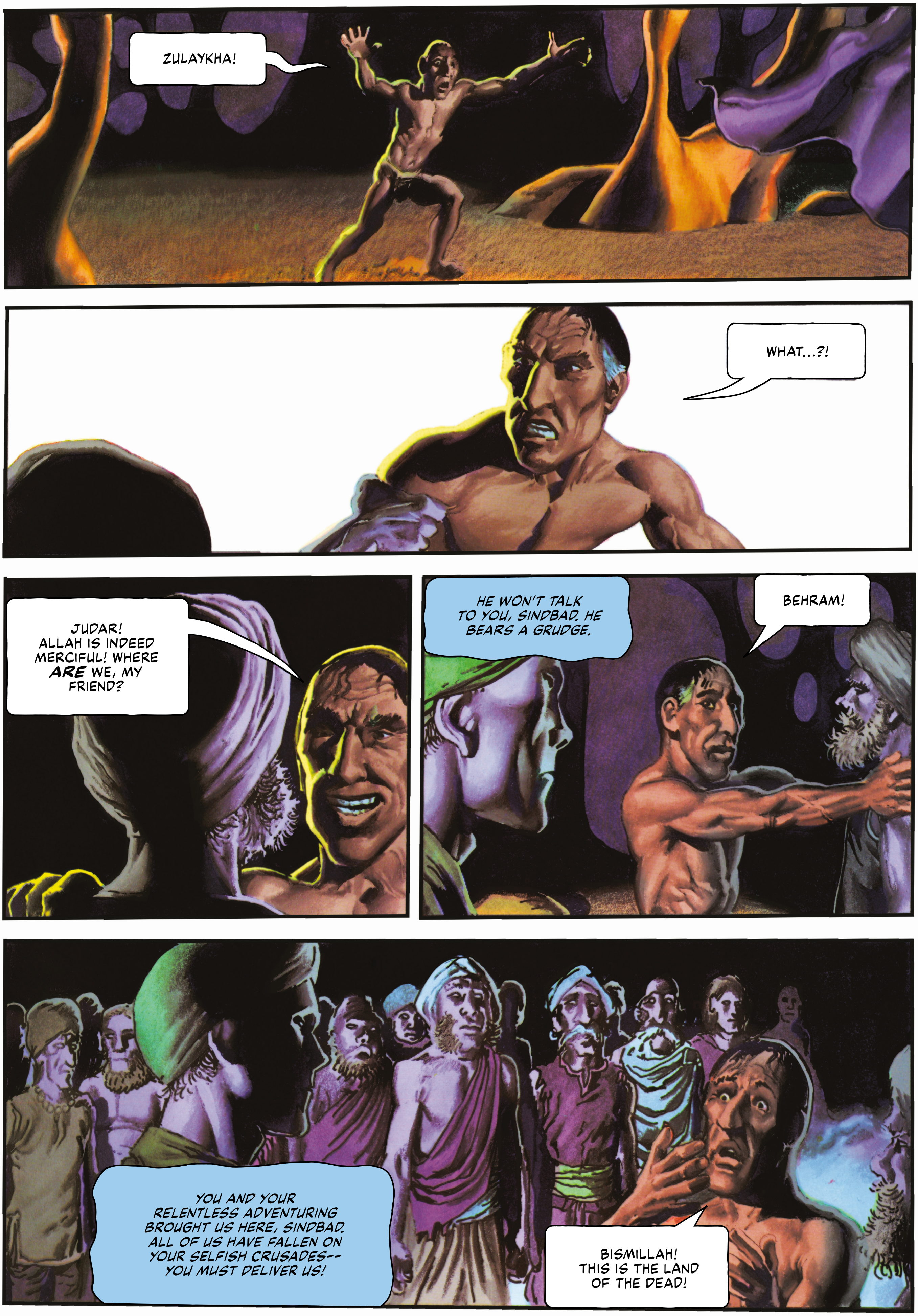
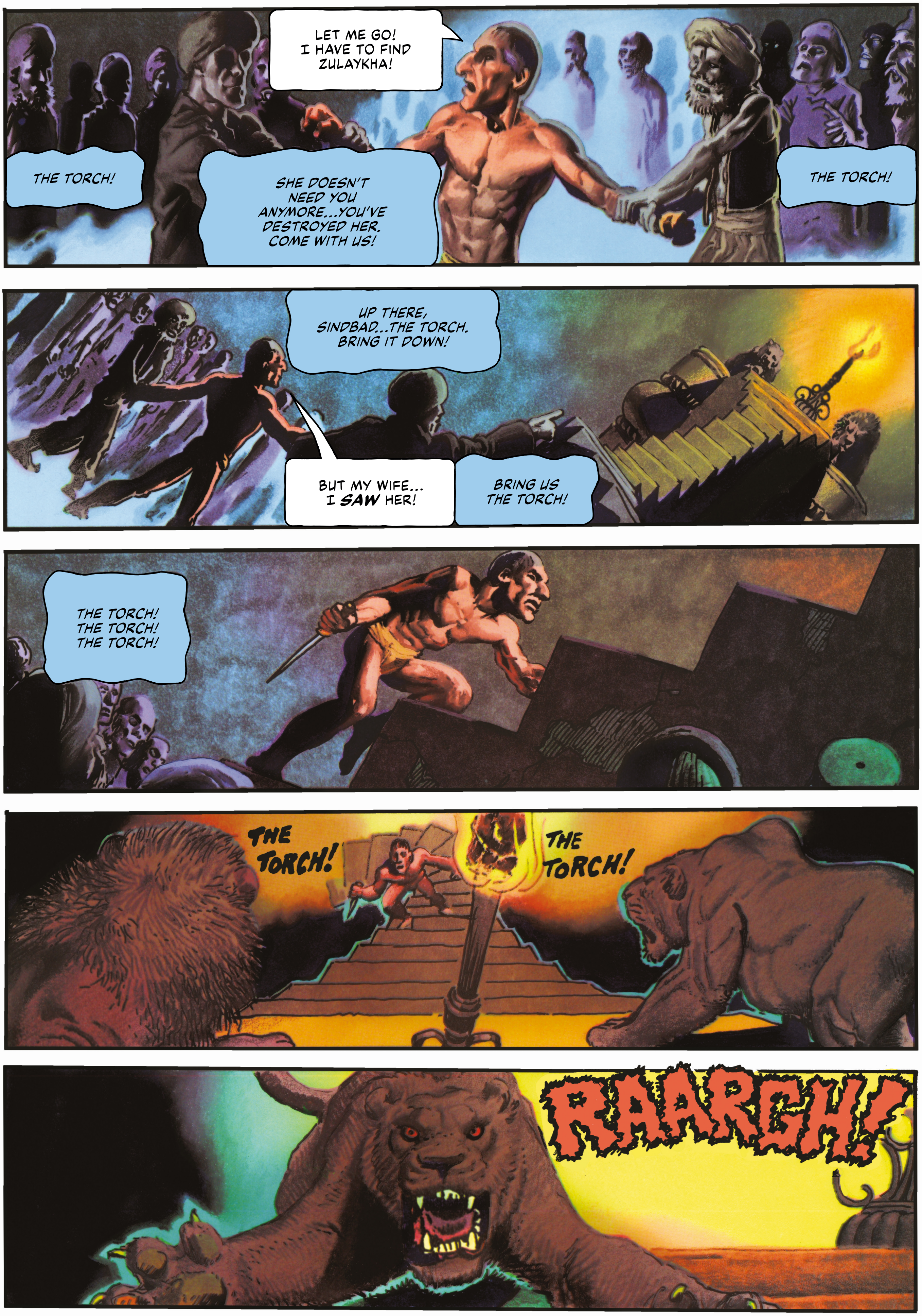
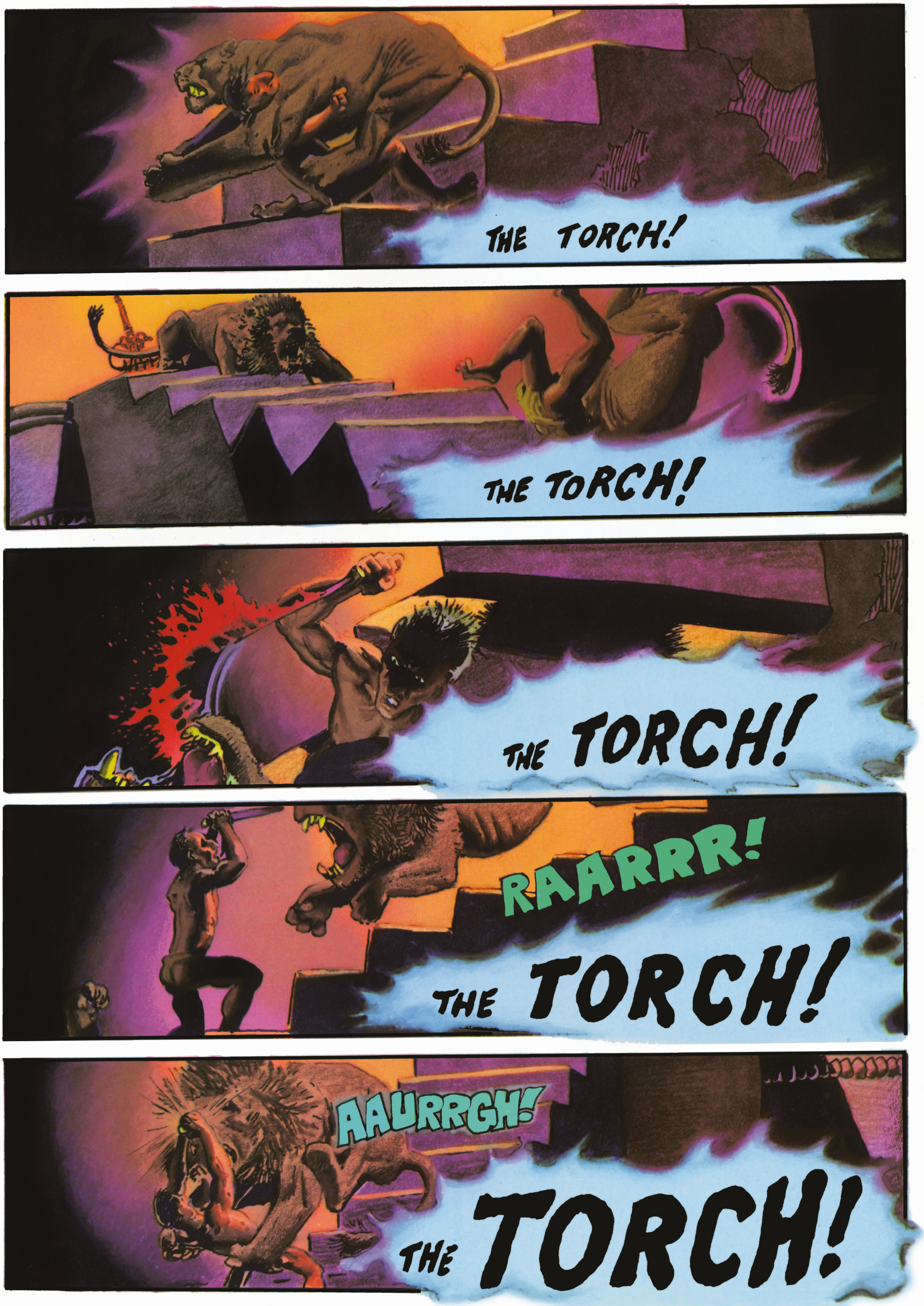
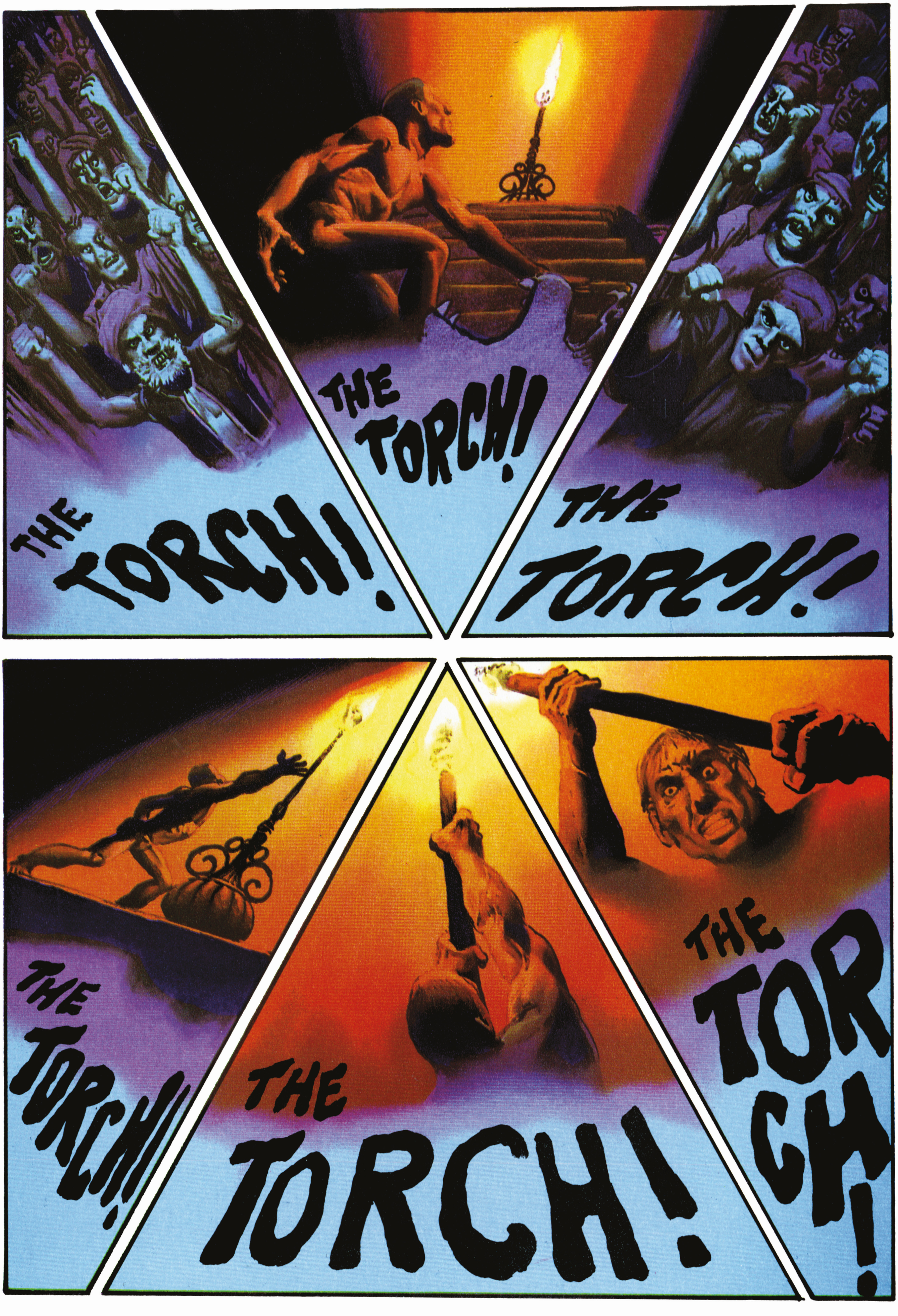
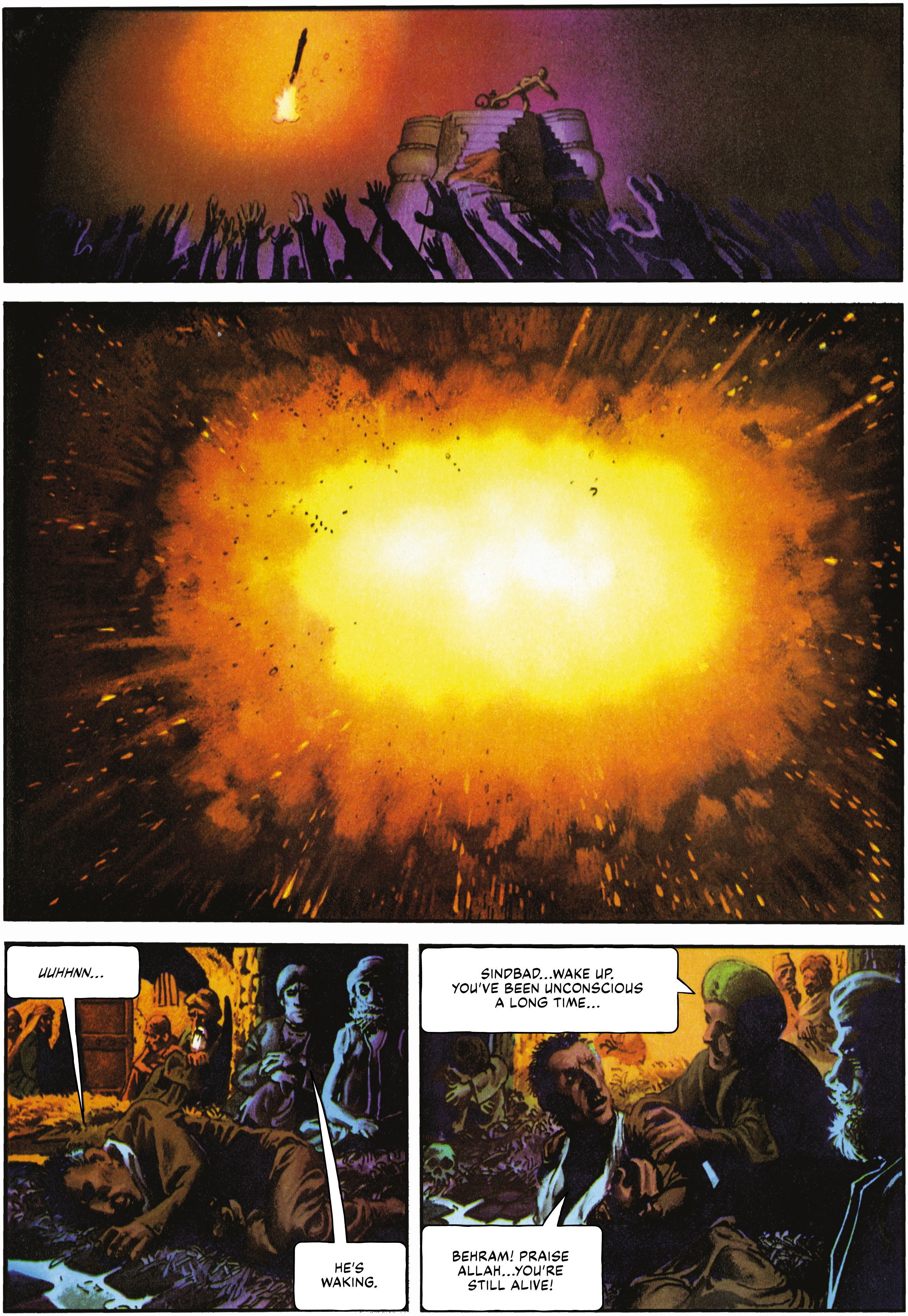

SO...YOU'VE COME.
ZULAYKHA!
PRAISE ALLAH...I THOUGHT YOU WERE LOST TO ME FOREVER!
I'LL TELL THEM YOU'RE HERE.
ZULAYKHA! WAIT! WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

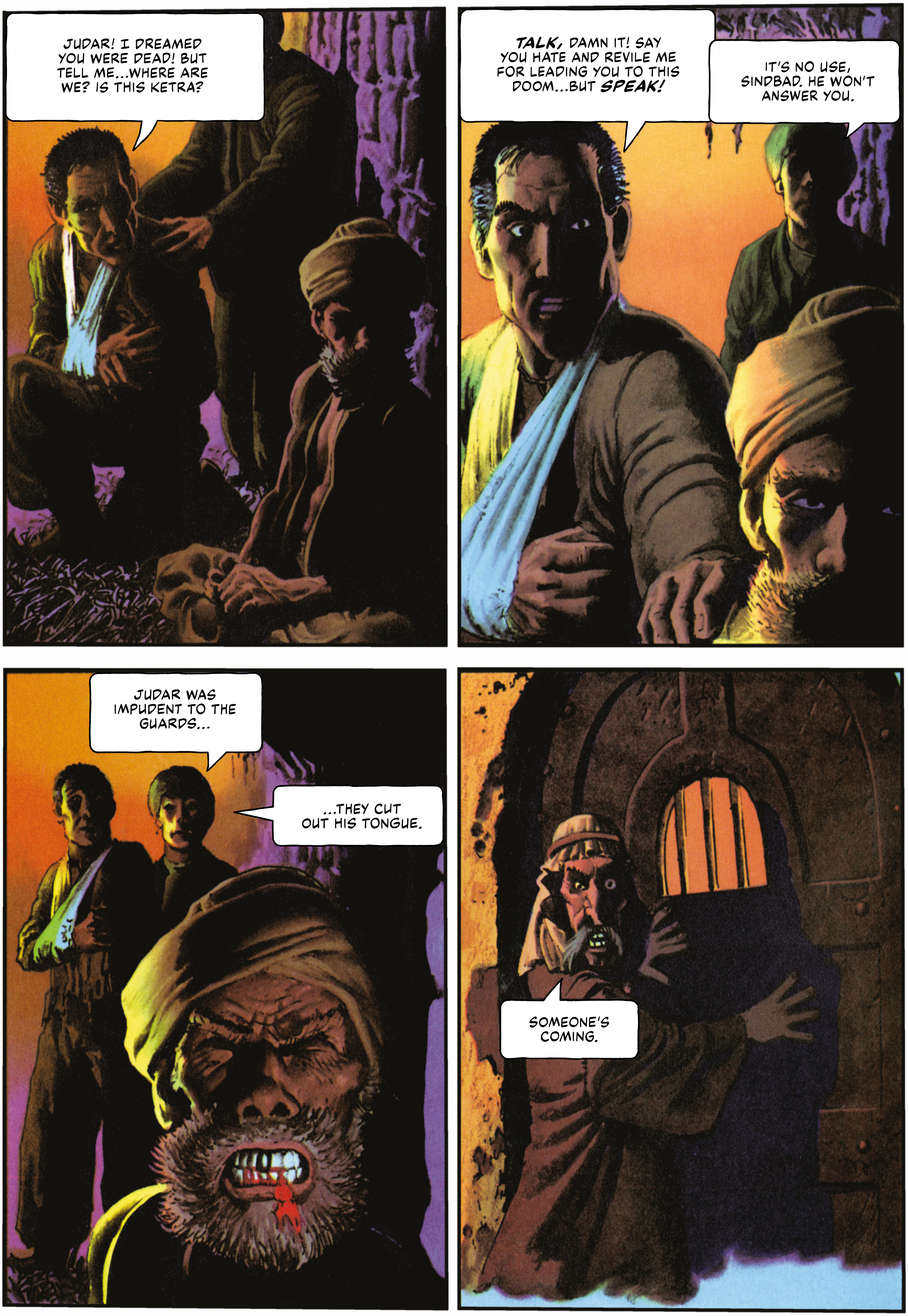

ZULAYKHA!
WHAT...?!
JUDAR! ALLAH IS INDEED MERCIFUL! WHERE *ARE* WE, MY FRIEND?
HE WON'T TALK TO YOU, SINDBAD. HE BEARS A GRUDGE.
BEHRAM!
YOU AND YOUR RELENTLESS ADVENTURING BROUGHT US HERE, SINDBAD. ALL OF US HAVE FALLEN ON YOUR SELFISH CRUSADES-- YOU MUST DELIVER US!
BISMILLAH! THIS IS THE LAND OF THE DEAD!

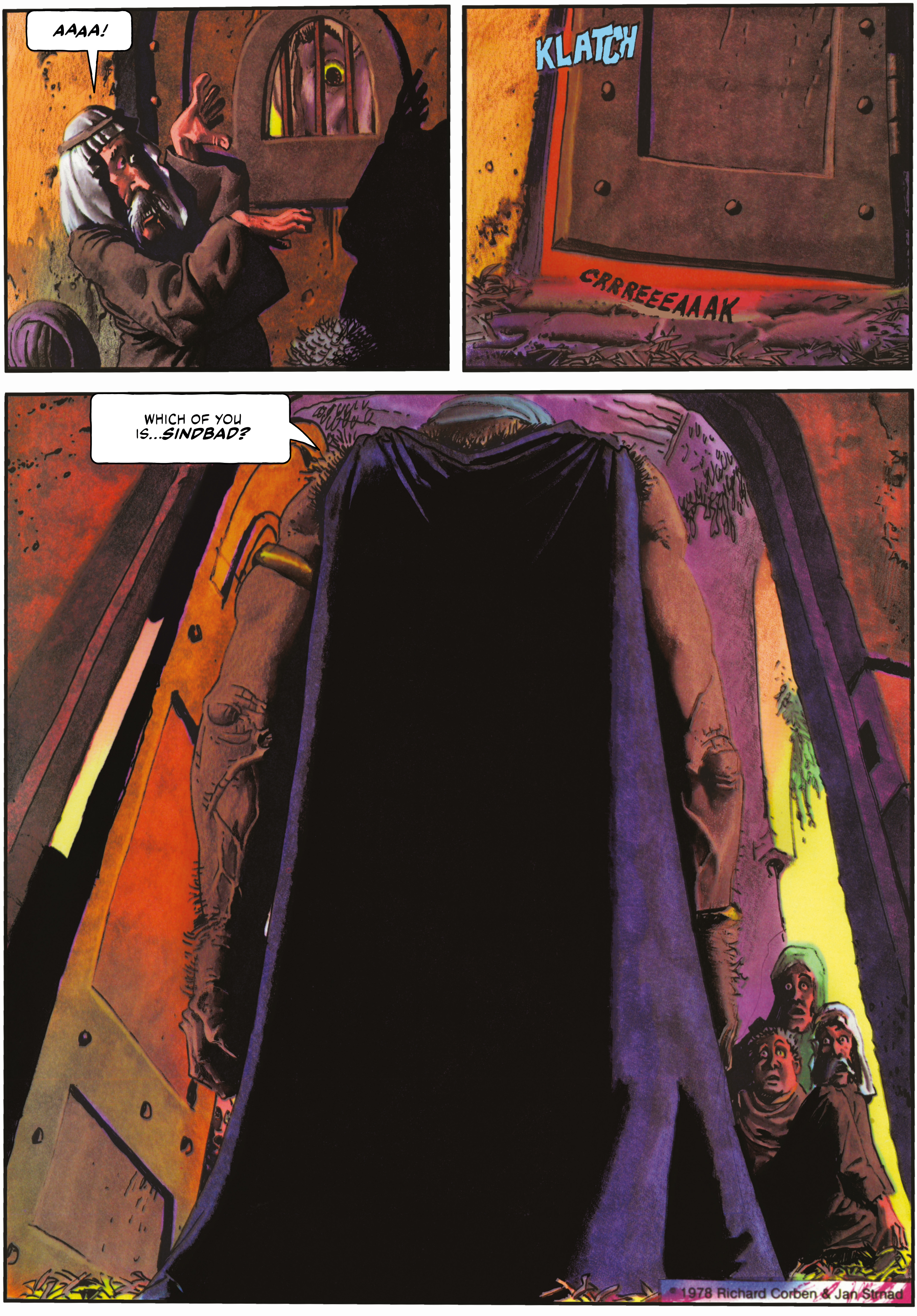

LET ME GO! I HAVE TO FIND ZULAYKHA!
THE TORCH!
SHE DOESN'T NEED YOU ANYMORE...YOU'VE DESTROYED HER. COME WITH US!
THE TORCH!
UP THERE, SINDBAD...THE TORCH. BRING IT DOWN!
BUT MY WIFE... I *SAW* HER!
BRING US THE TORCH!
THE TORCH! THE TORCH! THE TORCH!
THE TORCH!
THE TORCH!
RAARGH!


THE TORCH!
THE TORCH!
THE TORCH!
RAARRRR!
THE TORCH!
AAURRGH!
THE TORCH!


THE TORCH!
THE TORCH!
THE TORCH!
THE TORCH!
THE TORCH!
THE TORCH!


UUHHNN...
HE'S WAKING.
SINDBAD...WAKE UP. YOU'VE BEEN UNCONSCIOUS A LONG TIME...
BEHRAM! PRAISE ALLAH...YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!


JUDAR! I DREAMED YOU WERE DEAD! BUT TELL ME...WHERE ARE WE? IS THIS KETRA?
TALK, DAMN IT! SAY YOU HATE AND REVILE ME FOR LEADING YOU TO THIS DOOM...BUT *SPEAK!*
IT'S NO USE, SINDBAD. HE WON'T ANSWER YOU.
JUDAR WAS IMPUDENT TO THE GUARDS...
...THEY CUT OUT HIS TONGUE.
SOMEONE'S COMING.


AAAA!
KLATCH
CRRREEEAAAK
WHICH OF YOU IS...*SINDBAD?*

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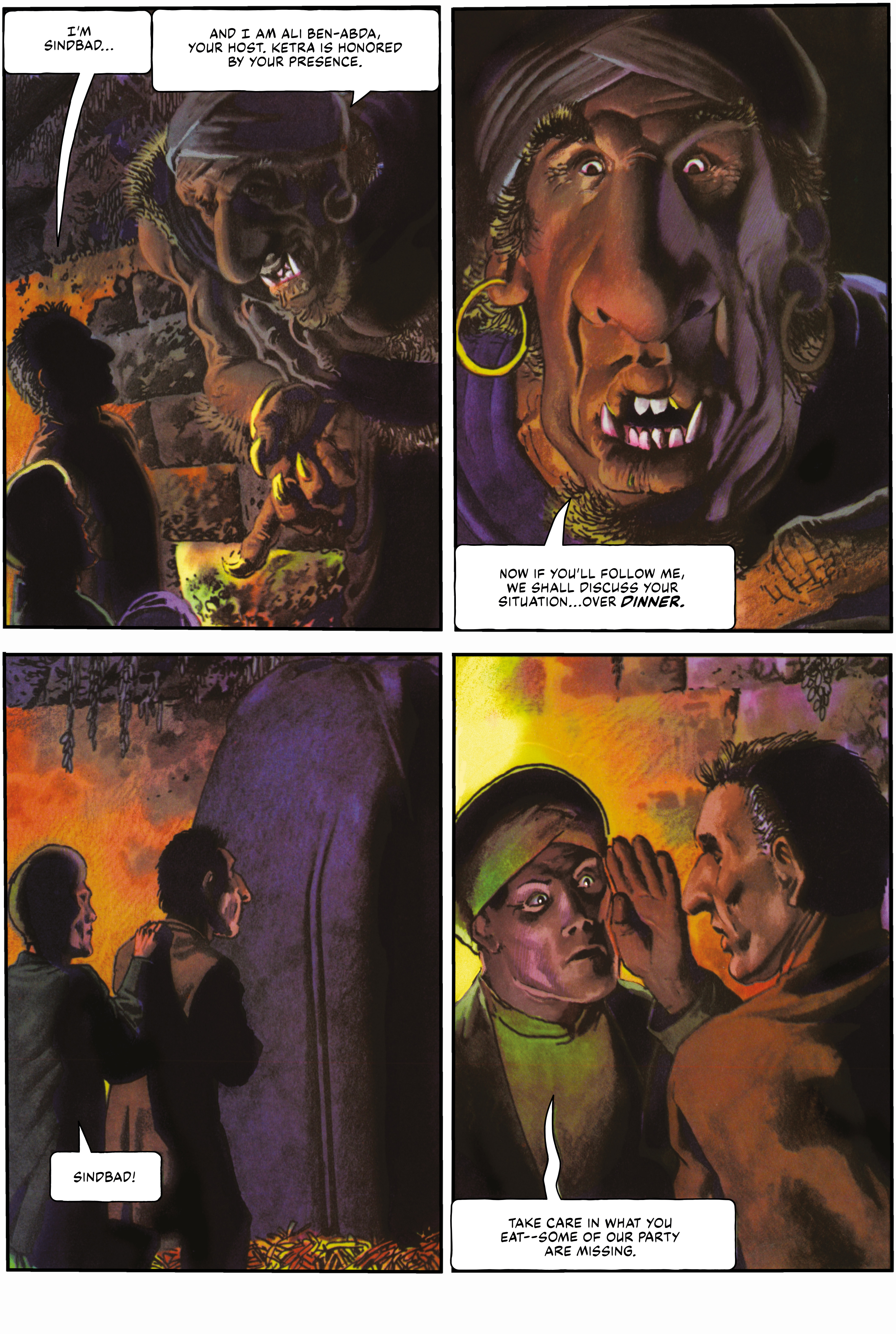
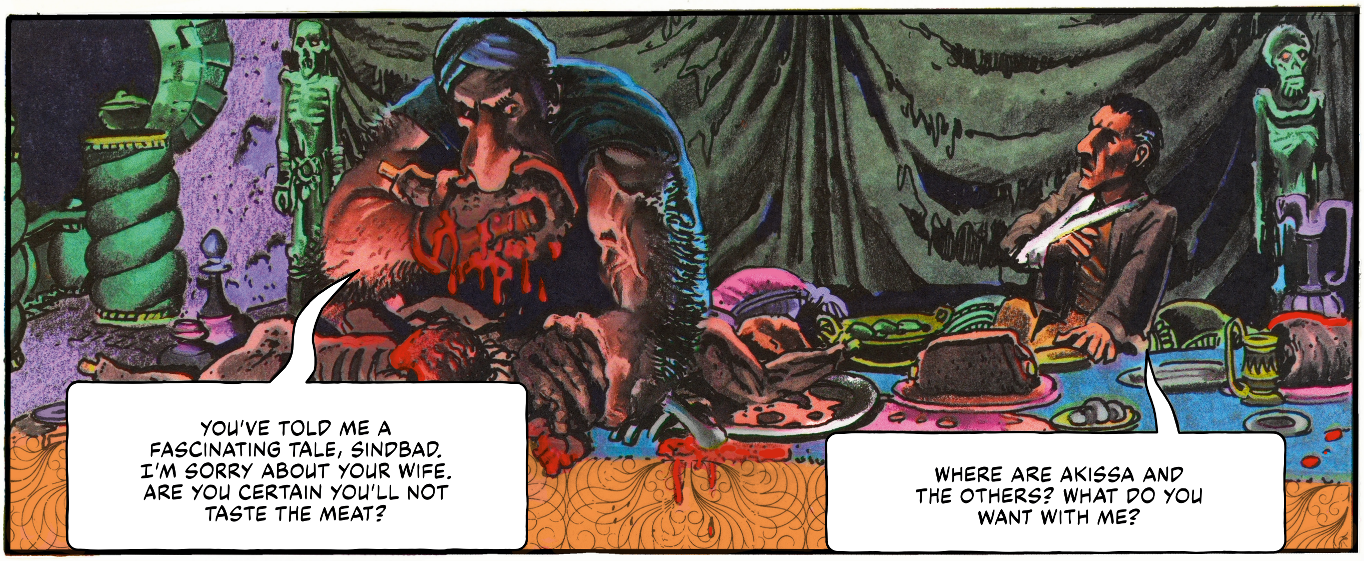
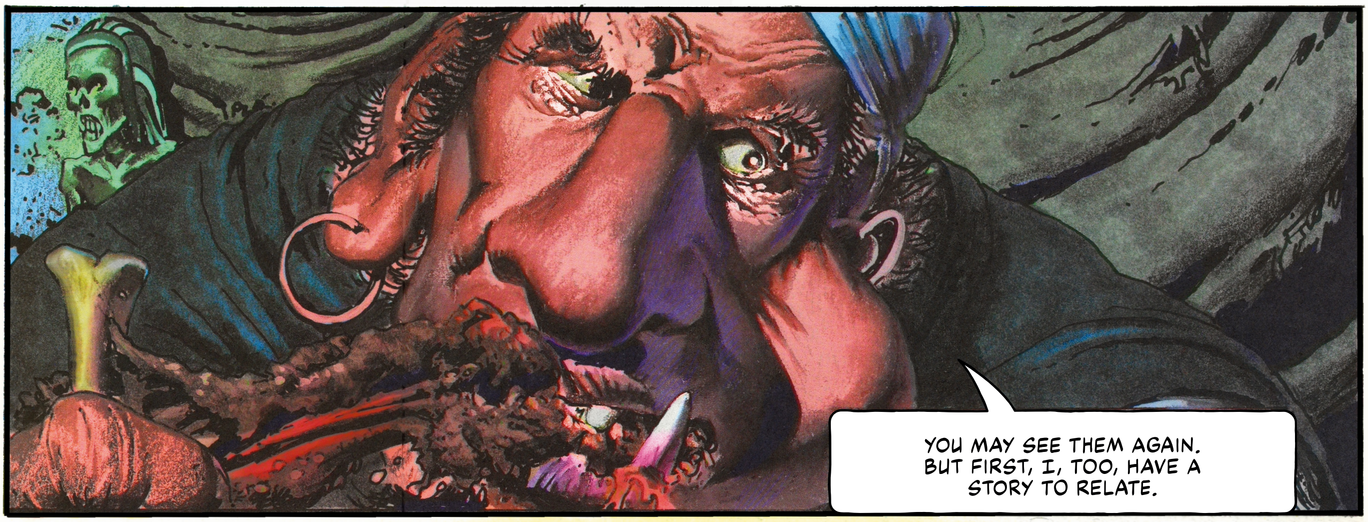
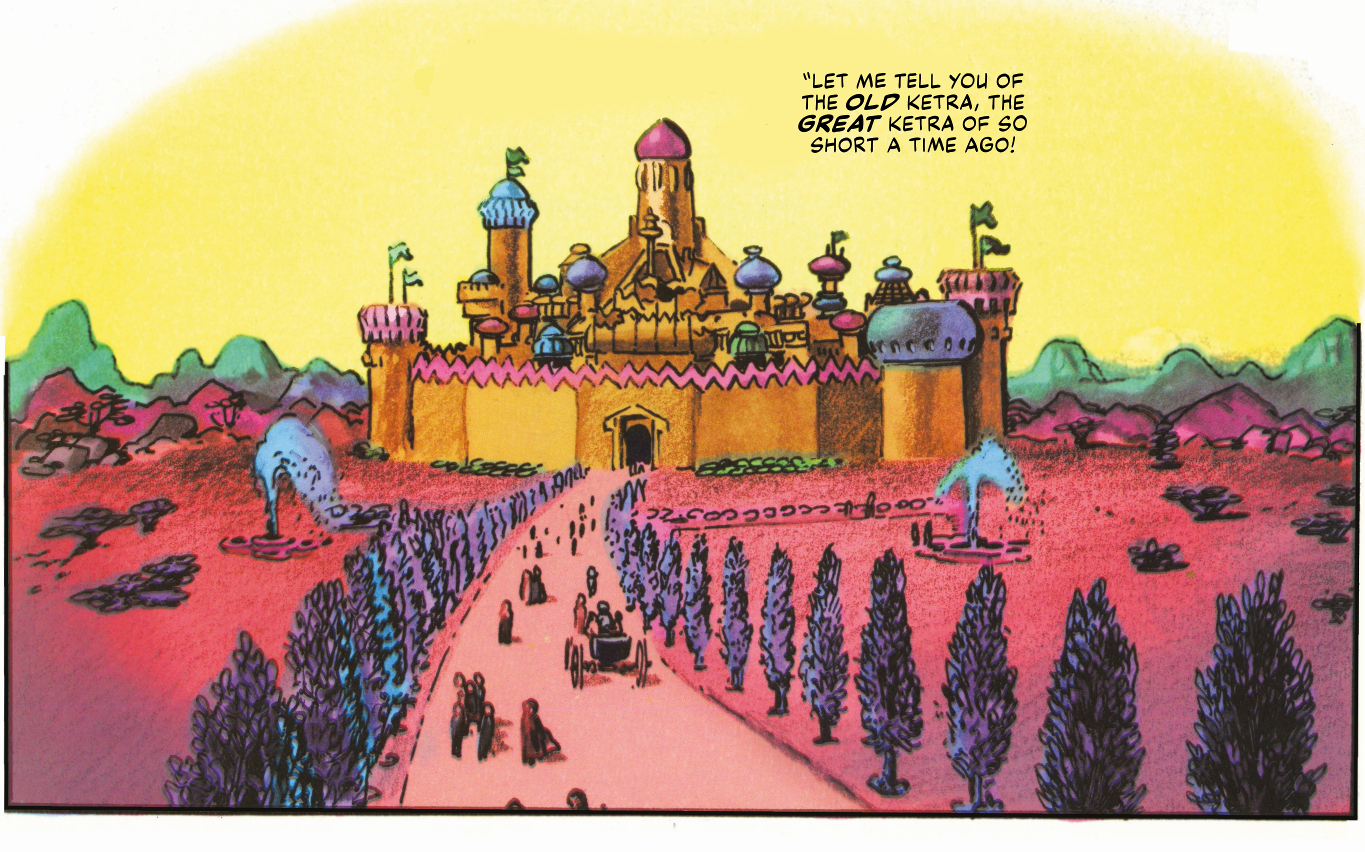
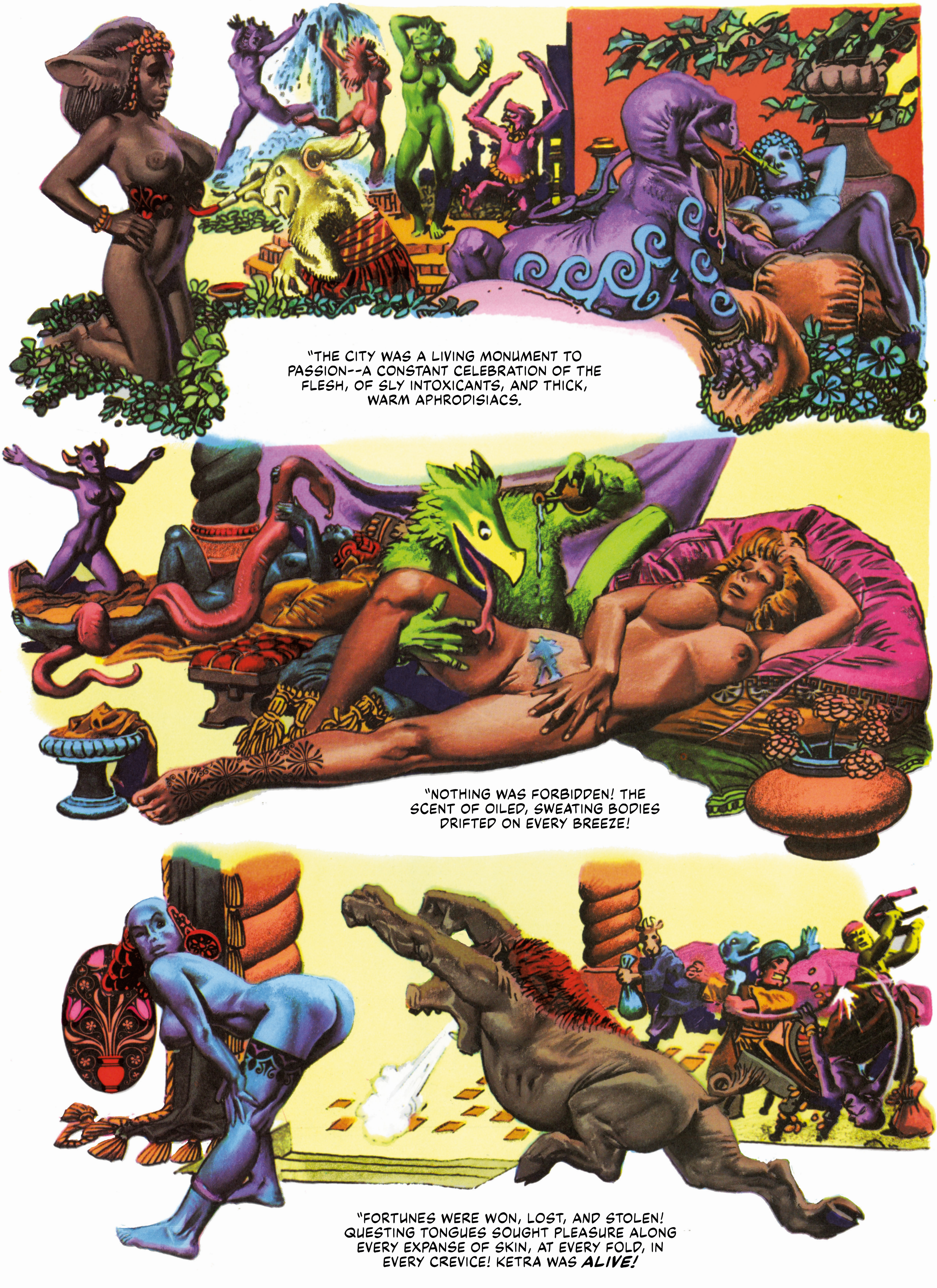
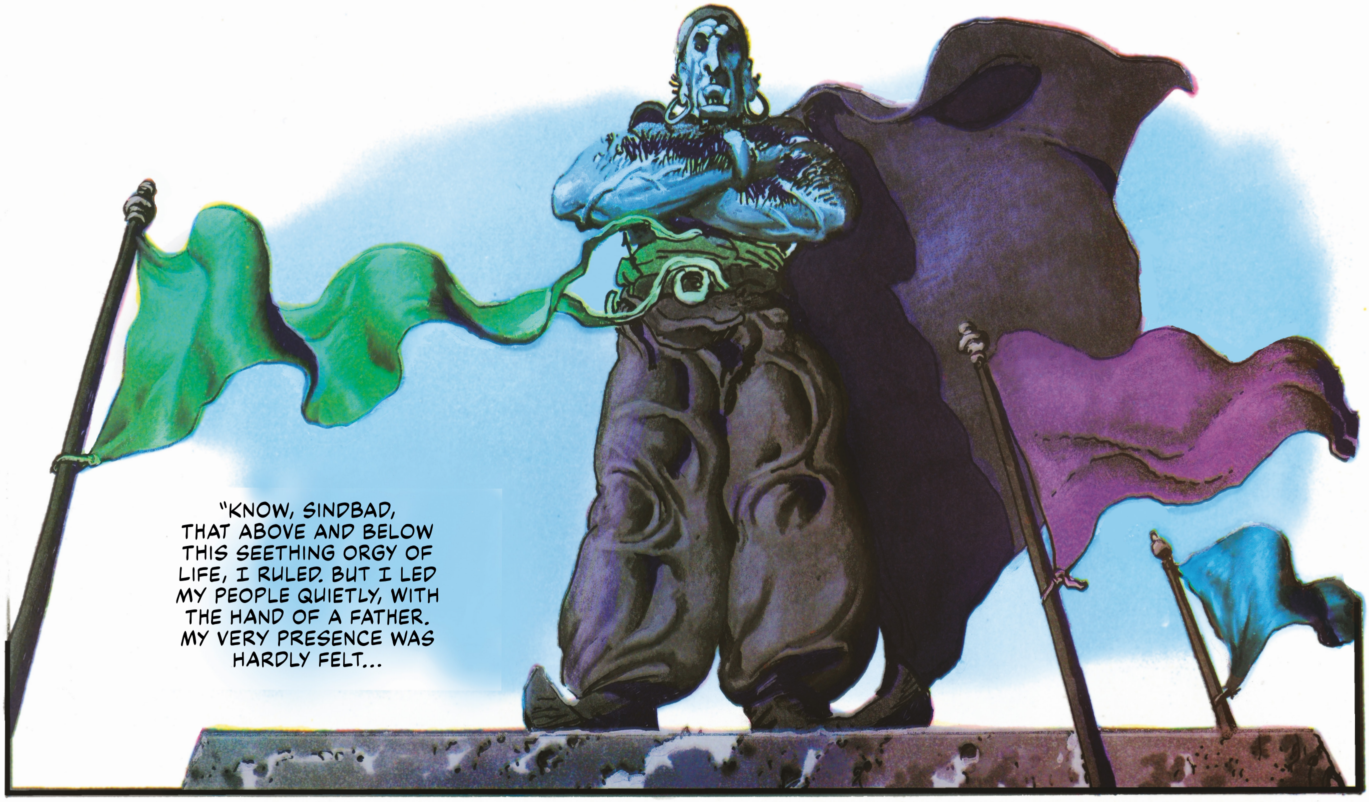

I'M SINDBAD...
AND I AM ALI BEN-ABDA, YOUR HOST. KETRA IS HONORED BY YOUR PRESENCE.
NOW IF YOU'LL FOLLOW ME, WE SHALL DISCUSS YOUR SITUATION...OVER *DINNER.*
SINDBAD!
TAKE CARE IN WHAT YOU EAT--SOME OF OUR PARTY ARE MISSING.

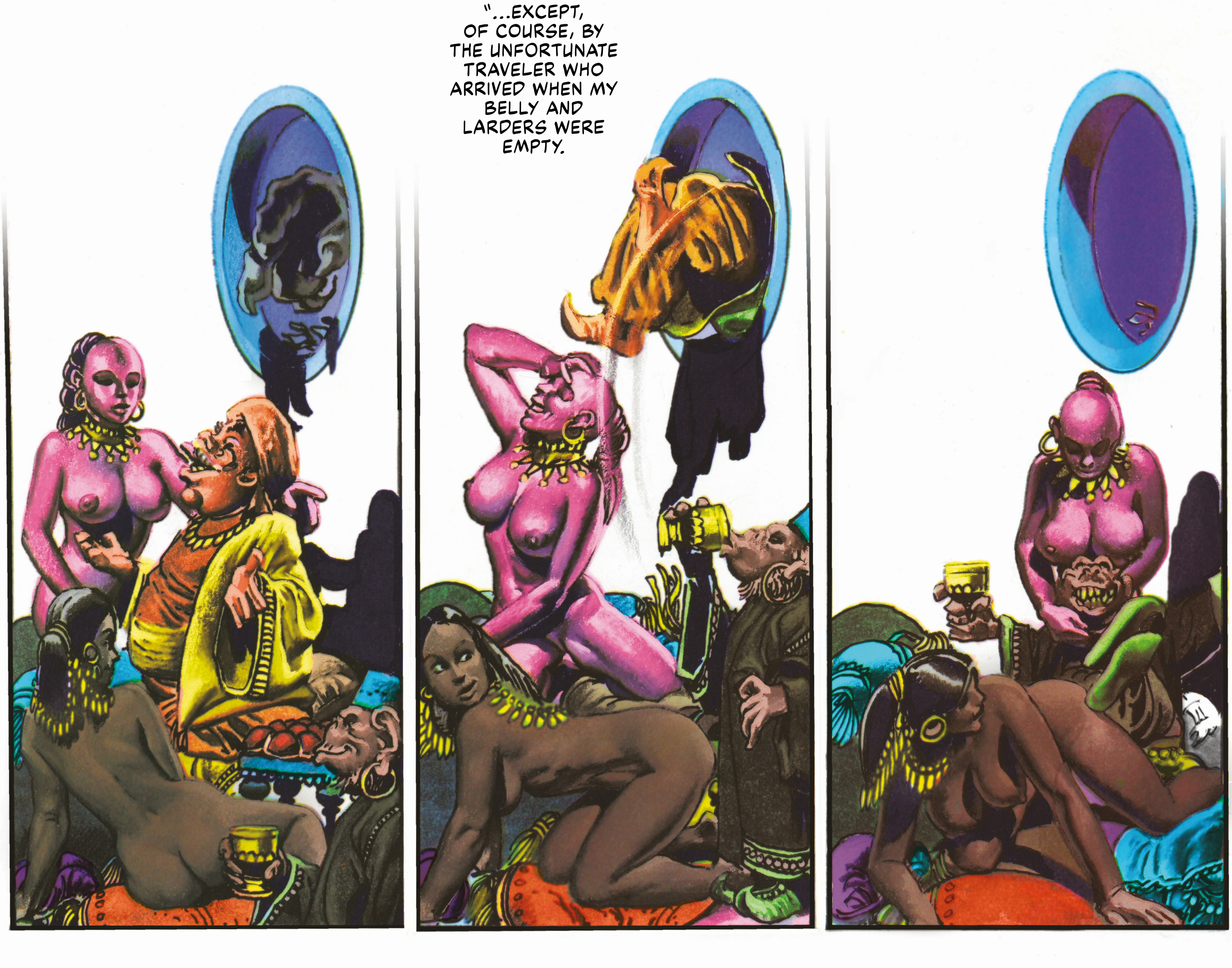

YOU'VE TOLD ME A FASCINATING TALE, SINDBAD. I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR WIFE. ARE YOU CERTAIN YOU'LL NOT TASTE THE MEAT?
WHERE ARE AKISSA AND THE OTHERS? WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?

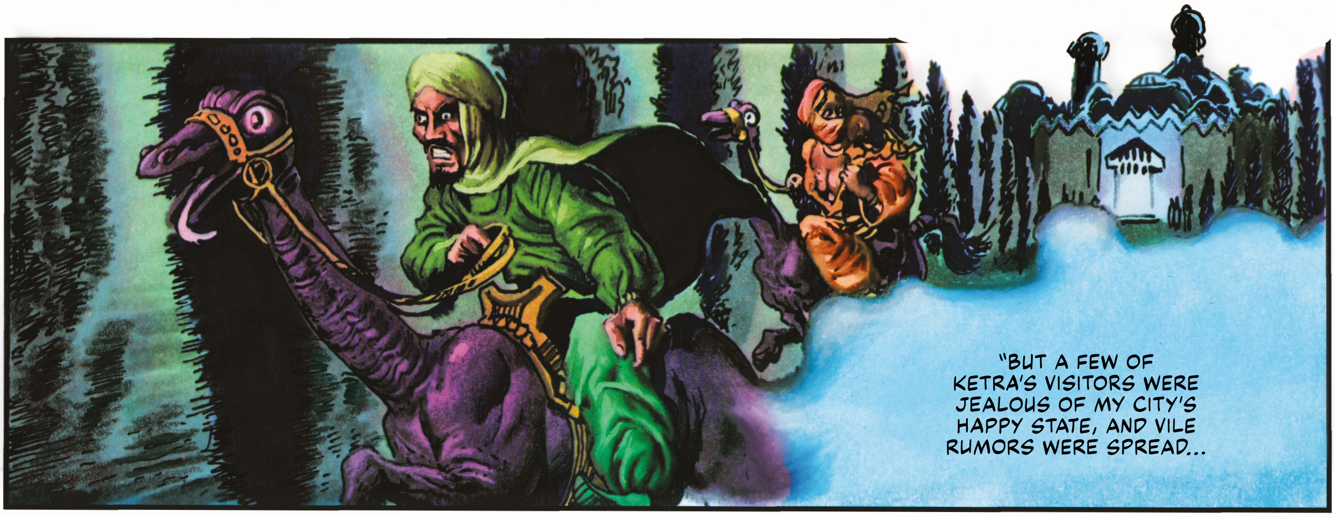

YOU MAY SEE THEM AGAIN. BUT FIRST, I, TOO, HAVE A STORY TO RELATE.

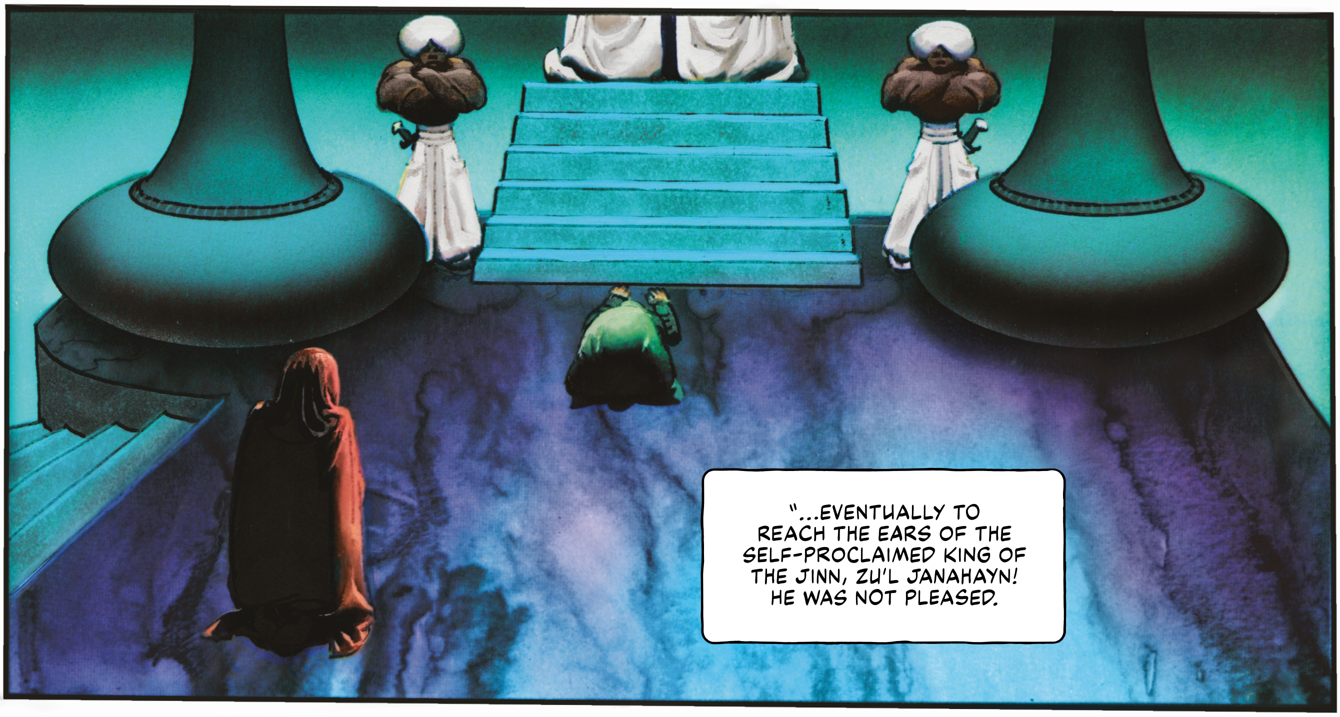

"LET ME TELL YOU OF THE OLD KETRA, THE GREAT KETRA OF SO SHORT A TIME AGO!

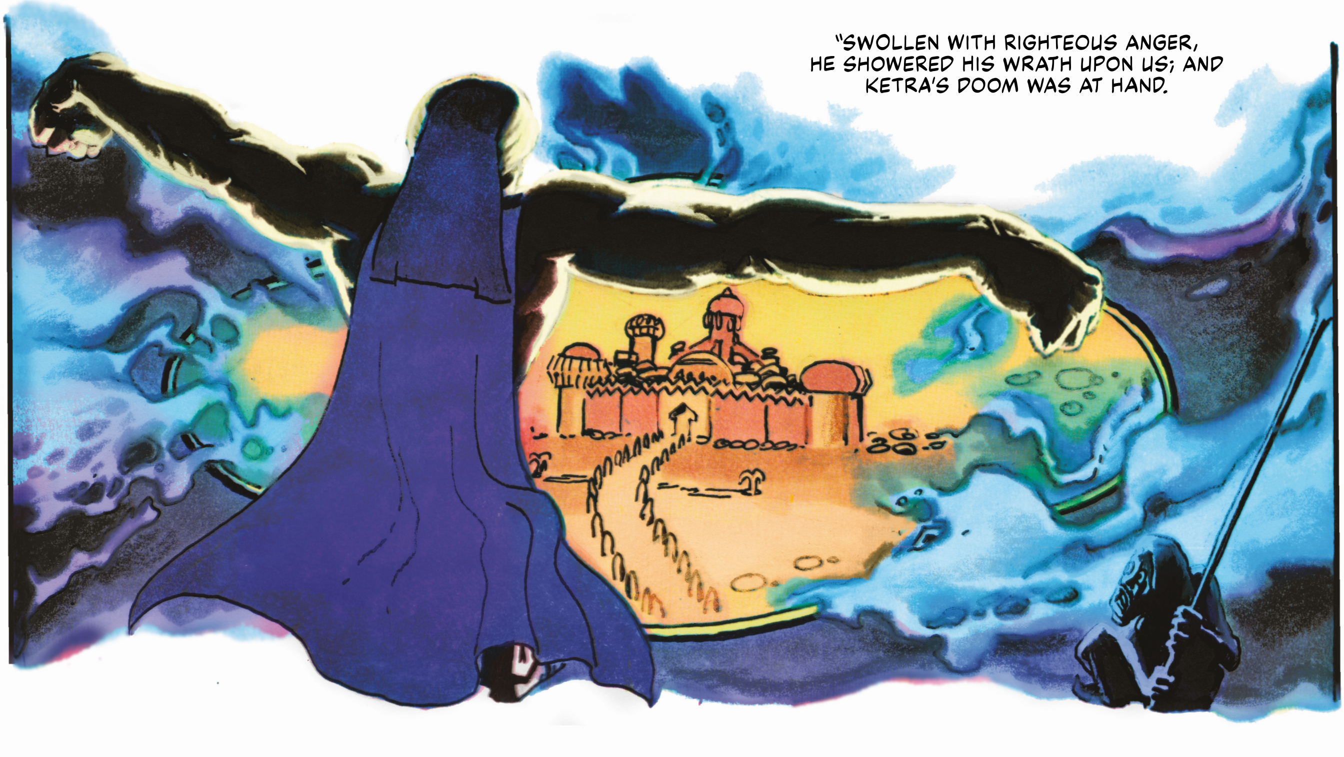

"THE CITY WAS A LIVING MONUMENT TO PASSION--A CONSTANT CELEBRATION OF THE FLESH, OF SLY INTOXICANTS, AND THICK, WARM APHRODISIACS.
"NOTHING WAS FORBIDDEN! THE SCENT OF OILED, SWEATING BODIES DRIFTED ON EVERY BREEZE!
"FORTUNES WERE WON, LOST, AND STOLEN! QUESTING TONGUES SOUGHT PLEASURE ALONG EVERY EXPANSE OF SKIN, AT EVERY FOLD, IN EVERY CREVICE! KETRA WAS ***ALIVE!***

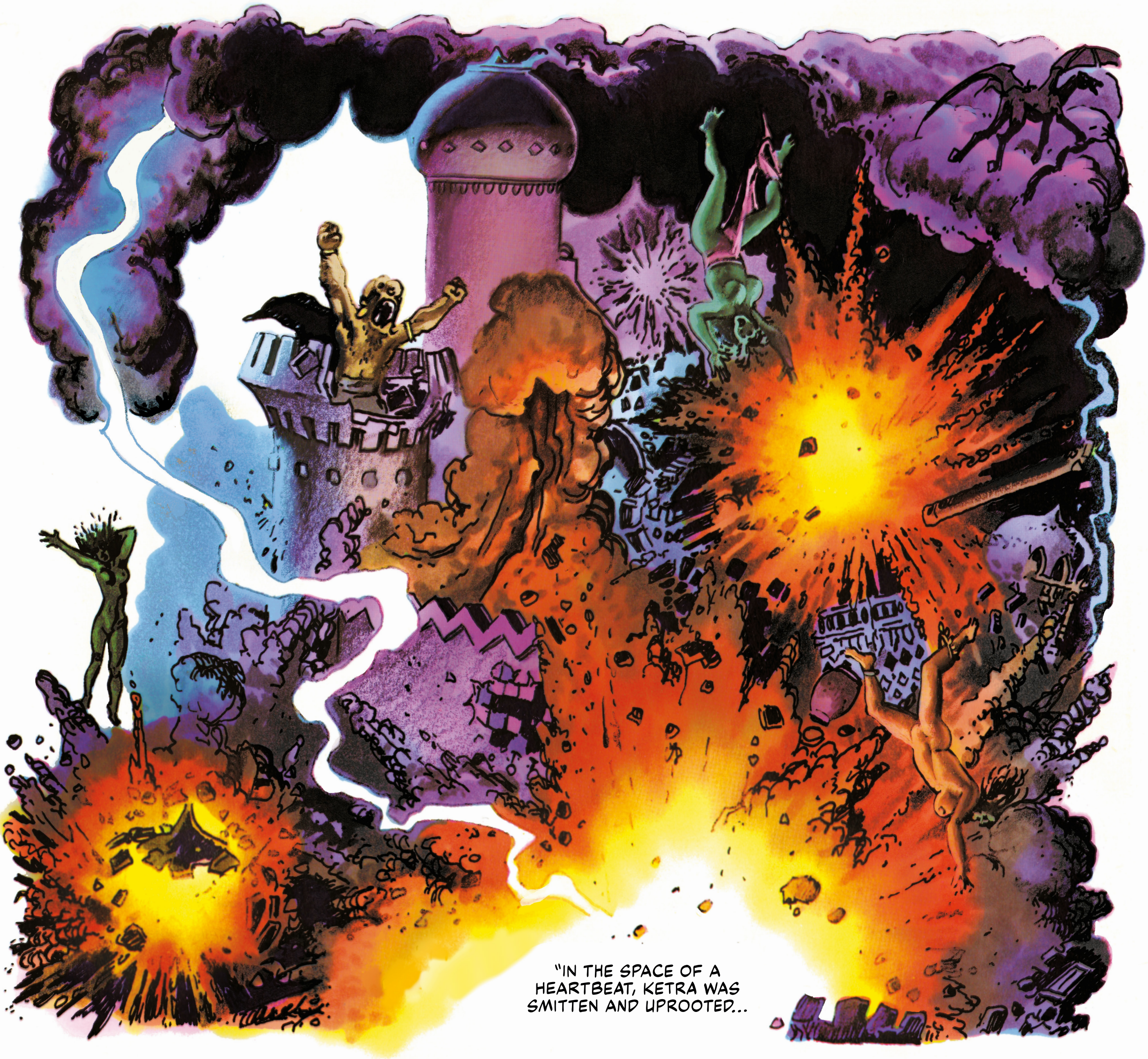

"KNOW, SINDBAD, THAT ABOVE AND BELOW THIS SEETHING ORGY OF LIFE, I RULED. BUT I LED MY PEOPLE QUIETLY, WITH THE HAND OF A FATHER. MY VERY PRESENCE WAS HARDLY FELT...

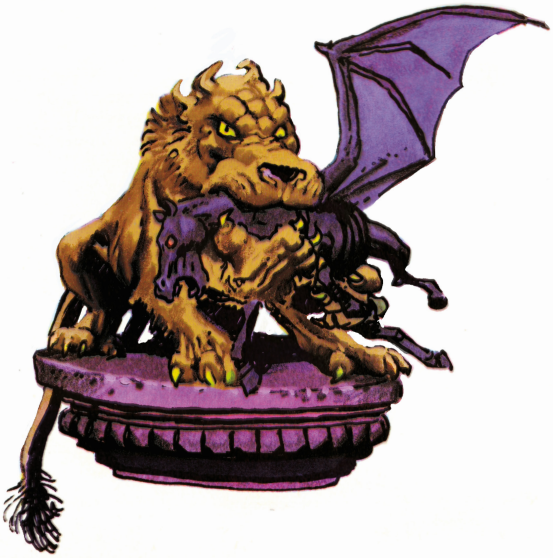

"...EXCEPT, OF COURSE, BY THE UNFORTUNATE TRAVELER WHO ARRIVED WHEN MY BELLY AND LARDERS WERE EMPTY.


"BUT A FEW OF KETRA'S VISITORS WERE JEALOUS OF MY CITY'S HAPPY STATE, AND VILE RUMORS WERE SPREAD...

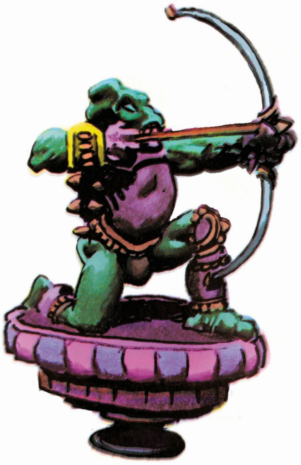

"...EVENTUALLY TO REACH THE EARS OF THE SELF-PROCLAIMED KING OF THE JINN, ZU'L JANAHAYN! HE WAS NOT PLEASED.

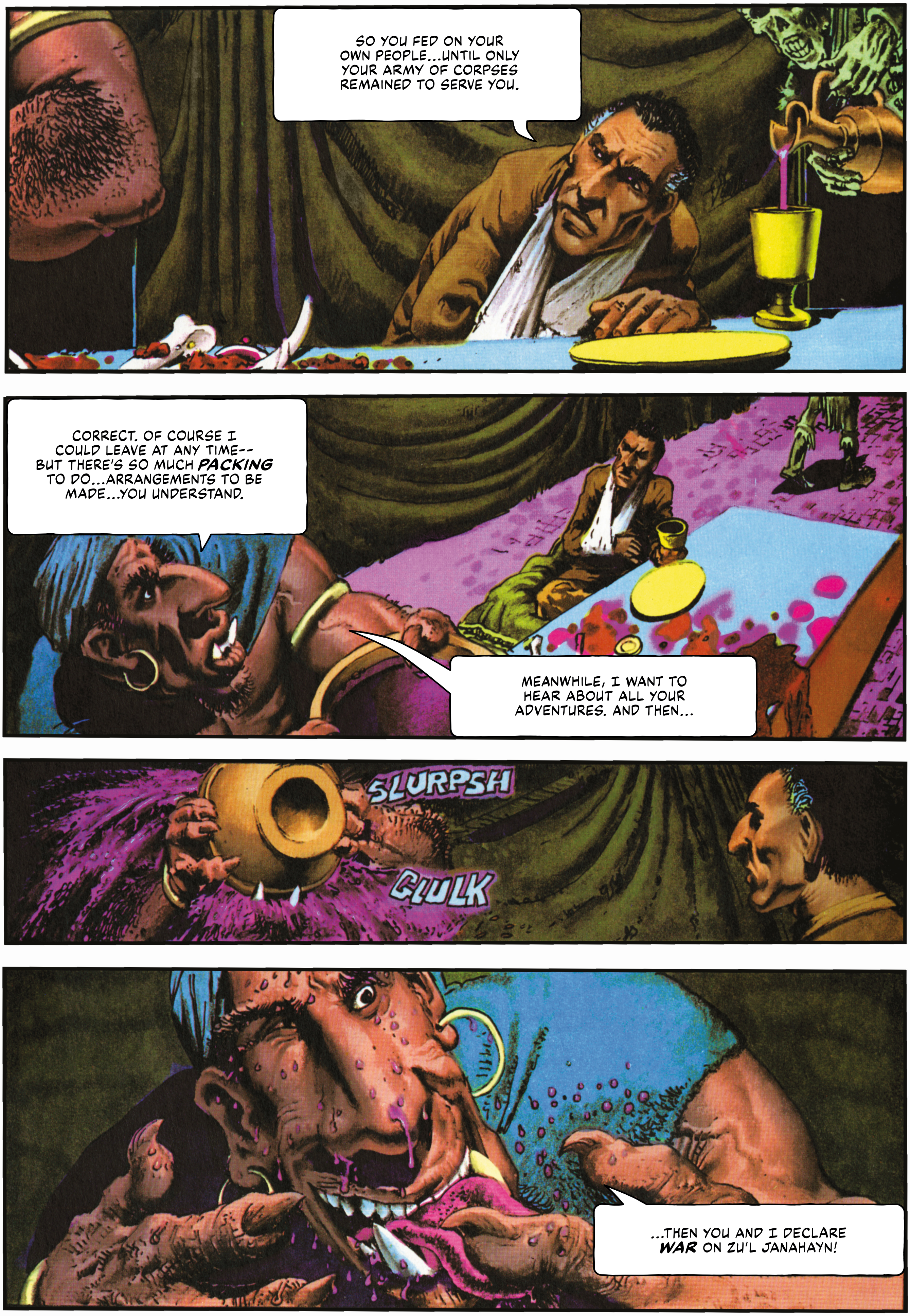

"SWOLLEN WITH RIGHTEOUS ANGER, HE SHOWERED HIS WRATH UPON US; AND KETRA'S DOOM WAS AT HAND.

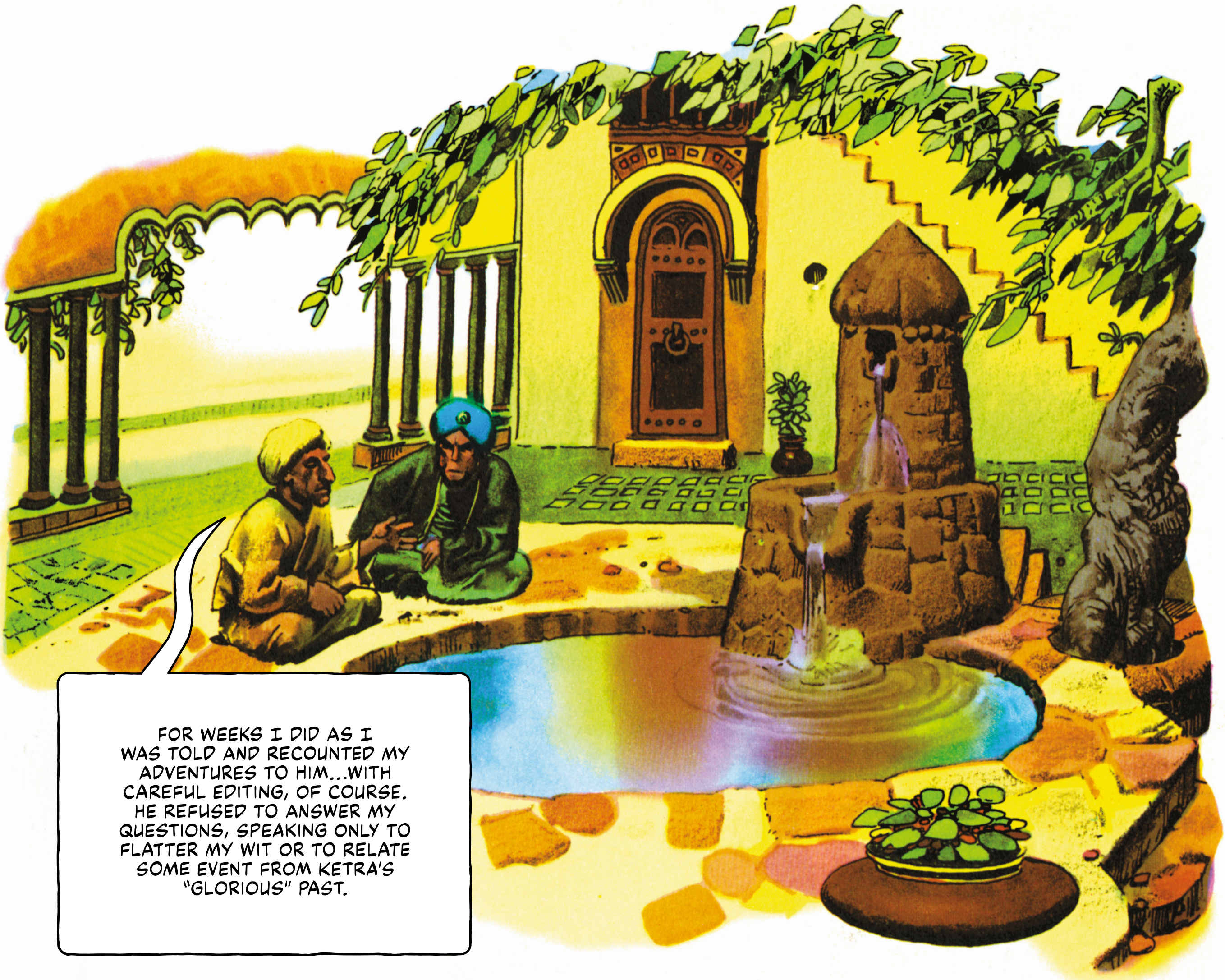

"IN THE SPACE OF A HEARTBEAT, KETRA WAS SMITTEN AND UPROOTED...

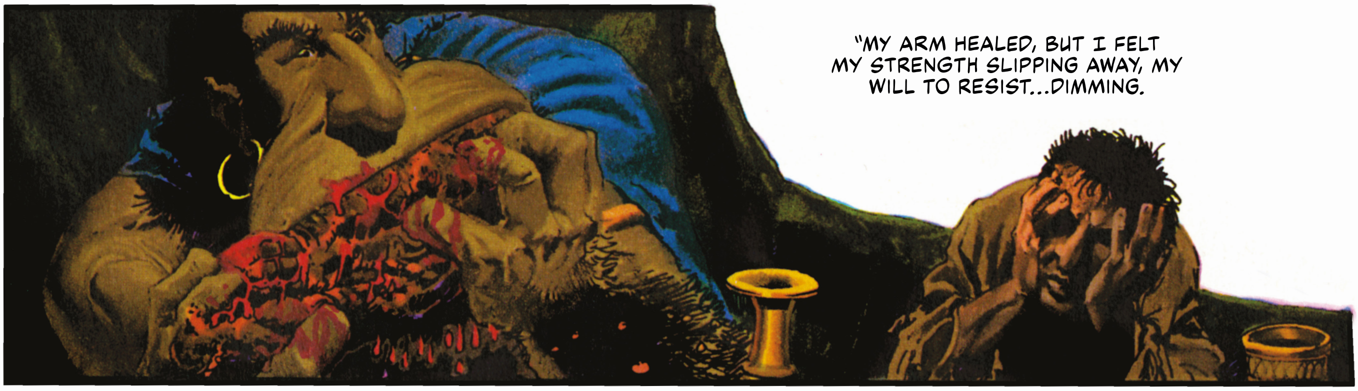


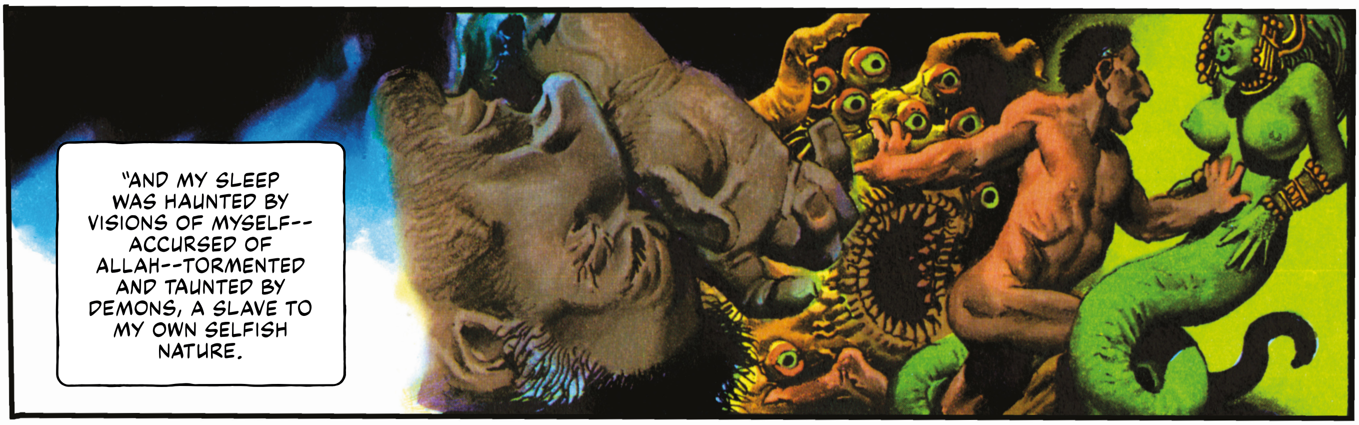
"...AND THE FLOATING STATUES WERE LEFT AS AN ADMONITION TO UNWARY TRAVELERS."

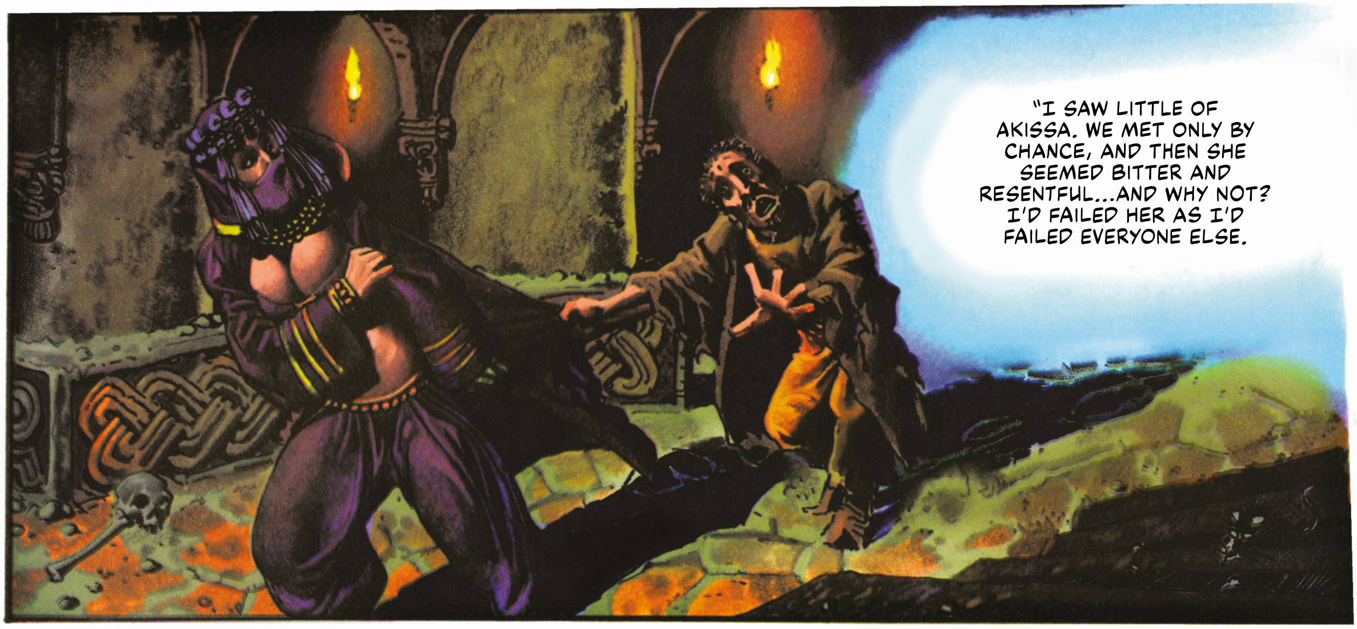


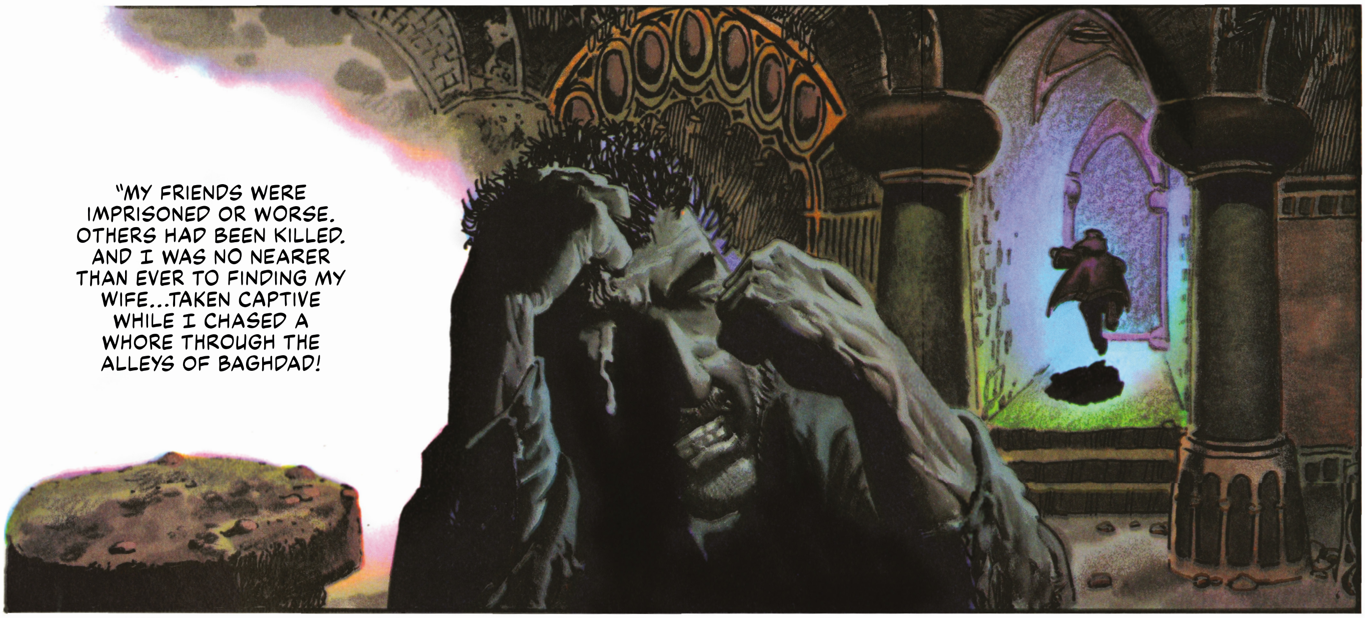

SO YOU FED ON YOUR OWN PEOPLE...UNTIL ONLY YOUR ARMY OF CORPSES REMAINED TO SERVE YOU.
CORRECT. OF COURSE I COULD LEAVE AT ANY TIME--BUT THERE'S SO MUCH *PACKING* TO DO...ARRANGEMENTS TO BE MADE...YOU UNDERSTAND.
MEANWHILE, I WANT TO HEAR ABOUT ALL YOUR ADVENTURES. AND THEN...
SLURPSH
GLULK
...THEN YOU AND I DECLARE *WAR* ON ZU'L JANAHAYN!

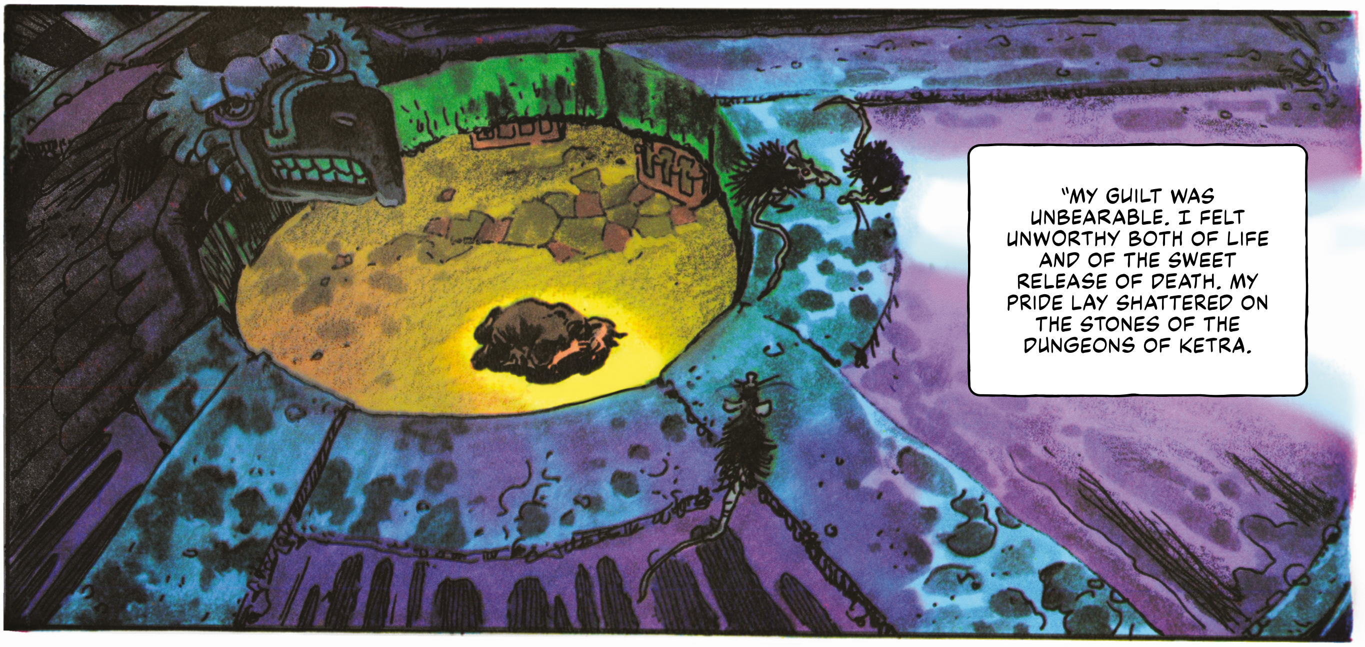

FOR WEEKS I DID AS I WAS TOLD AND RECOUNTED MY ADVENTURES TO HIM...WITH CAREFUL EDITING, OF COURSE. HE REFUSED TO ANSWER MY QUESTIONS, SPEAKING ONLY TO FLATTER MY WIT OR TO RELATE SOME EVENT FROM KETRA'S "GLORIOUS" PAST.

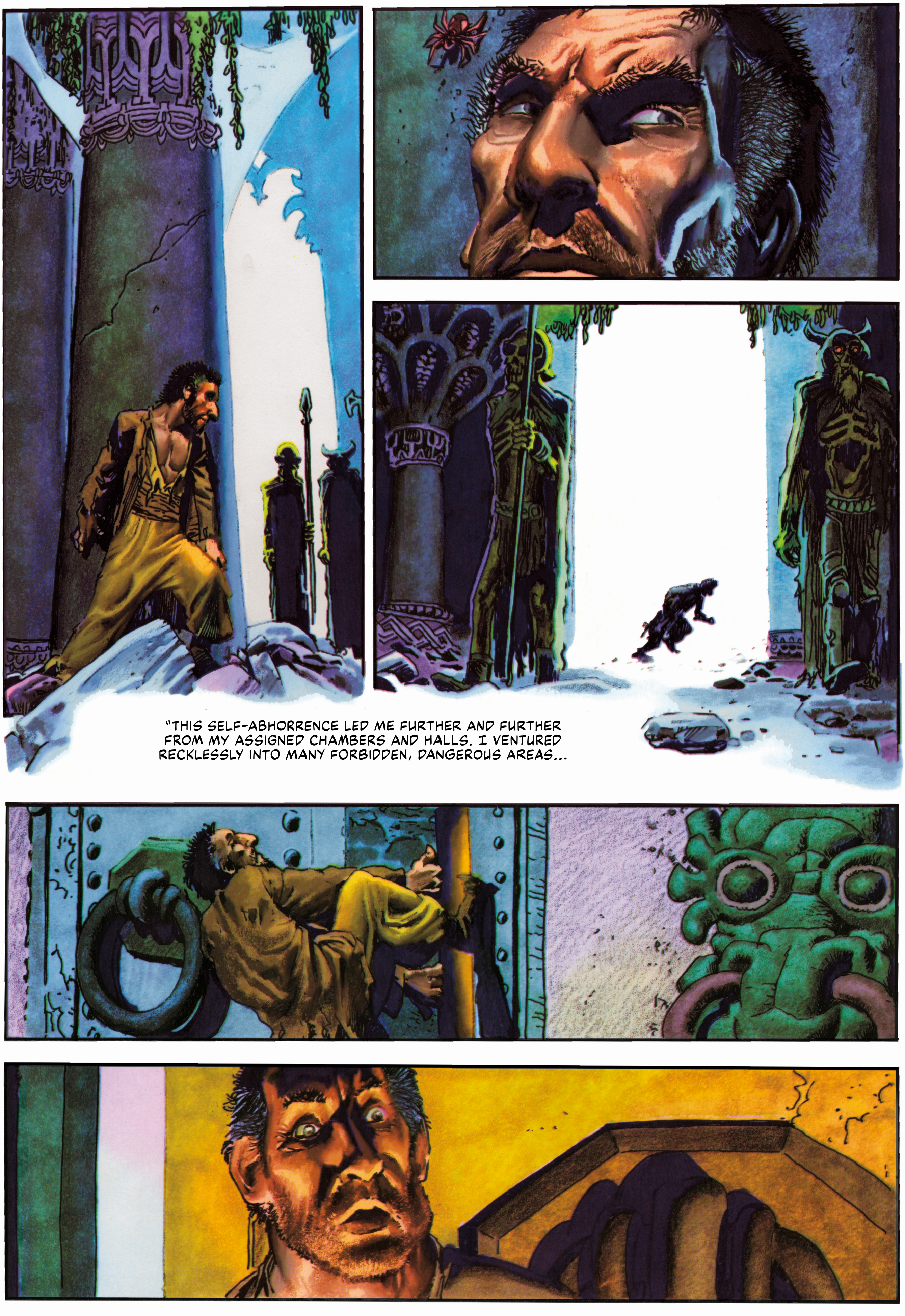

"MY ARM HEALED, BUT I FELT MY STRENGTH SLIPPING AWAY, MY WILL TO RESIST...DIMMING.

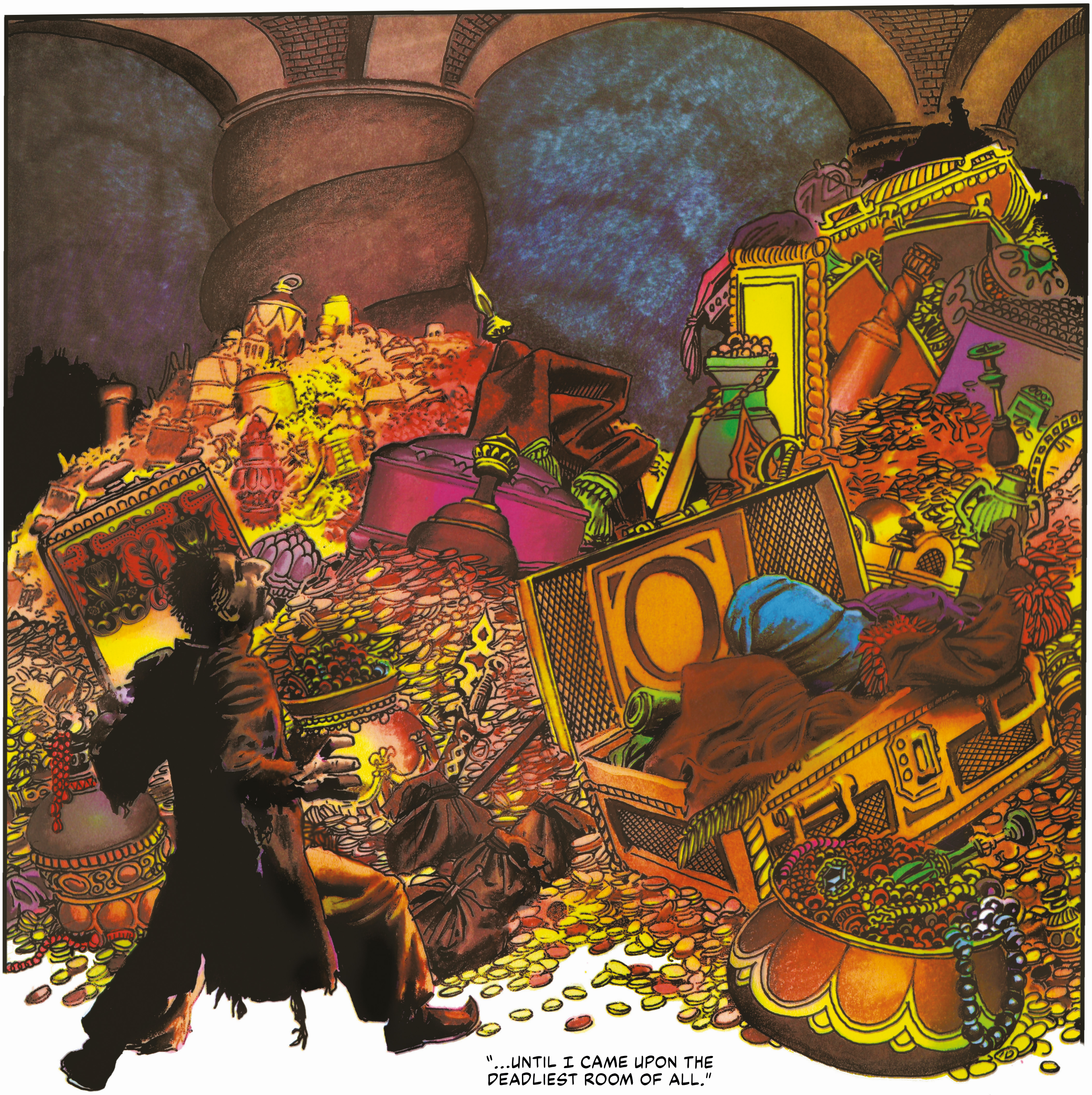

"AND MY SLEEP WAS HAUNTED BY VISIONS OF MYSELF--ACCURSED OF ALLAH--TORMENTED AND TAUNTED BY DEMONS, A SLAVE TO MY OWN SELFISH NATURE.

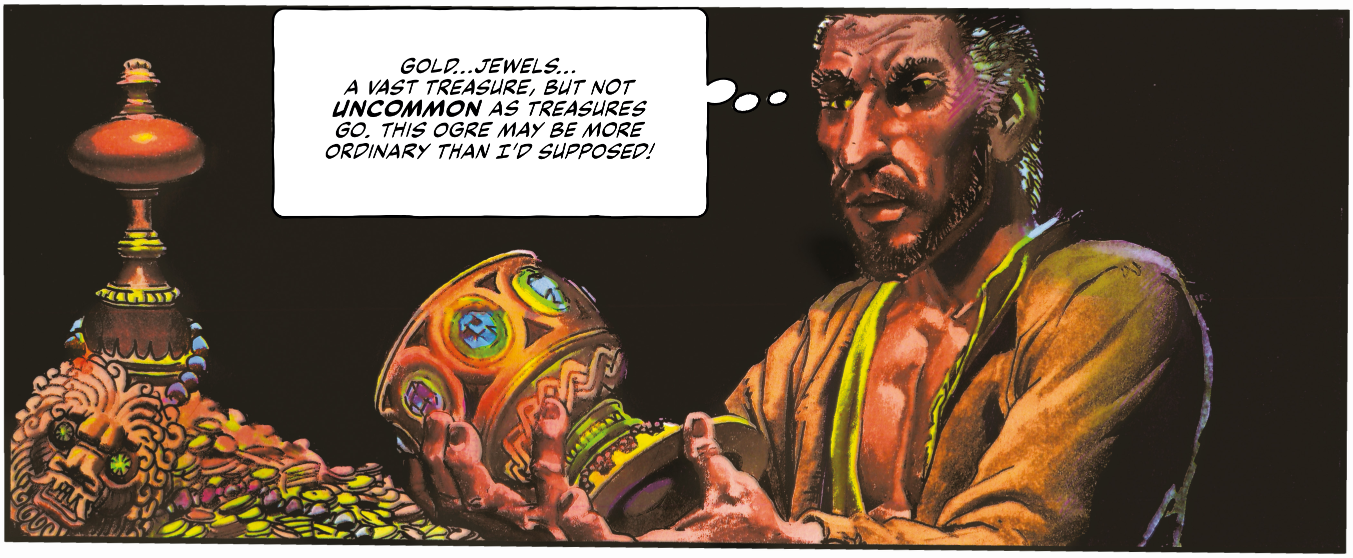

"I SAW LITTLE OF AKISSA. WE MET ONLY BY CHANCE, AND THEN SHE SEEMED BITTER AND RESENTFUL...AND WHY NOT? I'D FAILED HER AS I'D FAILED EVERYONE ELSE.

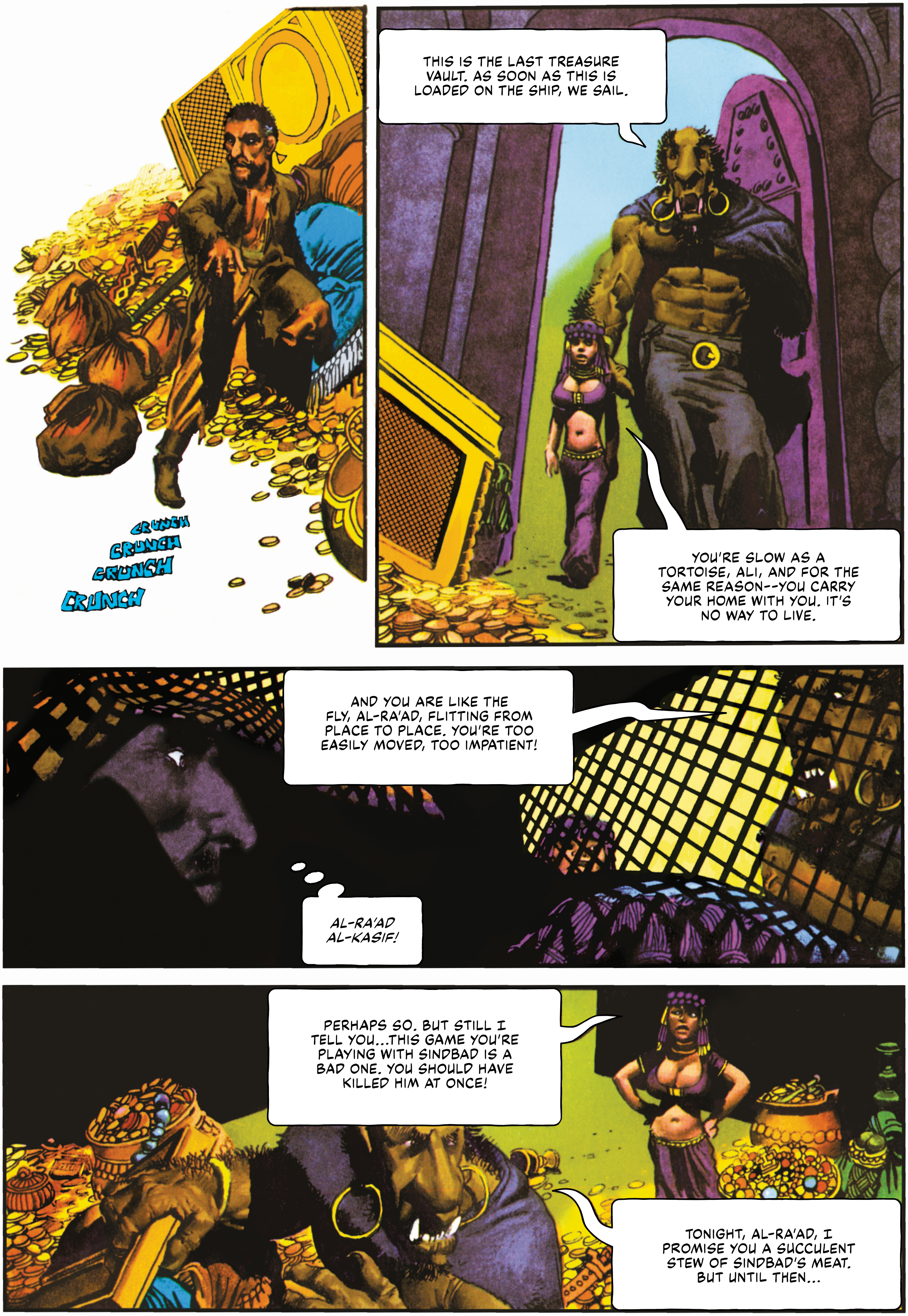

"MY FRIENDS WERE IMPRISONED OR WORSE. OTHERS HAD BEEN KILLED. AND I WAS NO NEARER THAN EVER TO FINDING MY WIFE...TAKEN CAPTIVE WHILE I CHASED A WHORE THROUGH THE ALLEYS OF BAGHDAD!

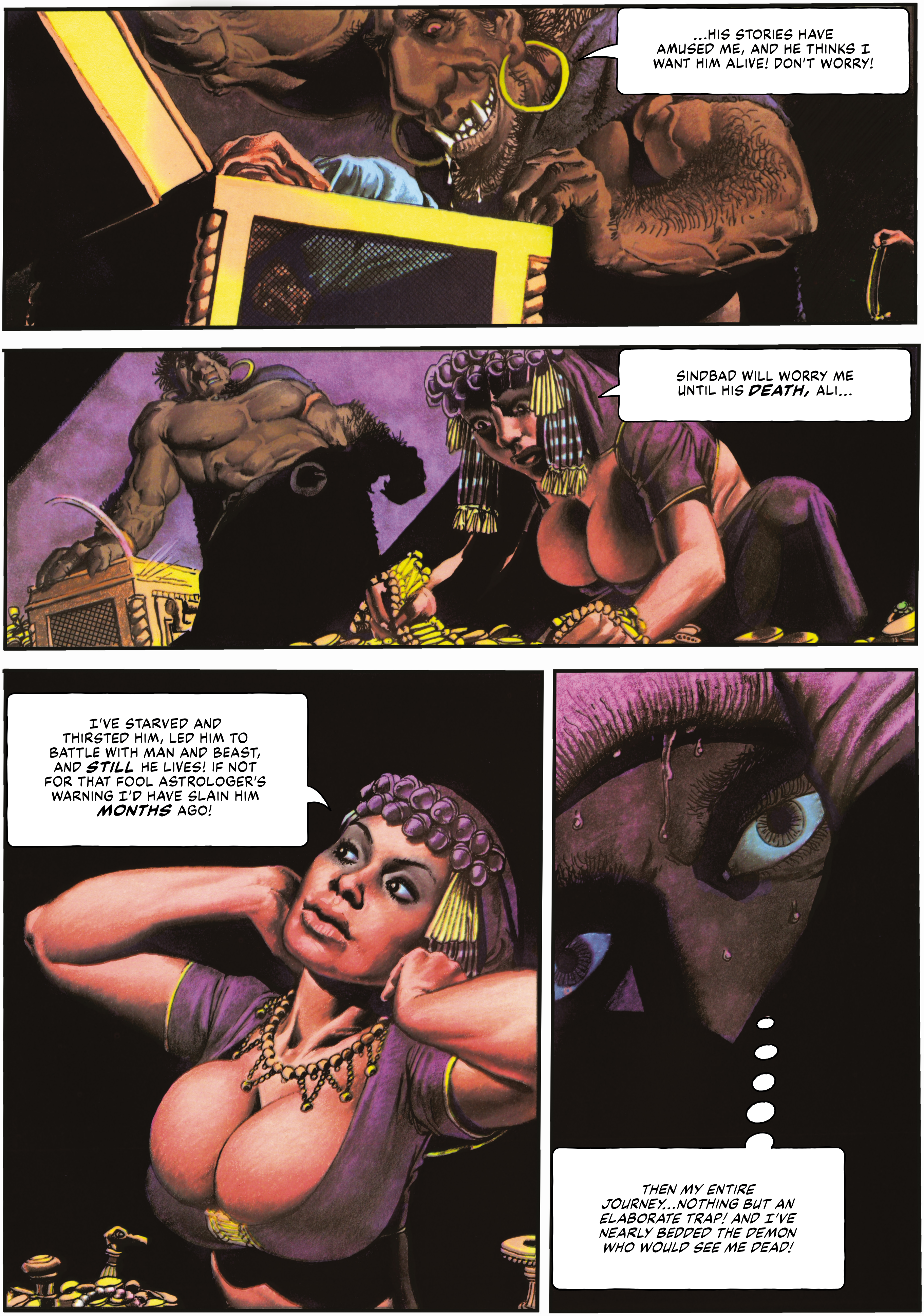

"MY GUILT WAS UNBEARABLE. I FELT UNWORTHY BOTH OF LIFE AND OF THE SWEET RELEASE OF DEATH. MY PRIDE LAY SHATTERED ON THE STONES OF THE DUNGEONS OF KETRA.

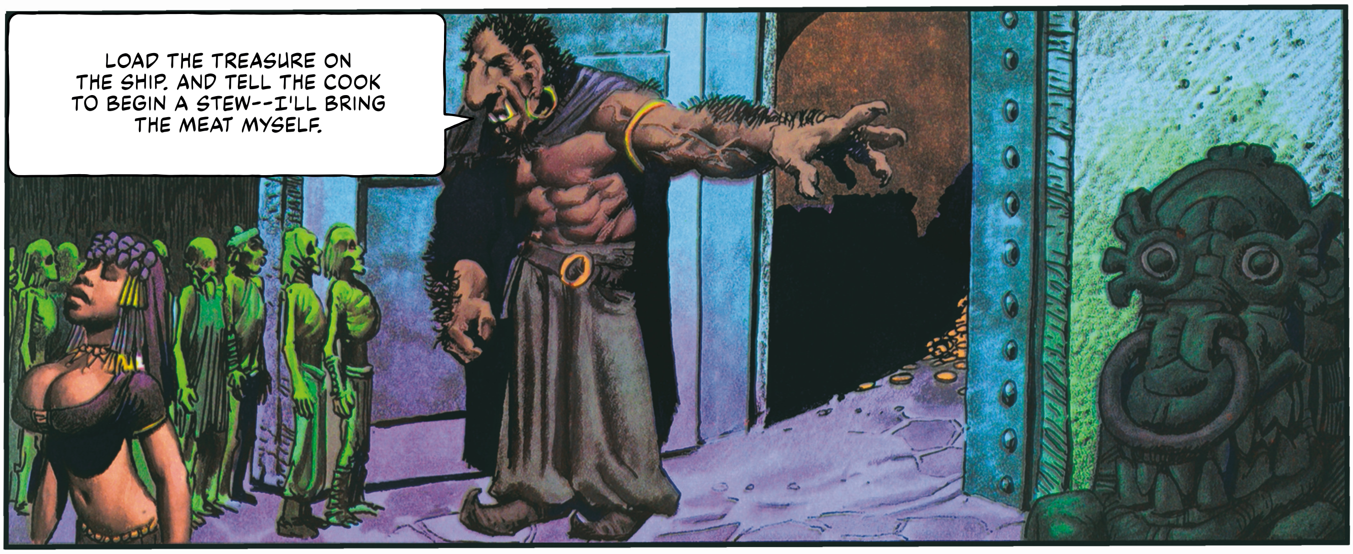

"THIS SELF-ABHORRENCE LED ME FURTHER AND FURTHER FROM MY ASSIGNED CHAMBERS AND HALLS. I VENTURED RECKLESSLY INTO MANY FORBIDDEN, DANGEROUS AREAS...

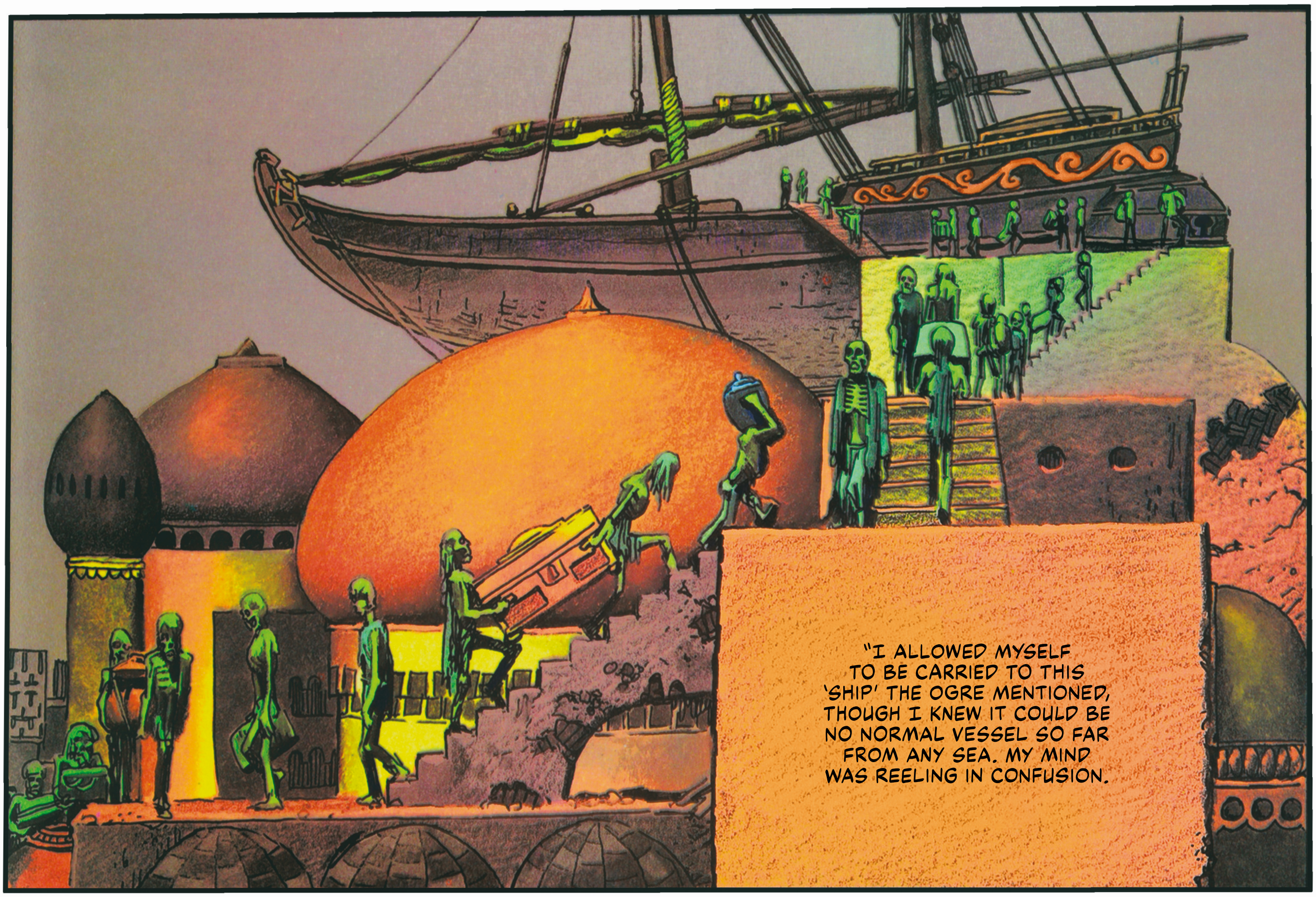

"...UNTIL I CAME UPON THE DEADLIEST ROOM OF ALL."

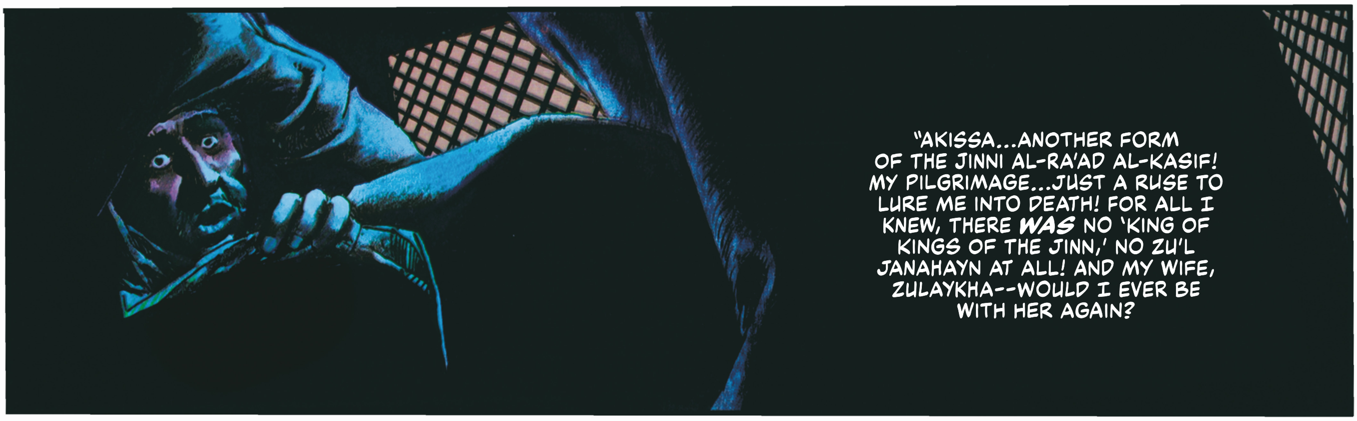

GOLD...JEWELS... A VAST TREASURE, BUT NOT **UNCOMMON** AS TREASURES GO. THIS OGRE MAY BE MORE ORDINARY THAN I'D SUPPOSED!

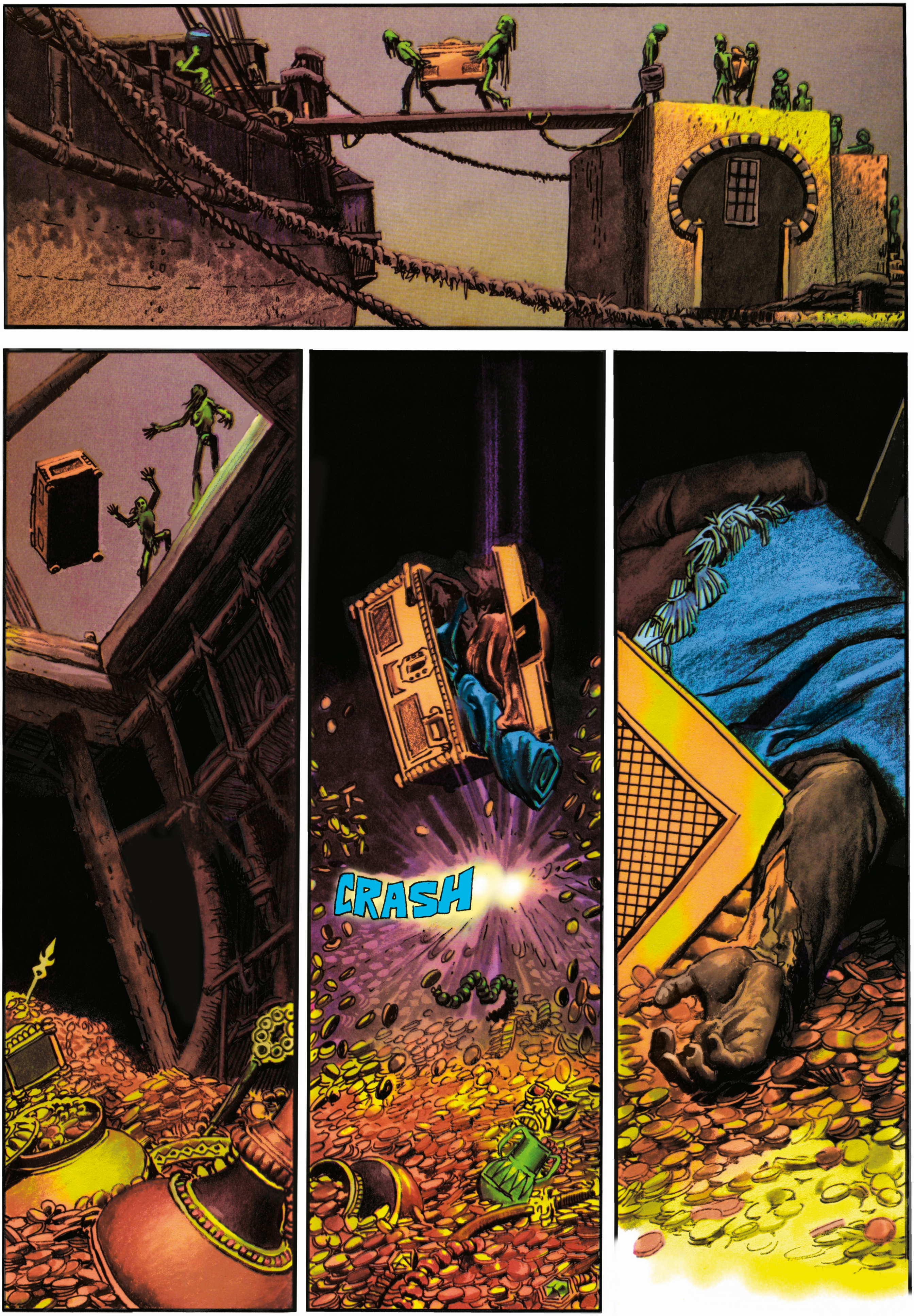

CRUNCH
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
THIS IS THE LAST TREASURE VAULT. AS SOON AS THIS IS LOADED ON THE SHIP, WE SAIL.
YOU'RE SLOW AS A TORTOISE, ALI, AND FOR THE SAME REASON--YOU CARRY YOUR HOME WITH YOU. IT'S NO WAY TO LIVE.
AND YOU ARE LIKE THE FLY, AL-RA'AD, FLITTING FROM PLACE TO PLACE. YOU'RE TOO EASILY MOVED, TOO IMPATIENT!
AL-RA'AD AL-KASIF!
PERHAPS SO. BUT STILL I TELL YOU...THIS GAME YOU'RE PLAYING WITH SINDBAD IS A BAD ONE. YOU SHOULD HAVE KILLED HIM AT ONCE!
TONIGHT, AL-RA'AD, I PROMISE YOU A SUCCULENT STEW OF SINDBAD'S MEAT. BUT UNTIL THEN...

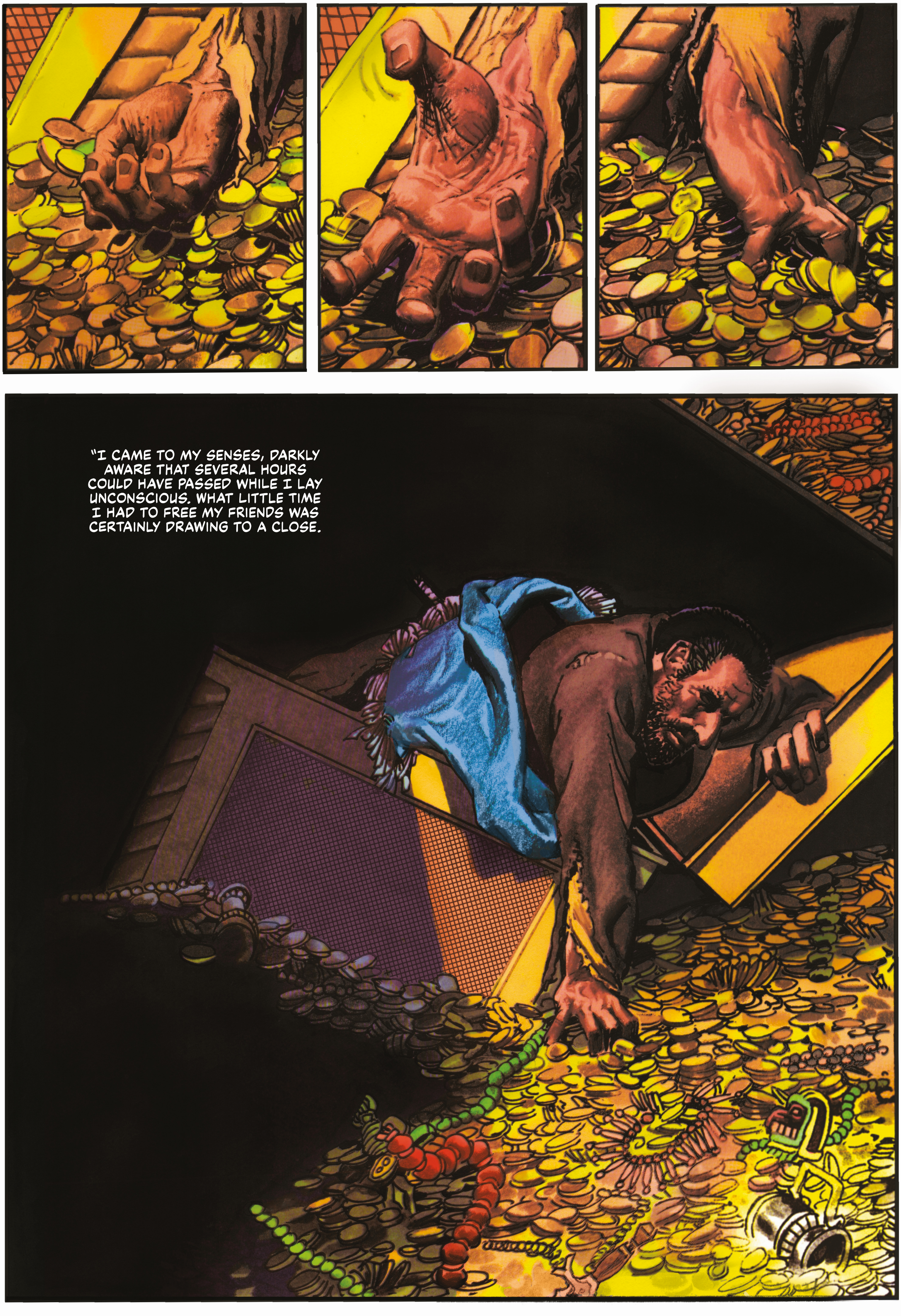

...HIS STORIES HAVE AMUSED ME, AND HE THINKS I WANT HIM ALIVE! DON'T WORRY!
SINDBAD WILL WORRY ME UNTIL HIS *DEATH,* ALI...
I'VE STARVED AND THIRSTED HIM, LED HIM TO BATTLE WITH MAN AND BEAST, AND *STILL* HE LIVES! IF NOT FOR THAT FOOL ASTROLOGER'S WARNING I'D HAVE SLAIN HIM *MONTHS* AGO!
THEN MY ENTIRE JOURNEY...NOTHING BUT AN ELABORATE TRAP! AND I'VE NEARLY BEDDED THE DEMON WHO WOULD SEE ME DEAD!

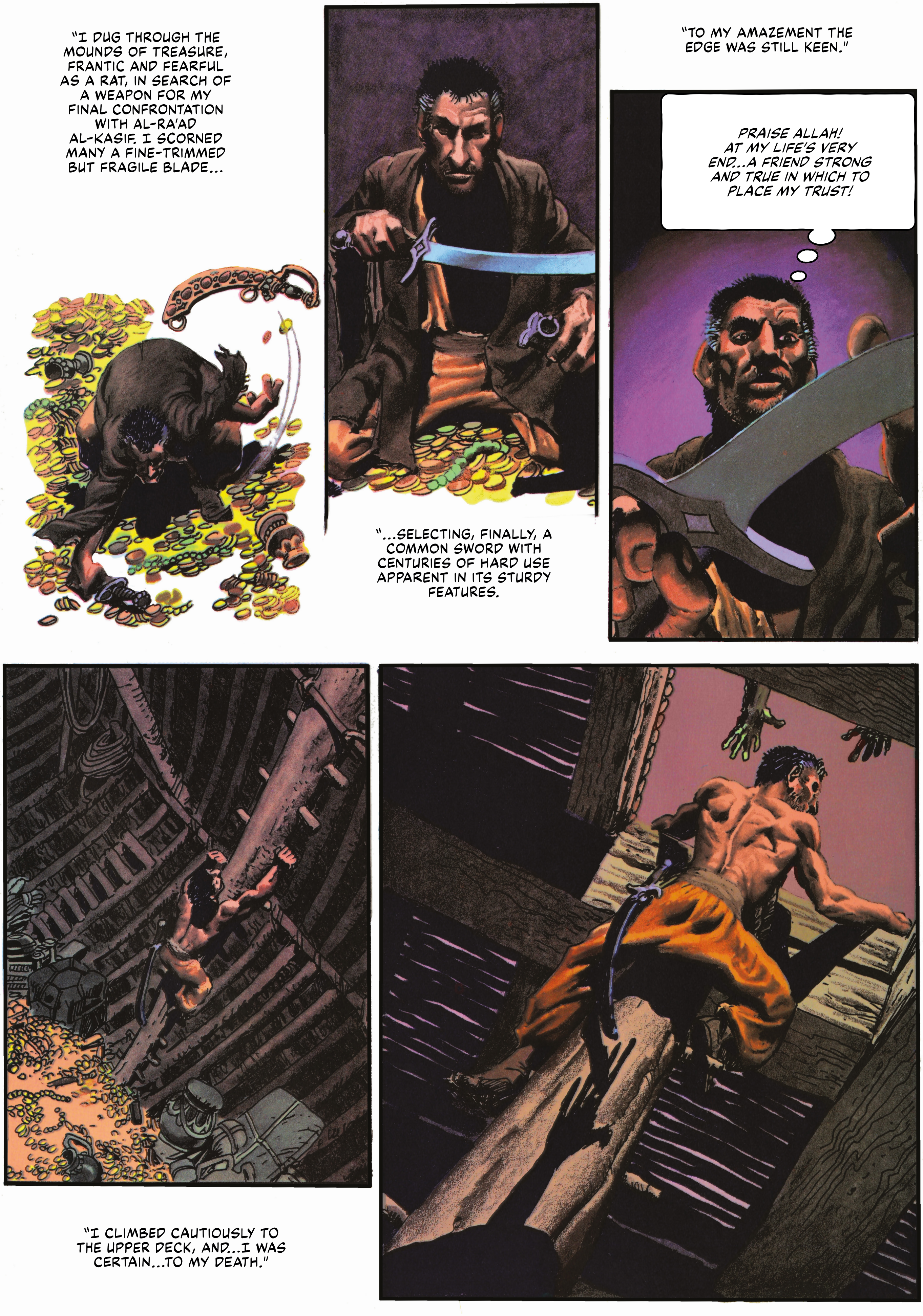

LOAD THE TREASURE ON THE SHIP. AND TELL THE COOK TO BEGIN A STEW--I'LL BRING THE MEAT MYSELF.

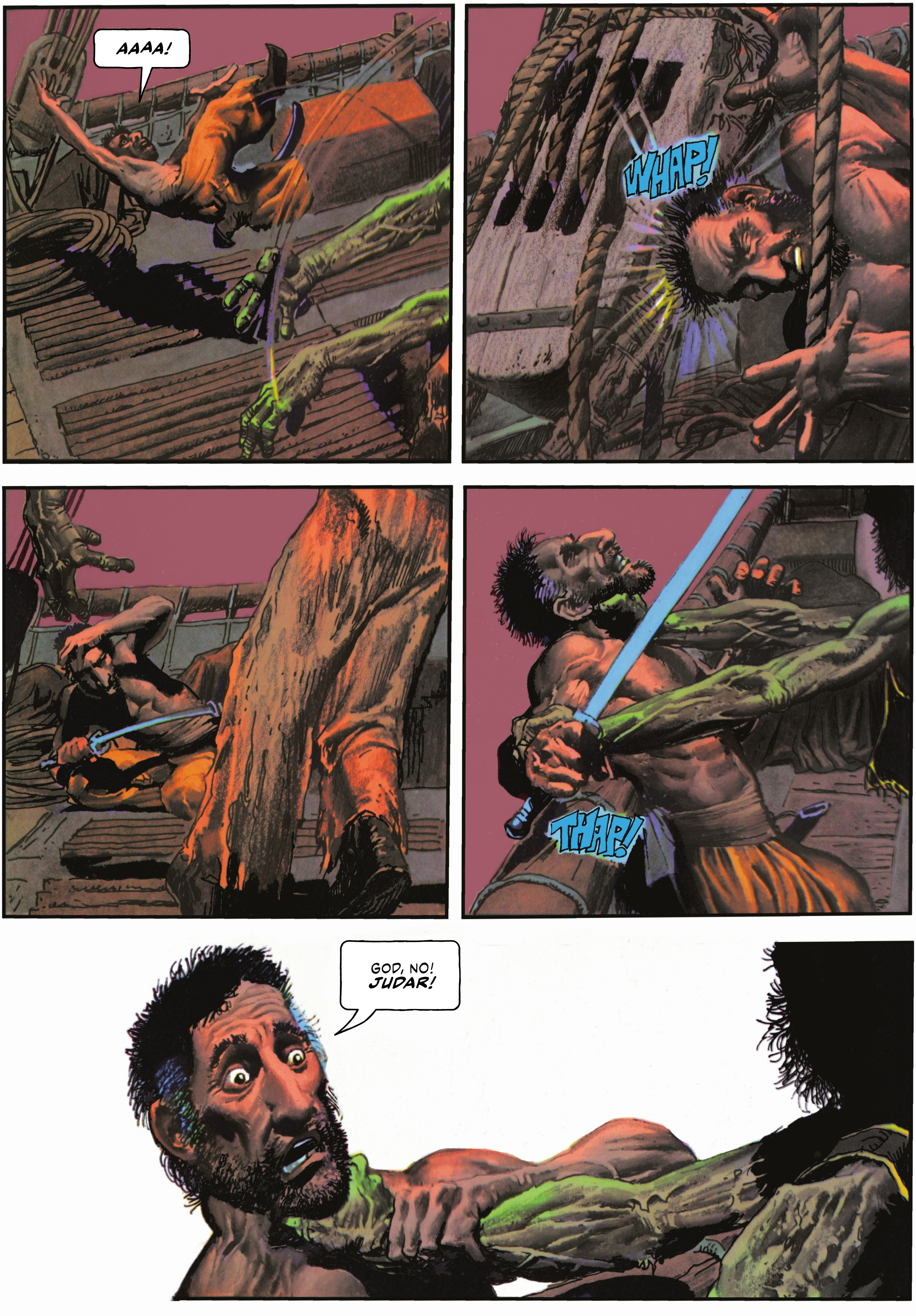

"I ALLOWED MYSELF TO BE CARRIED TO THIS 'SHIP' THE OGRE MENTIONED, THOUGH I KNEW IT COULD BE NO NORMAL VESSEL SO FAR FROM ANY SEA. MY MIND WAS REELING IN CONFUSION.

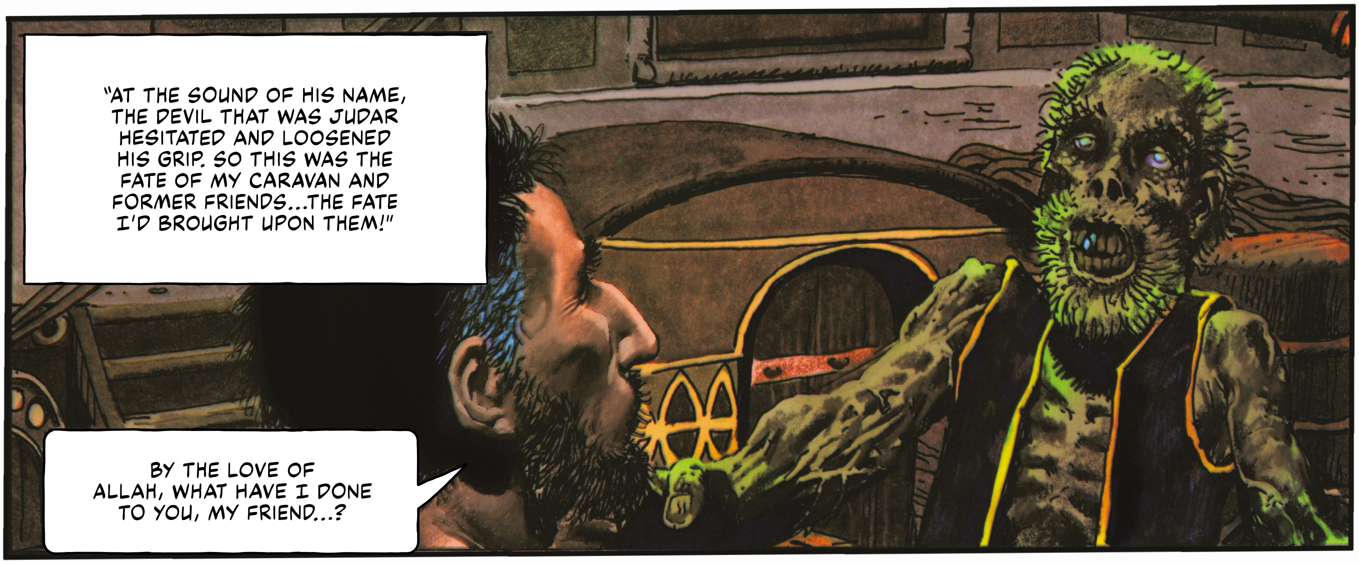

"AKISSA...ANOTHER FORM OF THE JINNI AL-RA'AD AL-KASIF! MY PILGRIMAGE...JUST A RUSE TO LURE ME INTO DEATH! FOR ALL I KNEW, THERE *WAS* NO 'KING OF KINGS OF THE JINN,' NO ZU'L JANAHAYN AT ALL! AND MY WIFE, ZULAYKHA--WOULD I EVER BE WITH HER AGAIN?

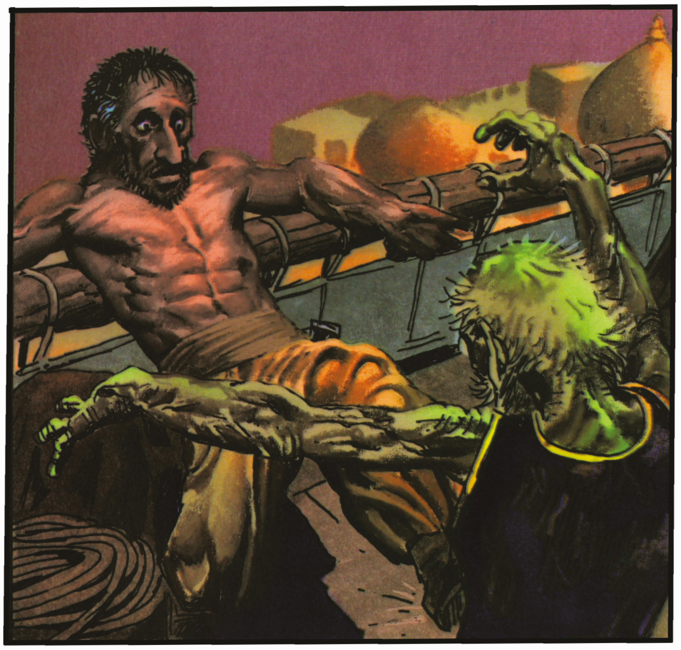

CRASH


"I CAME TO MY SENSES, DARKLY AWARE THAT SEVERAL HOURS COULD HAVE PASSED WHILE I LAY UNCONSCIOUS. WHAT LITTLE TIME I HAD TO FREE MY FRIENDS WAS CERTAINLY DRAWING TO A CLOSE.

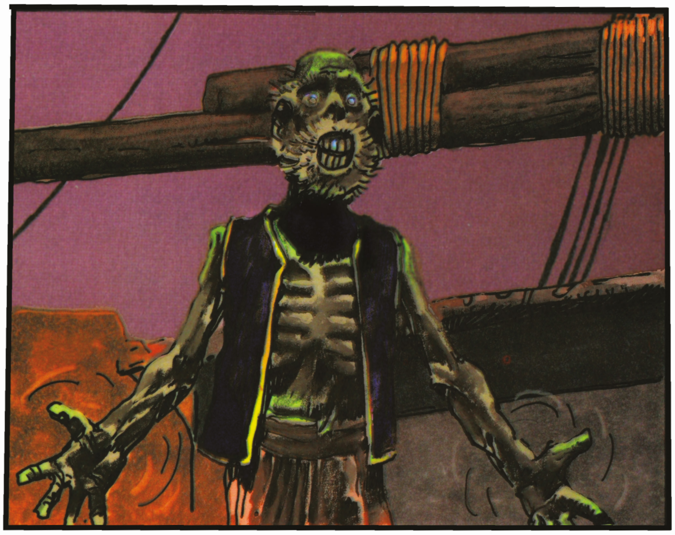

"I DUG THROUGH THE MOUNDS OF TREASURE, FRANTIC AND FEARFUL AS A RAT, IN SEARCH OF A WEAPON FOR MY FINAL CONFRONTATION WITH AL-RA'AD AL-KASIF. I SCORNED MANY A FINE-TRIMMED BUT FRAGILE BLADE...
"...SELECTING, FINALLY, A COMMON SWORD WITH CENTURIES OF HARD USE APPARENT IN ITS STURDY FEATURES.
"TO MY AMAZEMENT THE EDGE WAS STILL KEEN."
PRAISE ALLAH! AT MY LIFE'S VERY END...A FRIEND STRONG AND TRUE IN WHICH TO PLACE MY TRUST!
"I CLIMBED CAUTIOUSLY TO THE UPPER DECK, AND...I WAS CERTAIN...TO MY DEATH."


AAAA!
WHAP!
THAP!
GOD, NO! **JUDAR!**

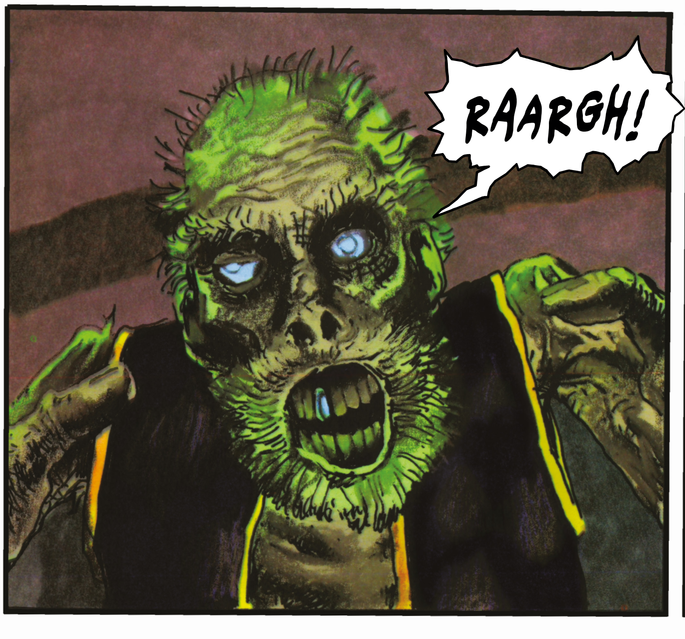

"AT THE SOUND OF HIS NAME, THE DEVIL THAT WAS JUDAR HESITATED AND LOOSENED HIS GRIP. SO THIS WAS THE FATE OF MY CARAVAN AND FORMER FRIENDS...THE FATE I'D BROUGHT UPON THEM!"
BY THE LOVE OF ALLAH, WHAT HAVE I DONE TO YOU, MY FRIEND...?

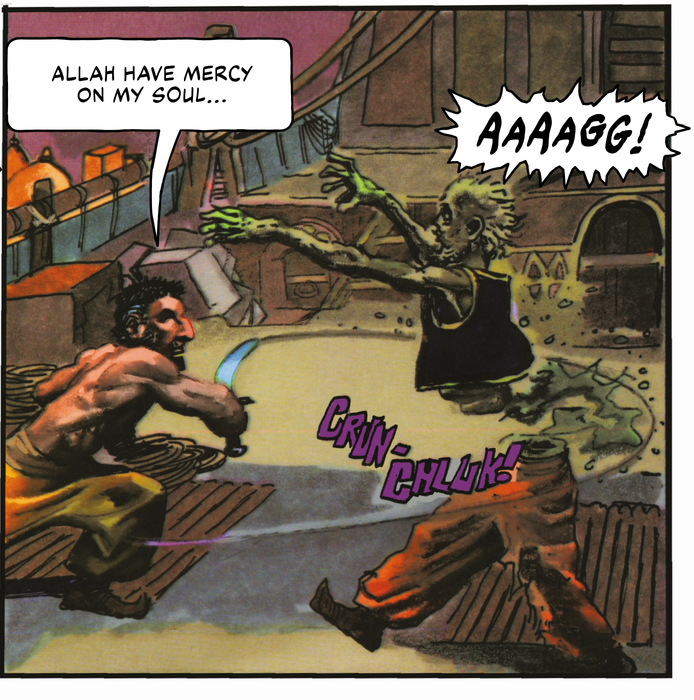


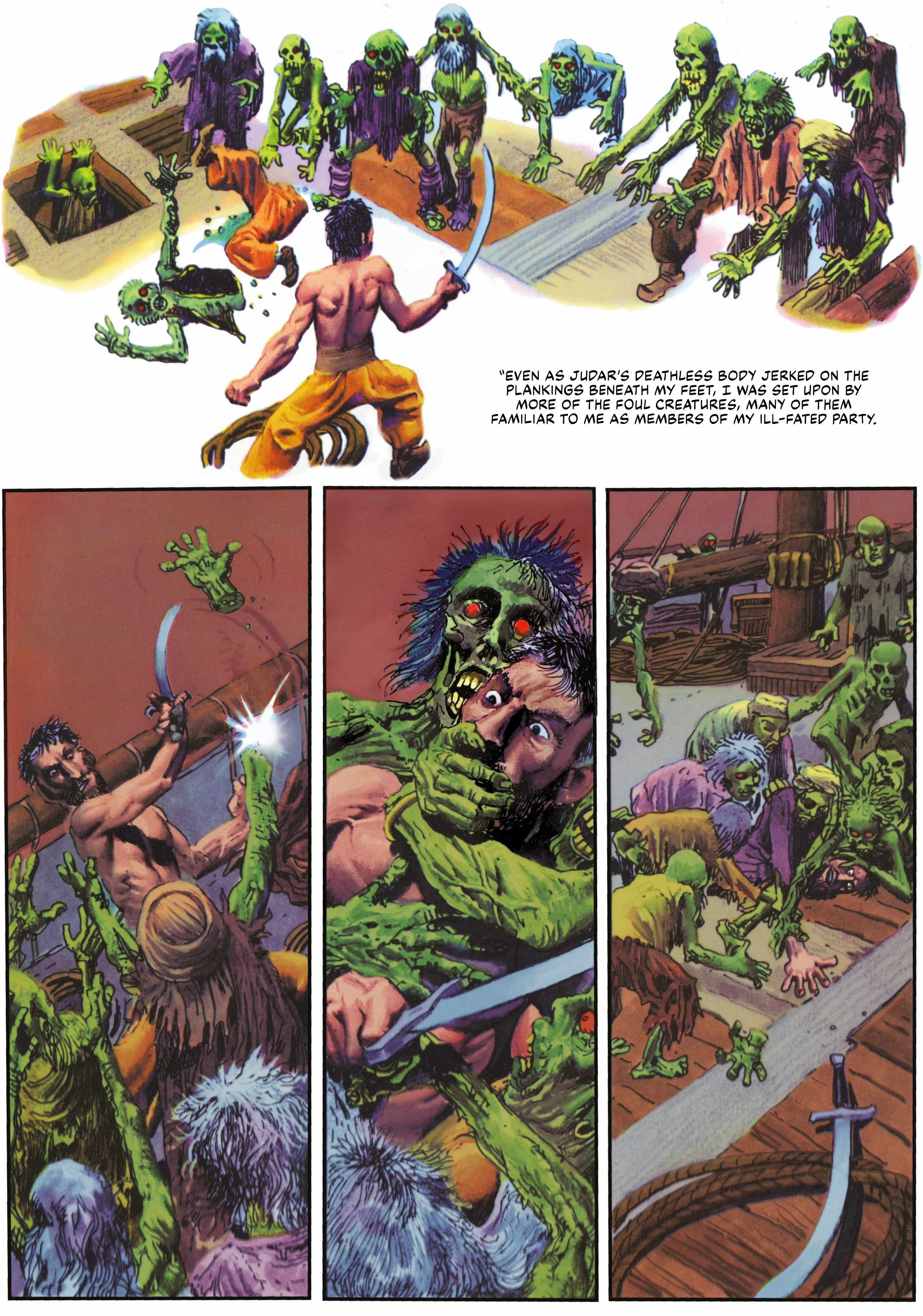
"FOR A MOMENT, RECOGNITION SEEMED TO GLIMMER IN JUDAR'S EYES...

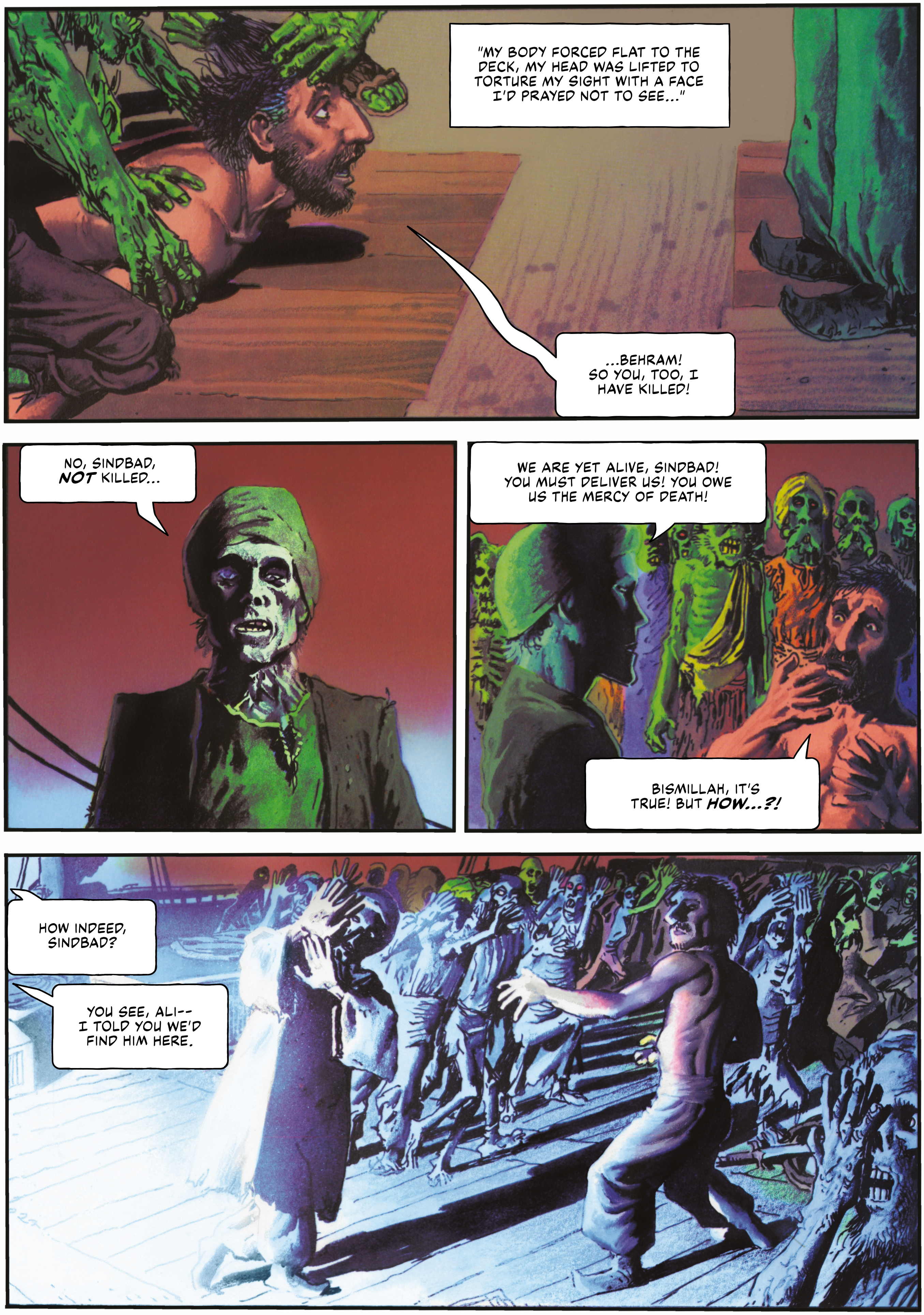


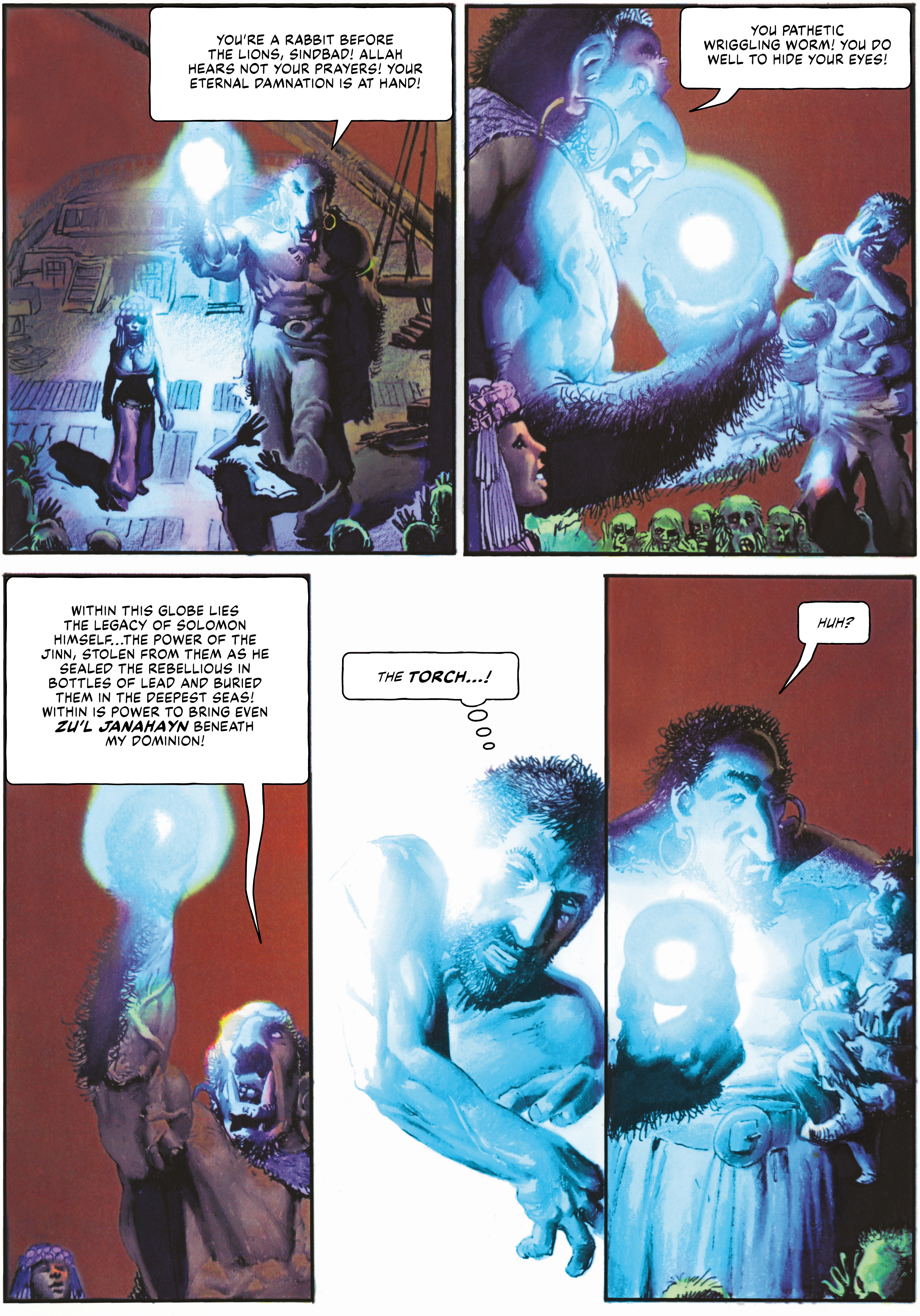
"...AND THEN WAS GONE."

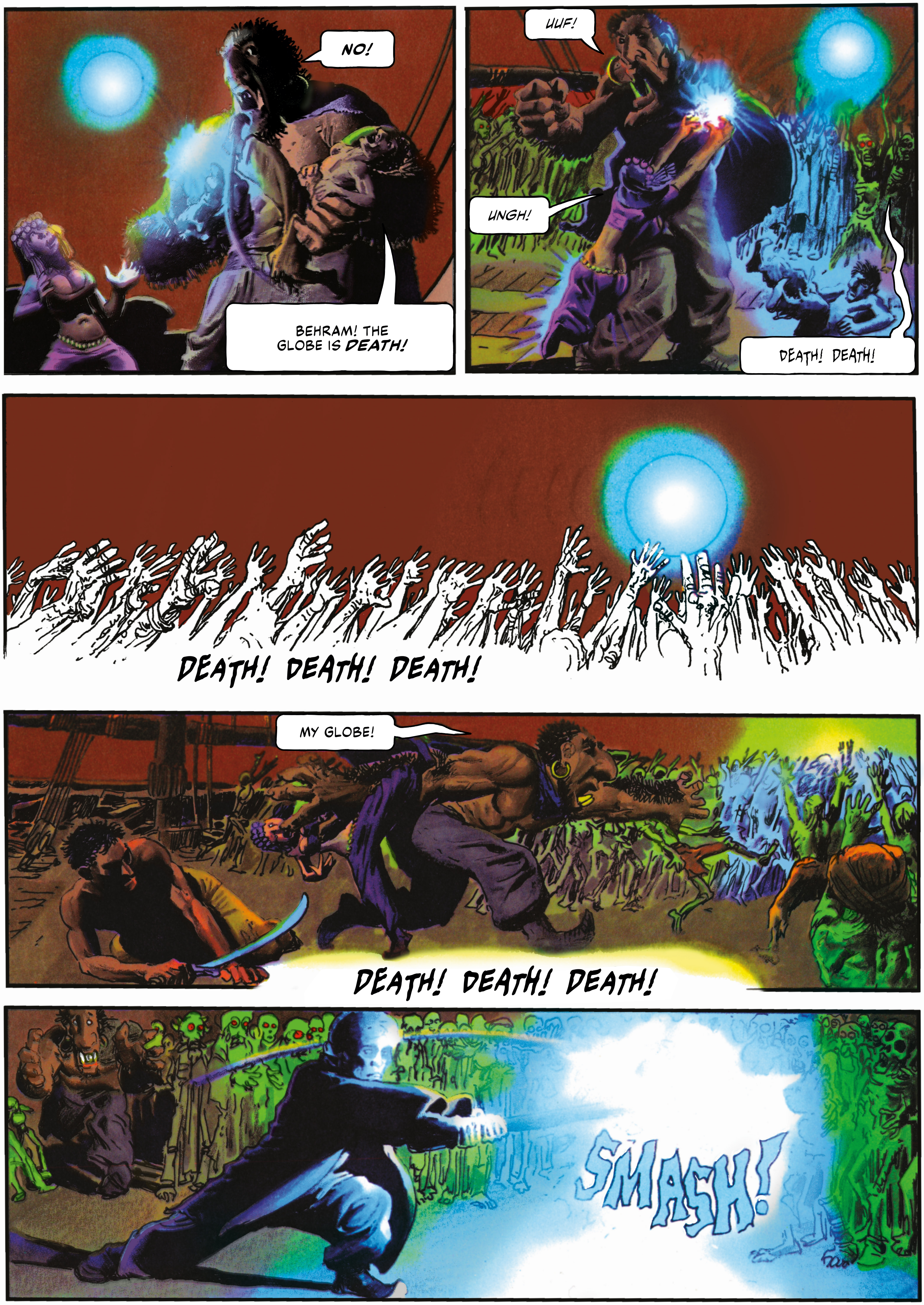


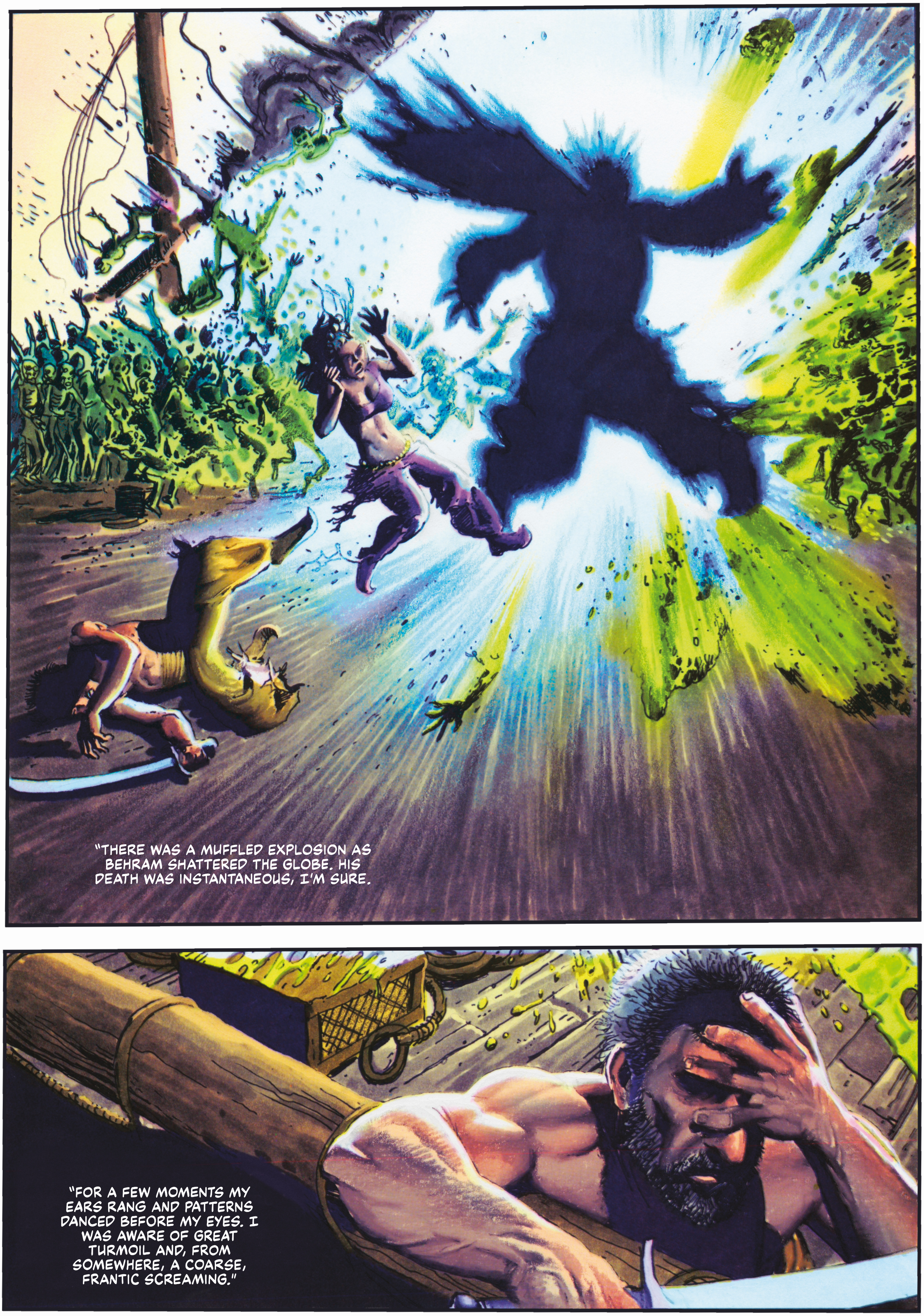

ALLAH HAVE MERCY ON MY SOUL...
AAAAGG!
CRUN-CHUK!

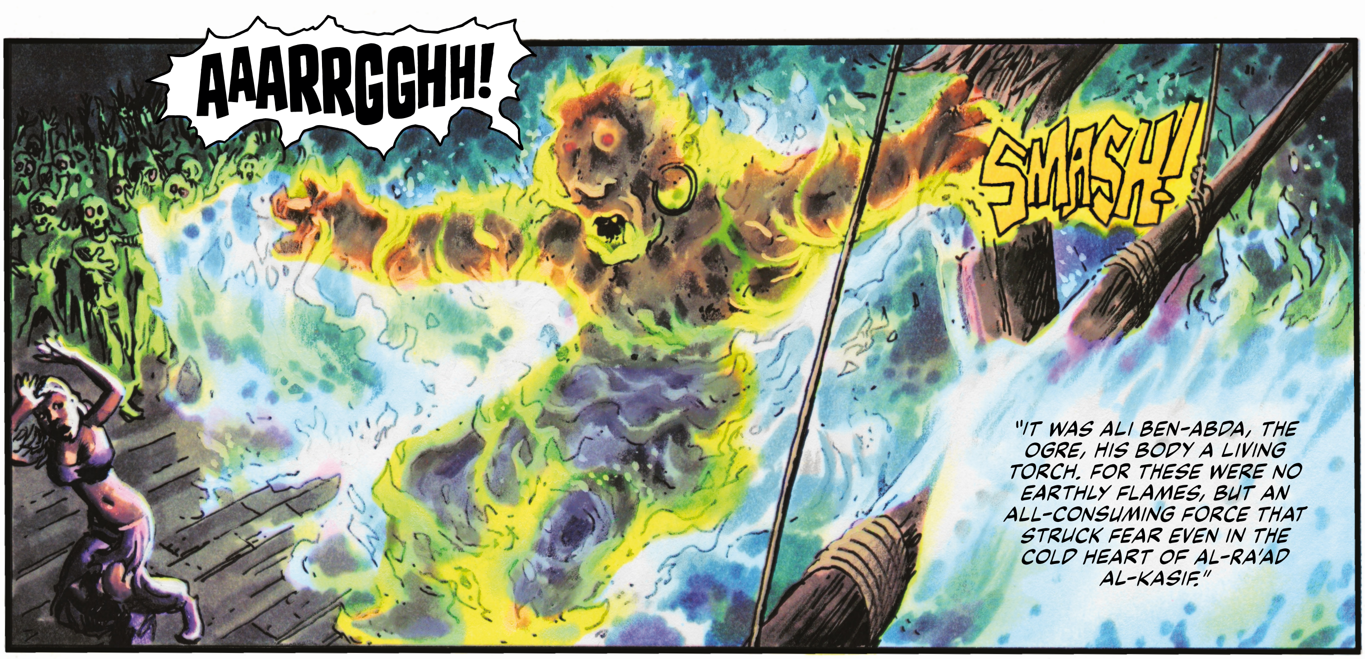

"EVEN AS JUDAR'S DEATHLESS BODY JERKED ON THE PLANKINGS BENEATH MY FEET, I WAS SET UPON BY MORE OF THE FOUL CREATURES, MANY OF THEM FAMILIAR TO ME AS MEMBERS OF MY ILL-FATED PARTY.


"MY BODY FORCED FLAT TO THE DECK, MY HEAD WAS LIFTED TO TORTURE MY SIGHT WITH A FACE I'D PRAYED NOT TO SEE..."
...BEHRAM! SO YOU, TOO, I HAVE KILLED!
NO, SINDBAD, ***NOT*** KILLED...
WE ARE YET ALIVE, SINDBAD! YOU MUST DELIVER US! YOU OWE US THE MERCY OF DEATH!
BISMILLAH, IT'S TRUE! BUT ***HOW...?!***
HOW INDEED, SINDBAD?
YOU SEE, ALI-- I TOLD YOU WE'D FIND HIM HERE.

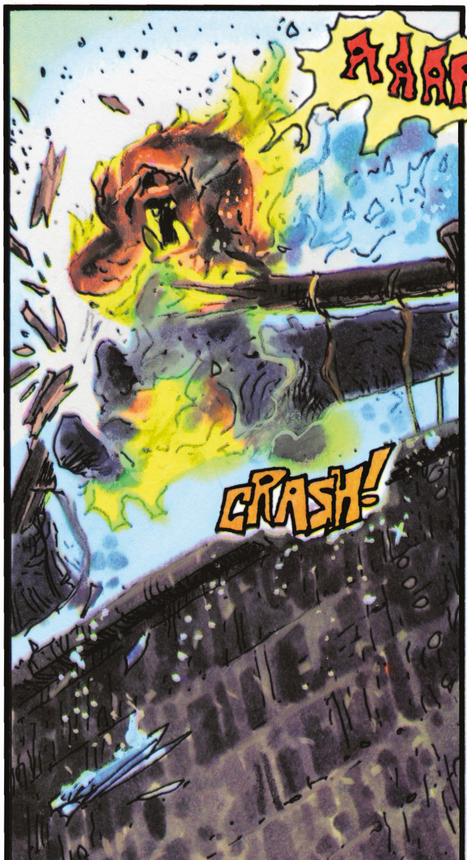

YOU'RE A RABBIT BEFORE THE LIONS, SINDBAD! ALLAH HEARS NOT YOUR PRAYERS! YOUR ETERNAL DAMNATION IS AT HAND!
YOU PATHETIC WRIGGLING WORM! YOU DO WELL TO HIDE YOUR EYES!
WITHIN THIS GLOBE LIES THE LEGACY OF SOLOMON HIMSELF...THE POWER OF THE JINN, STOLEN FROM THEM AS HE SEALED THE REBELLIOUS IN BOTTLES OF LEAD AND BURIED THEM IN THE DEEPEST SEAS! WITHIN IS POWER TO BRING EVEN ***ZU'L JANAHAYN*** BENEATH MY DOMINION!
THE ***TORCH...!***
HUH?

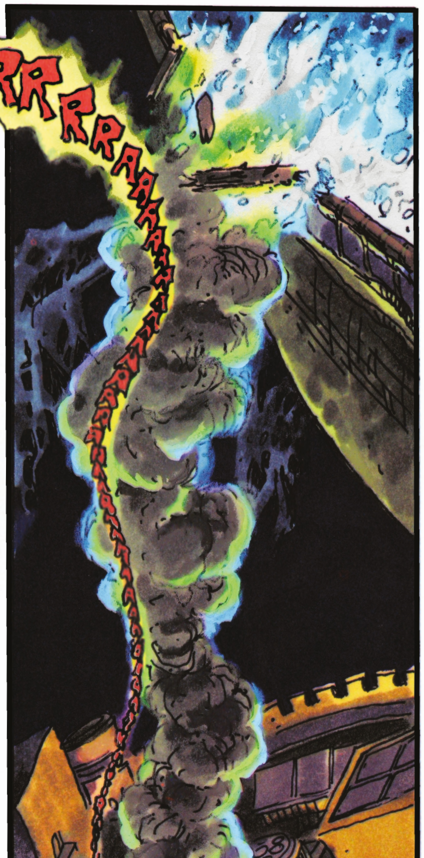

NO!
BEHRAM! THE GLOBE IS *DEATH!*
UUF!
UNGH!
DEATH! DEATH!
DEATH! DEATH! DEATH!
MY GLOBE!
DEATH! DEATH! DEATH!
SMASH!


"THERE WAS A MUFFLED EXPLOSION AS BEHRAM SHATTERED THE GLOBE. HIS DEATH WAS INSTANTANEOUS, I'M SURE.
"FOR A FEW MOMENTS MY EARS RANG AND PATTERNS DANCED BEFORE MY EYES. I WAS AWARE OF GREAT TURMOIL AND, FROM SOMEWHERE, A COARSE, FRANTIC SCREAMING."

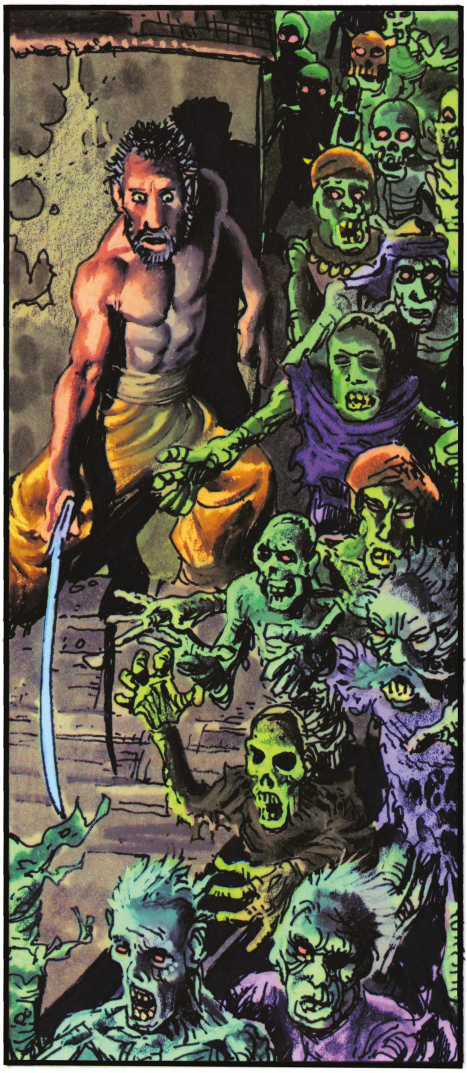

AAARRGGHH!
SMASH!

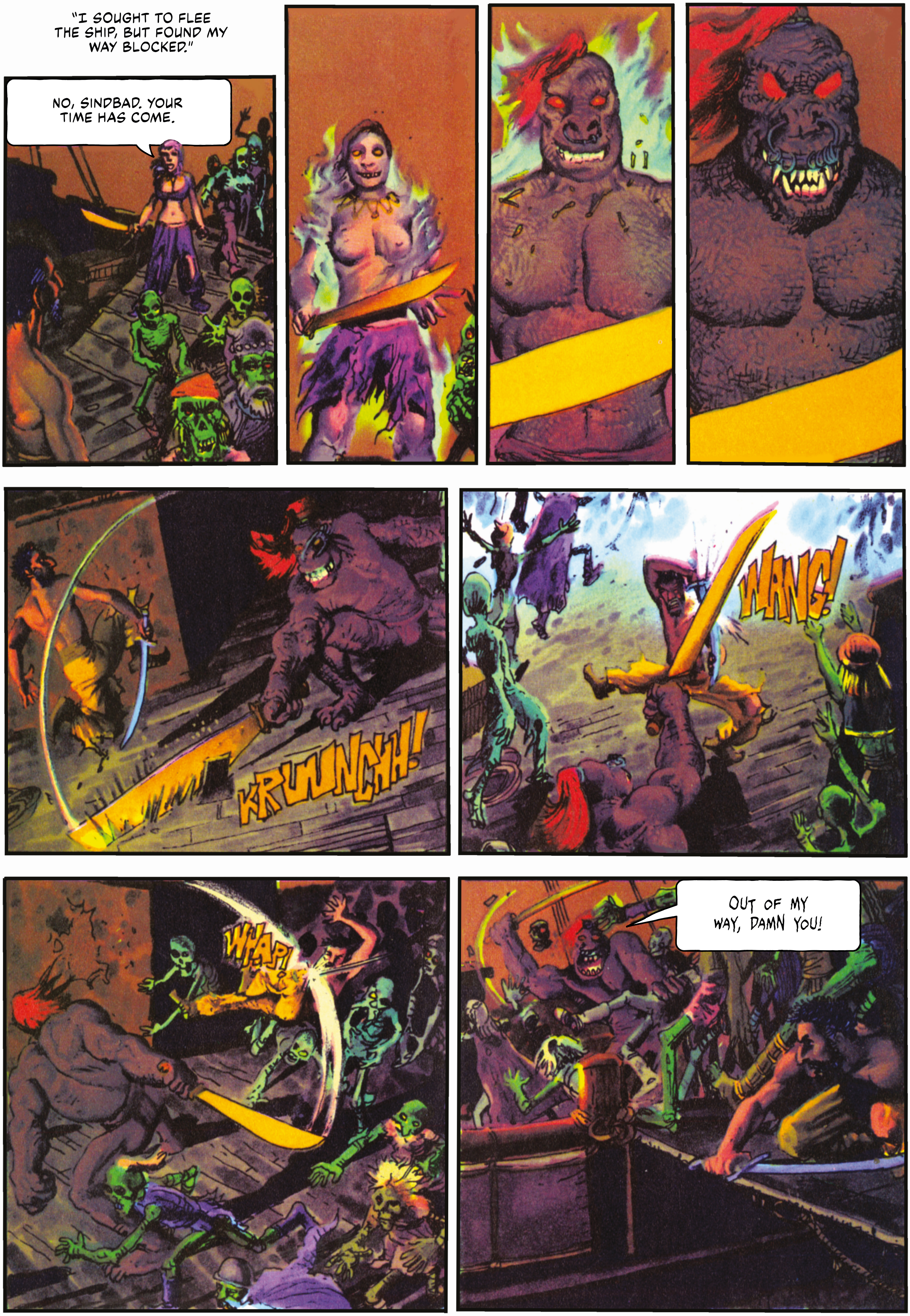
"IT WAS ALI BEN-ABDA, THE OGRE, HIS BODY A LIVING TORCH. FOR THESE WERE NO EARTHLY FLAMES, BUT AN ALL-CONSUMING FORCE THAT STRUCK FEAR EVEN IN THE COLD HEART OF AL-RA'AD AL-KASIF."

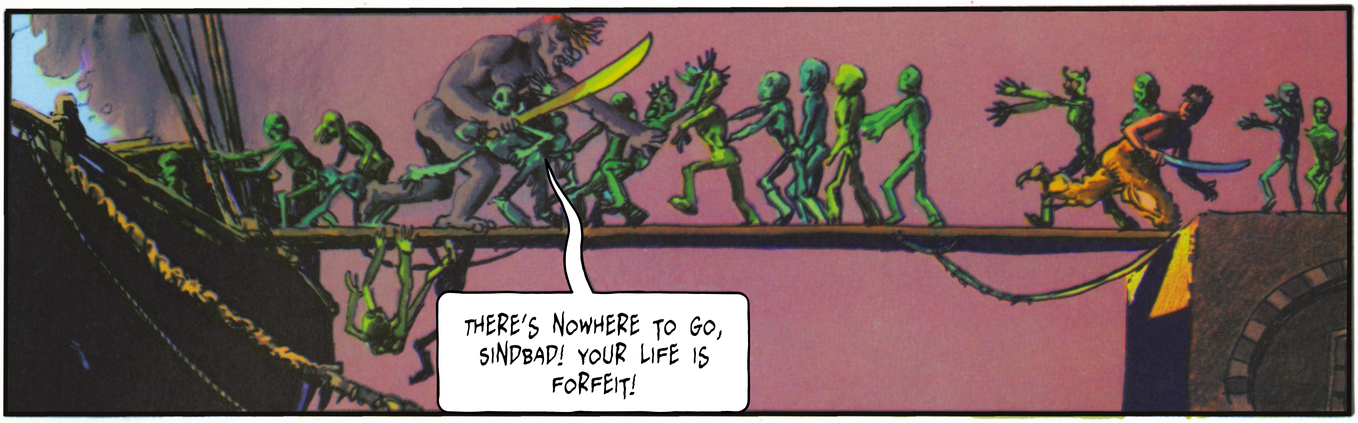


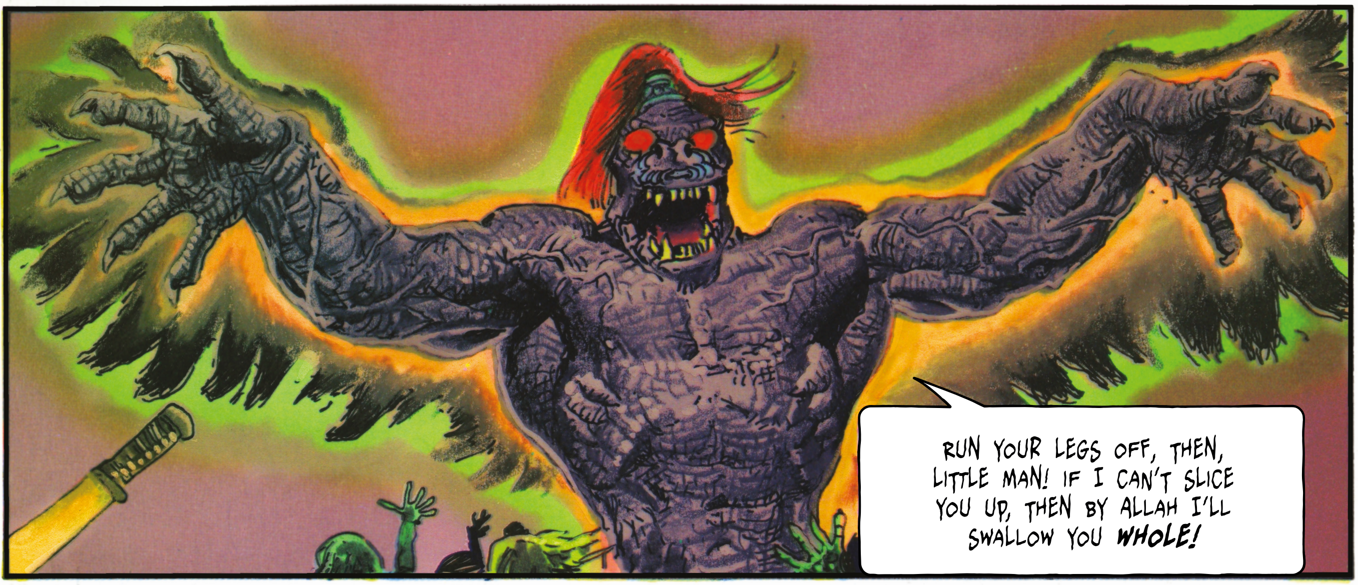

AAARRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

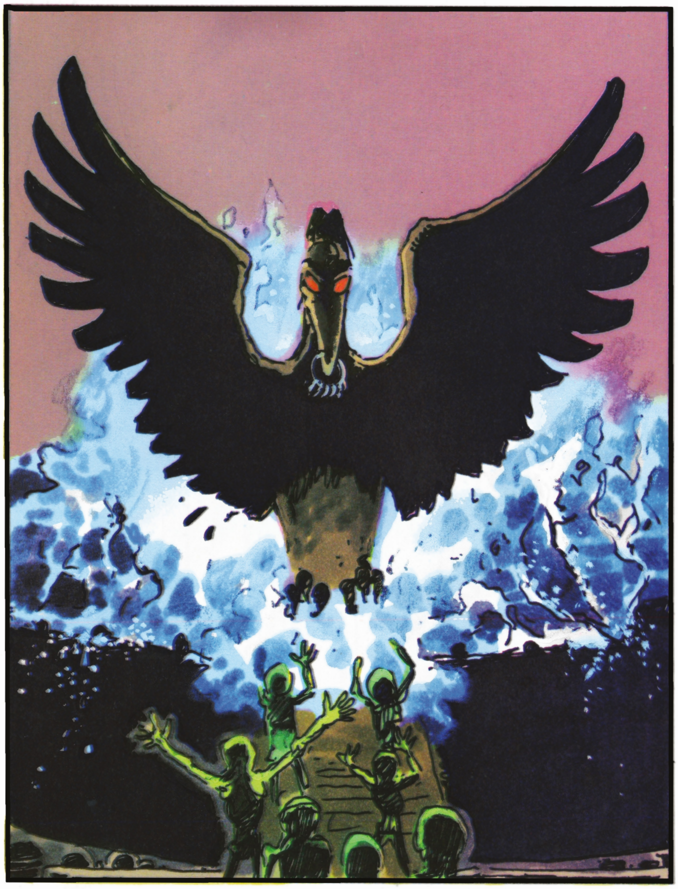
"ALI'S UNDEAD MINIONS APPEARED LIKE BLACK INSECTS FROM EVERY CRANNY, RUNNING CROOKEDLY TOWARD SELF-IMMOLATION. I HAD BROUGHT THEM SALVATION.

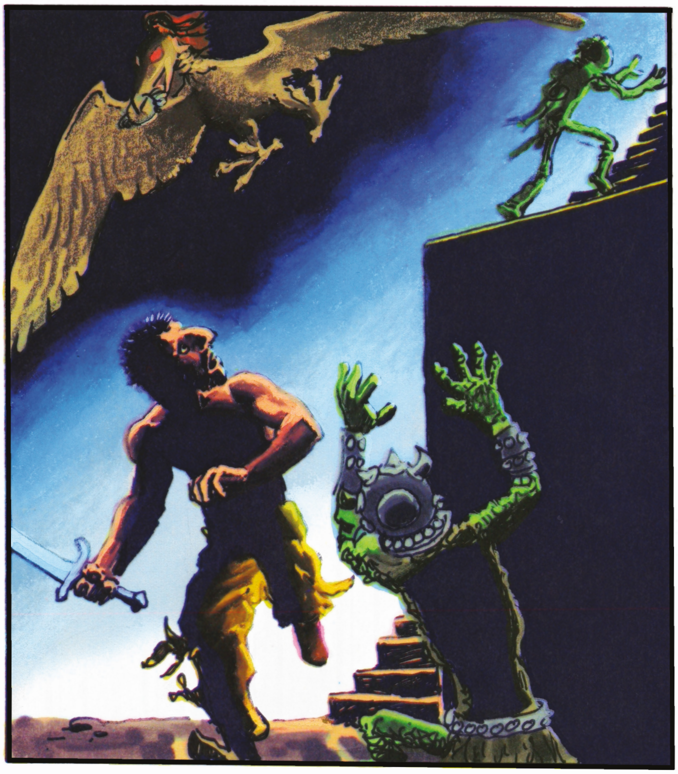



"I SOUGHT TO FLEE THE SHIP, BUT FOUND MY WAY BLOCKED."
NO, SINDBAD. YOUR TIME HAS COME.
KRUUNCHH!
WANG!
WHAP!
OUT OF MY WAY, DAMN YOU!

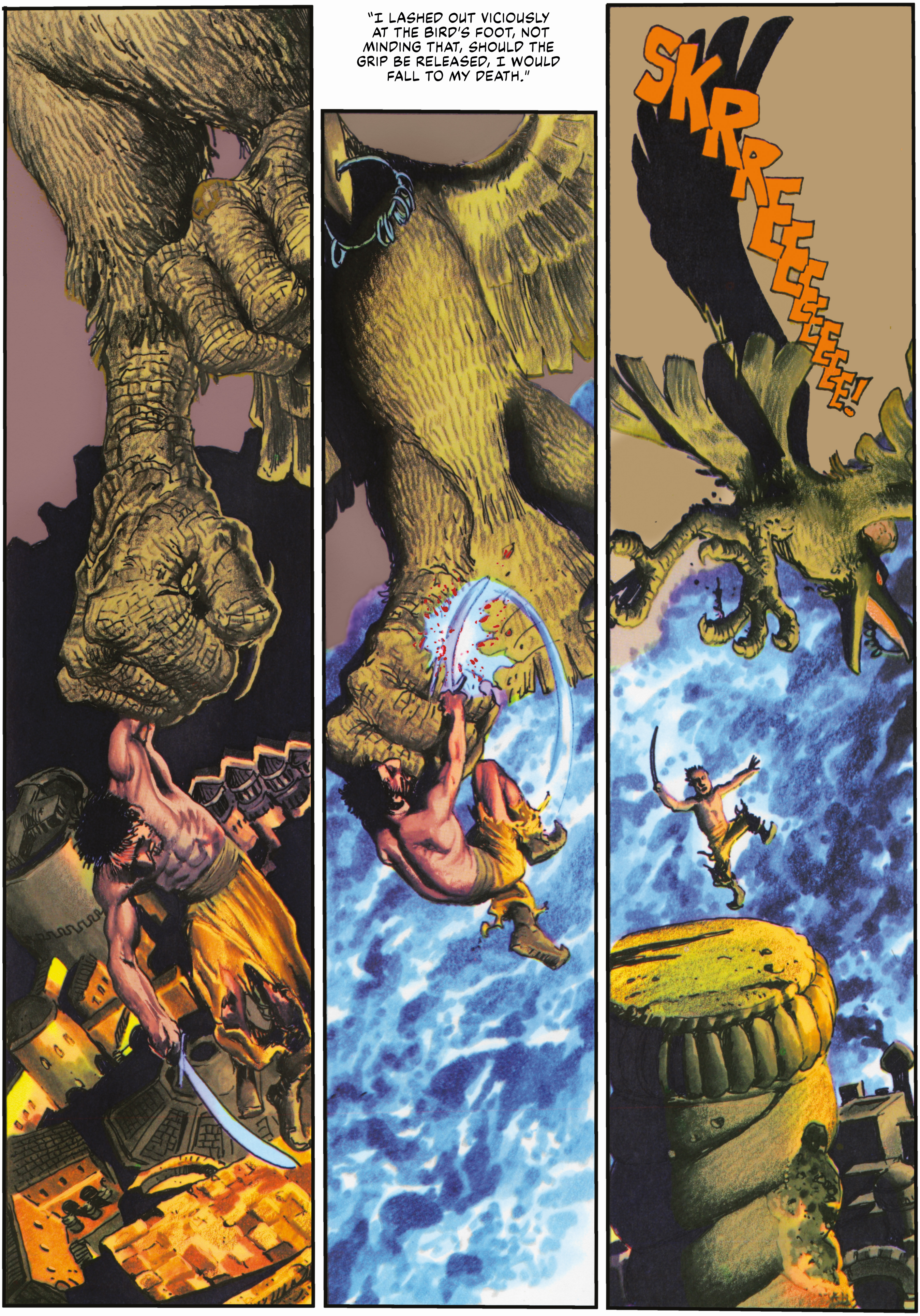

THERE'S NOWHERE TO GO, SINDBAD! YOUR LIFE IS FORFEIT!

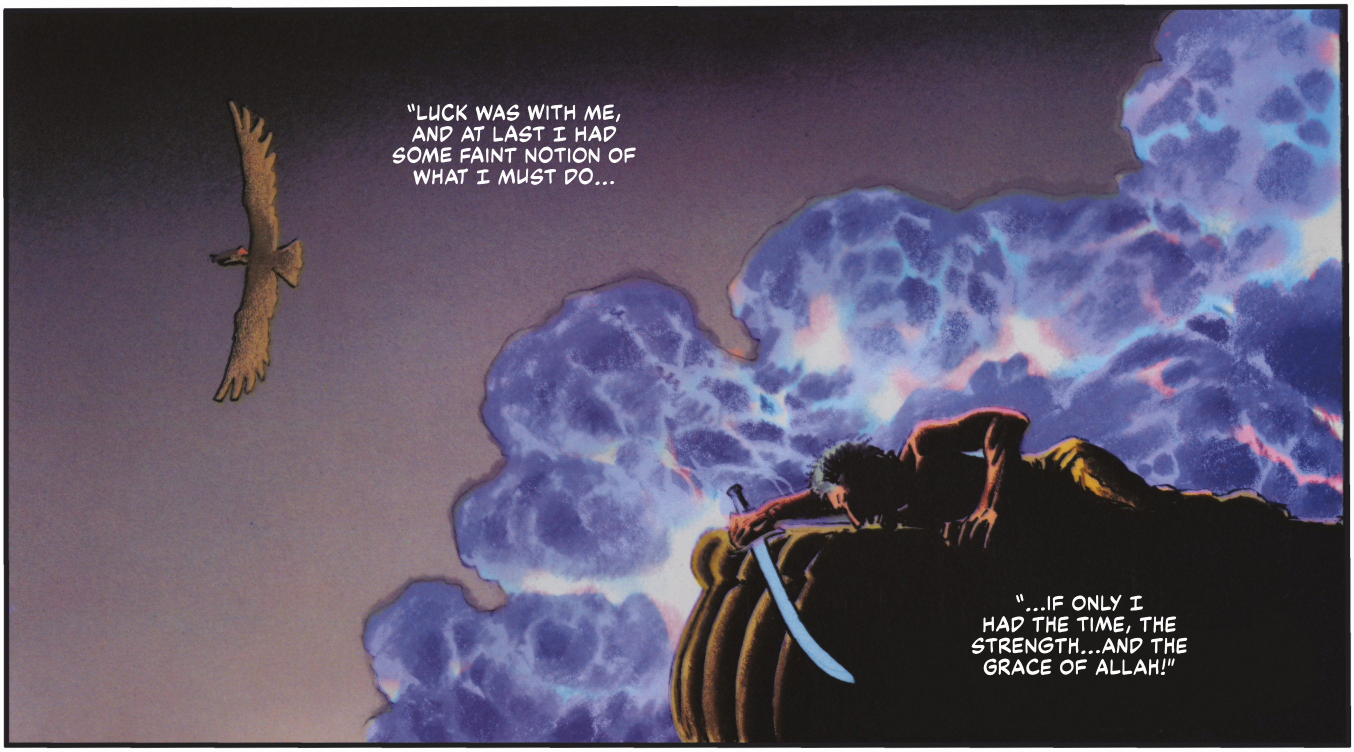

RUN YOUR LEGS OFF, THEN, LITTLE MAN! IF I CAN'T SLICE YOU UP, THEN BY ALLAH I'LL SWALLOW YOU **WHOLE!**

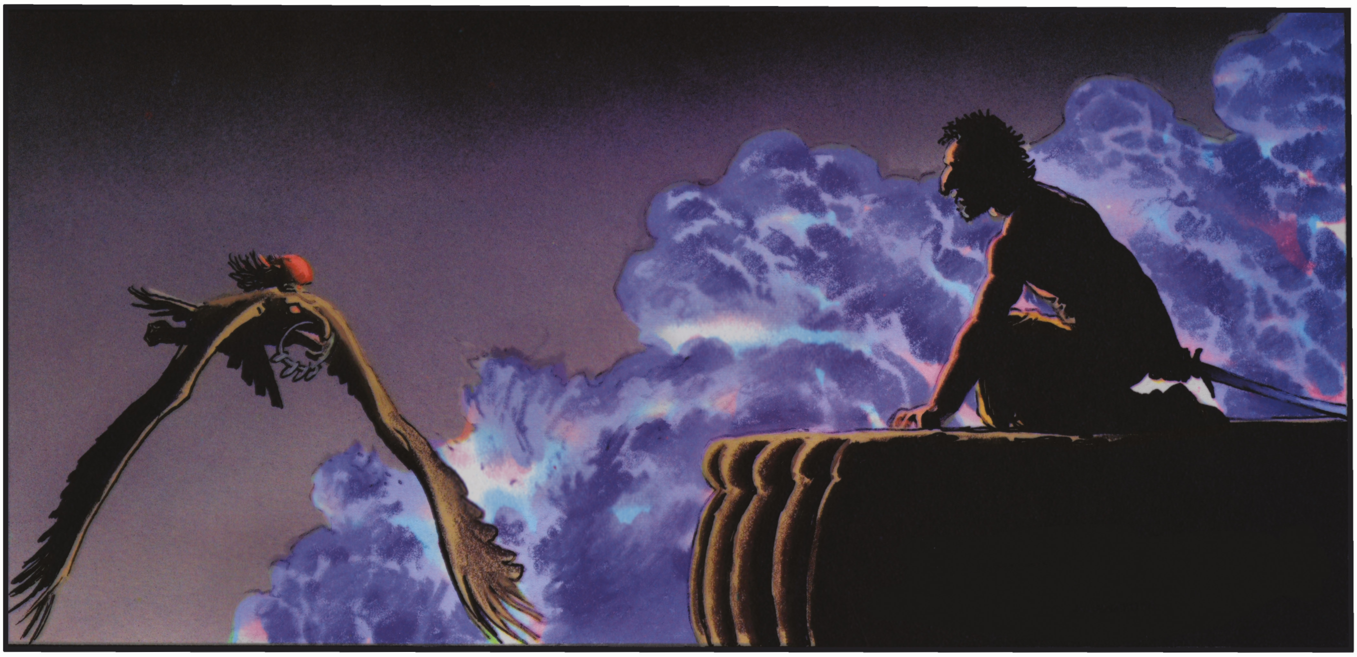


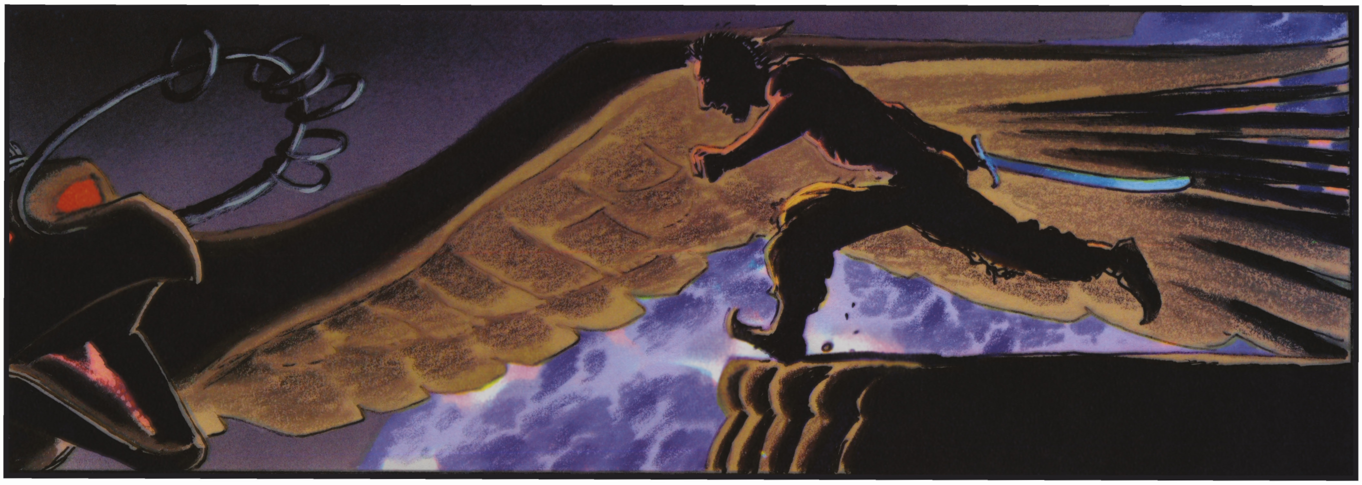


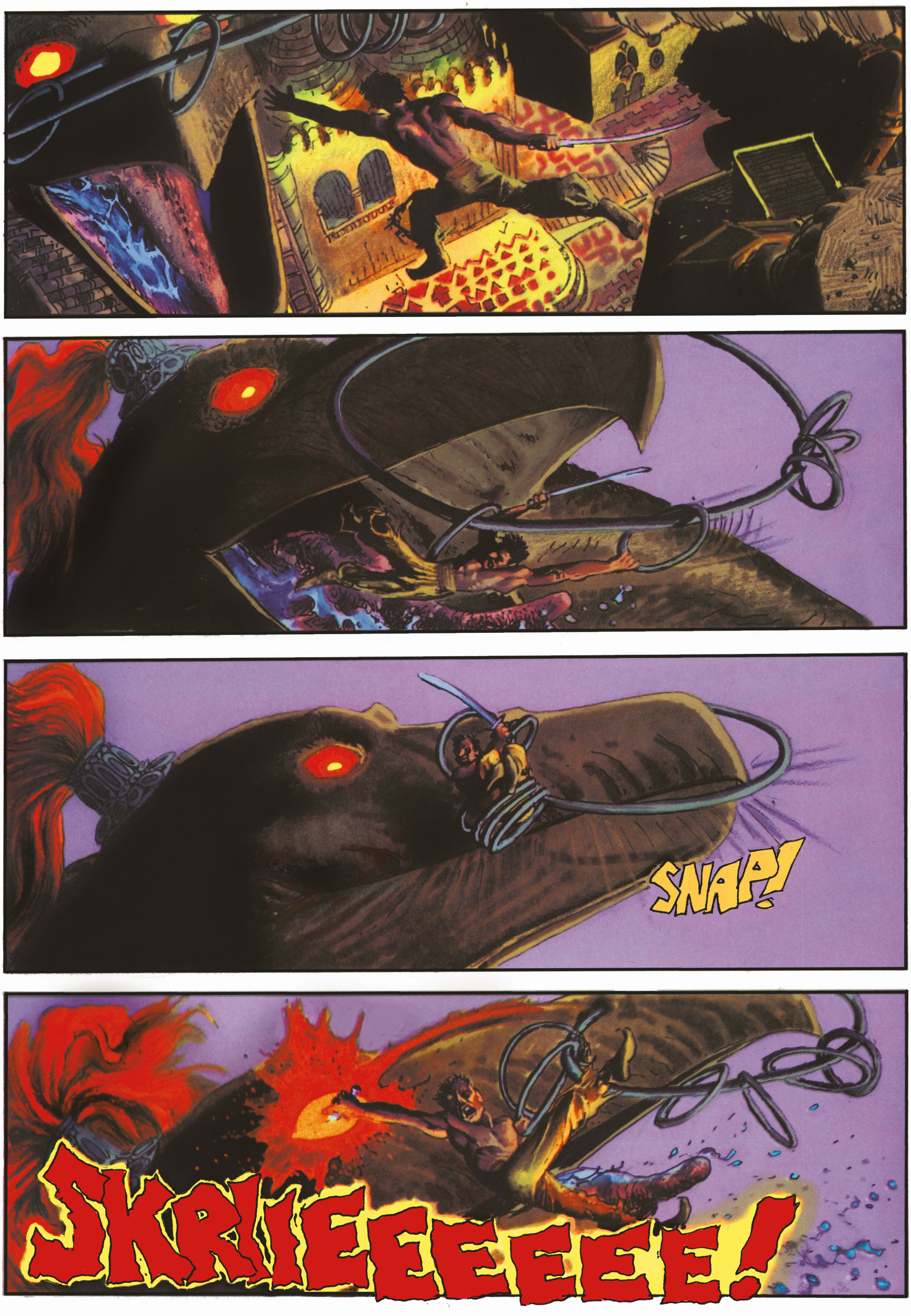
"MY MIND WAS IN CHAOS! I NEEDED A PLAN, BUT WHAT? ***WHAT?***

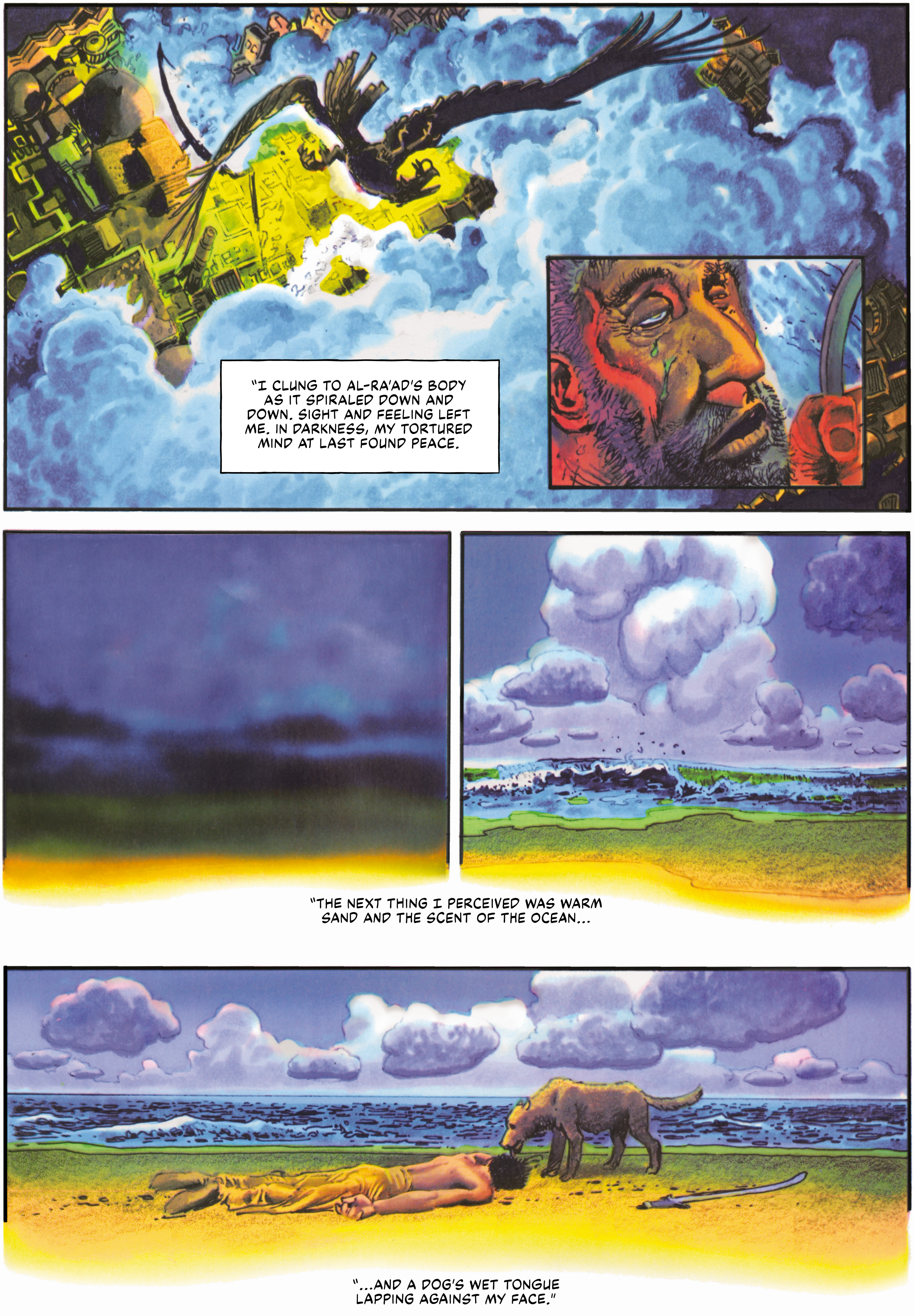

"I LASHED OUT VICIOUSLY AT THE BIRD'S FOOT, NOT MINDING THAT, SHOULD THE GRIP BE RELEASED, I WOULD FALL TO MY DEATH."
SKRREEEEEEE!

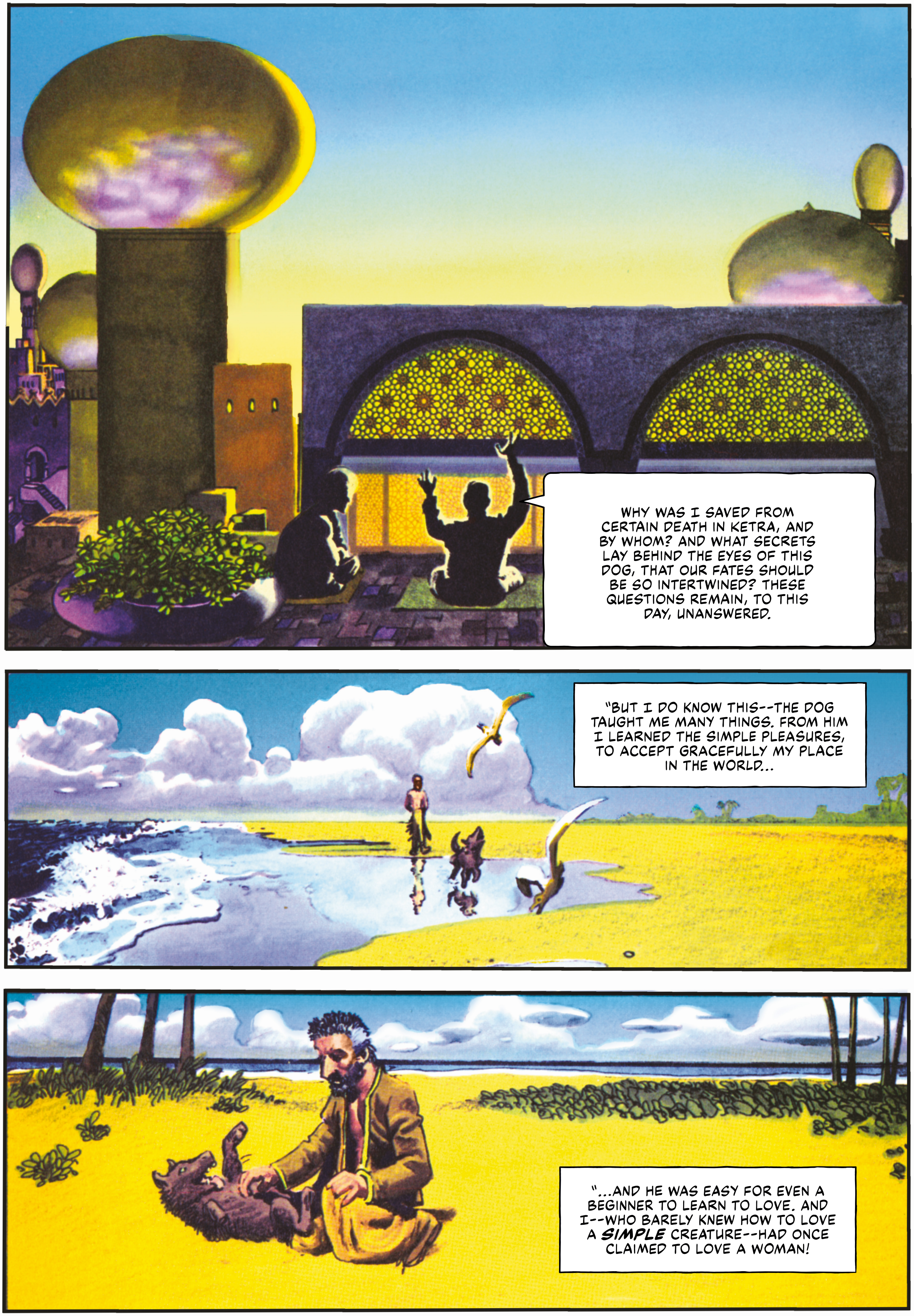

"LUCK WAS WITH ME, AND AT LAST I HAD SOME FAINT NOTION OF WHAT I MUST DO...
"...IF ONLY I HAD THE TIME, THE STRENGTH...AND THE GRACE OF ALLAH!"

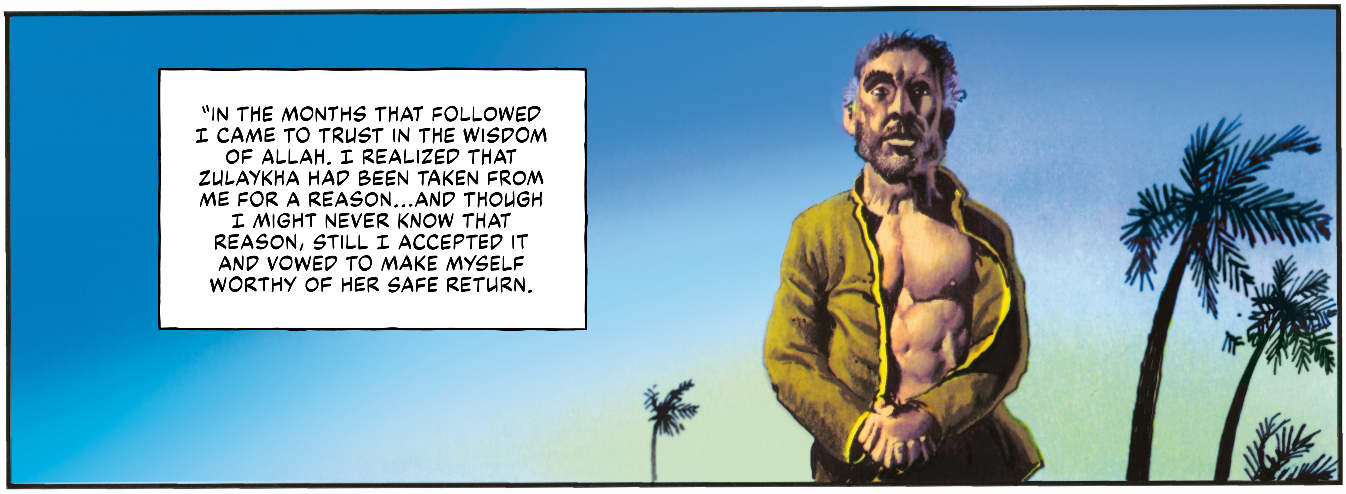


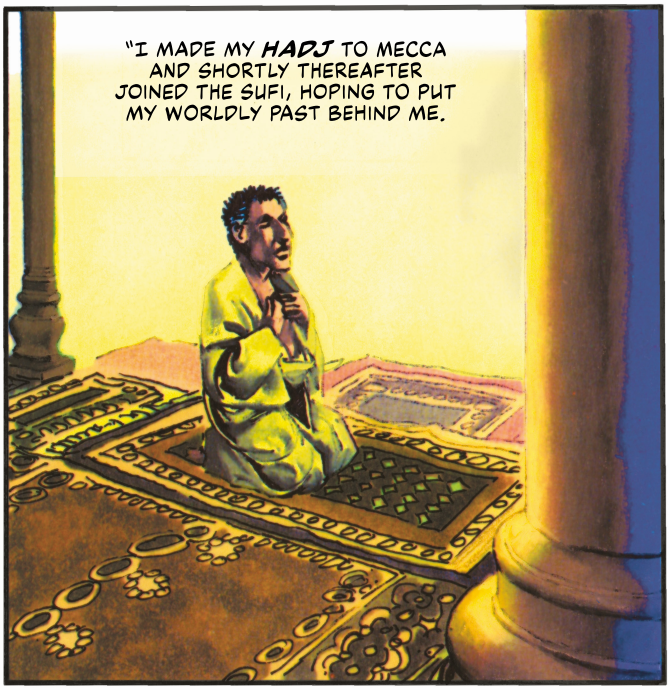


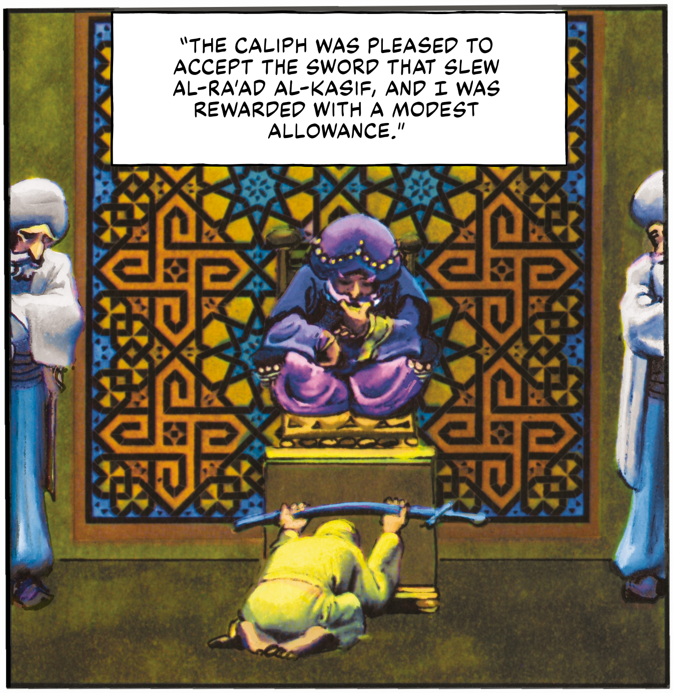

SNAP!
SKRIIEEEEEE!

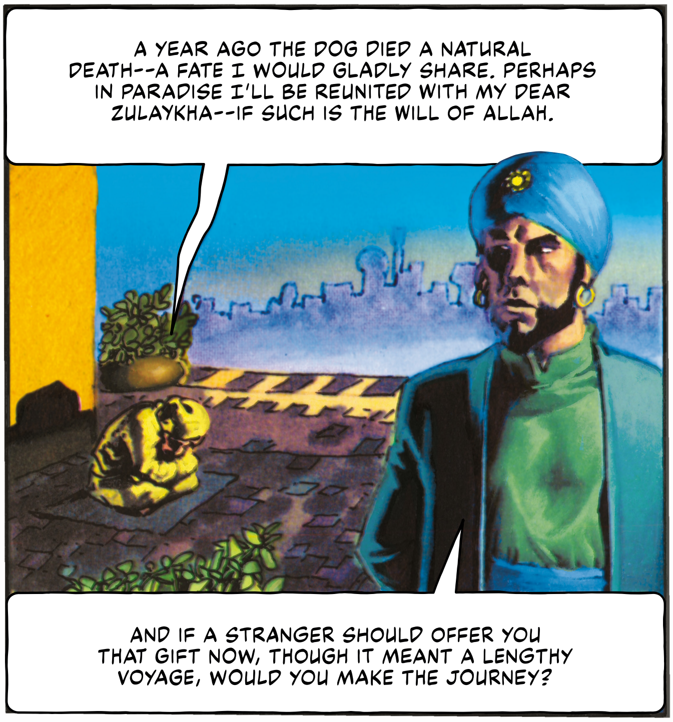

"I CLUNG TO AL-RA'AD'S BODY AS IT SPIRALED DOWN AND DOWN. SIGHT AND FEELING LEFT ME. IN DARKNESS, MY TORTURED MIND AT LAST FOUND PEACE.
"THE NEXT THING I PERCEIVED WAS WARM SAND AND THE SCENT OF THE OCEAN...
"...AND A DOG'S WET TONGUE LAPPING AGAINST MY FACE."

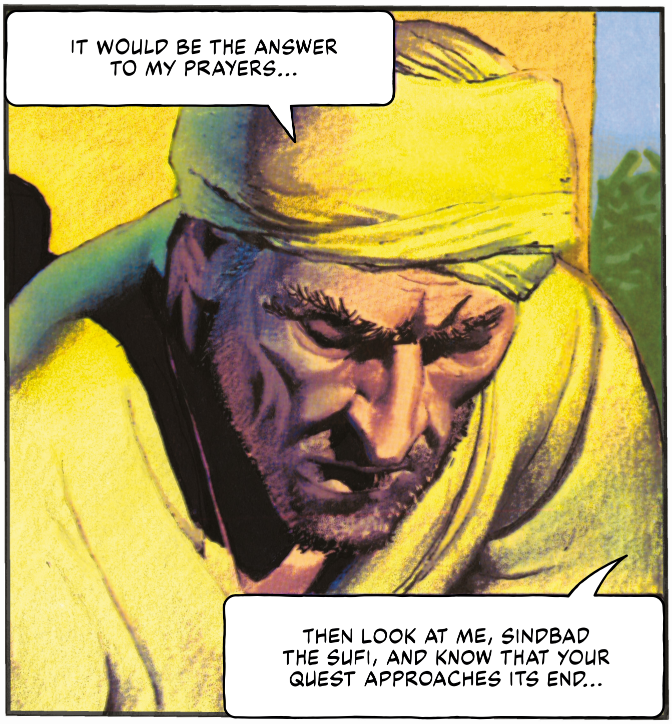

WHY WAS I SAVED FROM CERTAIN DEATH IN KETRA, AND BY WHOM? AND WHAT SECRETS LAY BEHIND THE EYES OF THIS DOG, THAT OUR FATES SHOULD BE SO INTERTWINED? THESE QUESTIONS REMAIN, TO THIS DAY, UNANSWERED.
"BUT I DO KNOW THIS--THE DOG TAUGHT ME MANY THINGS. FROM HIM I LEARNED THE SIMPLE PLEASURES, TO ACCEPT GRACEFULLY MY PLACE IN THE WORLD...
"...AND HE WAS EASY FOR EVEN A BEGINNER TO LEARN TO LOVE. AND I--WHO BARELY KNEW HOW TO LOVE A ***SIMPLE*** CREATURE--HAD ONCE CLAIMED TO LOVE A WOMAN!

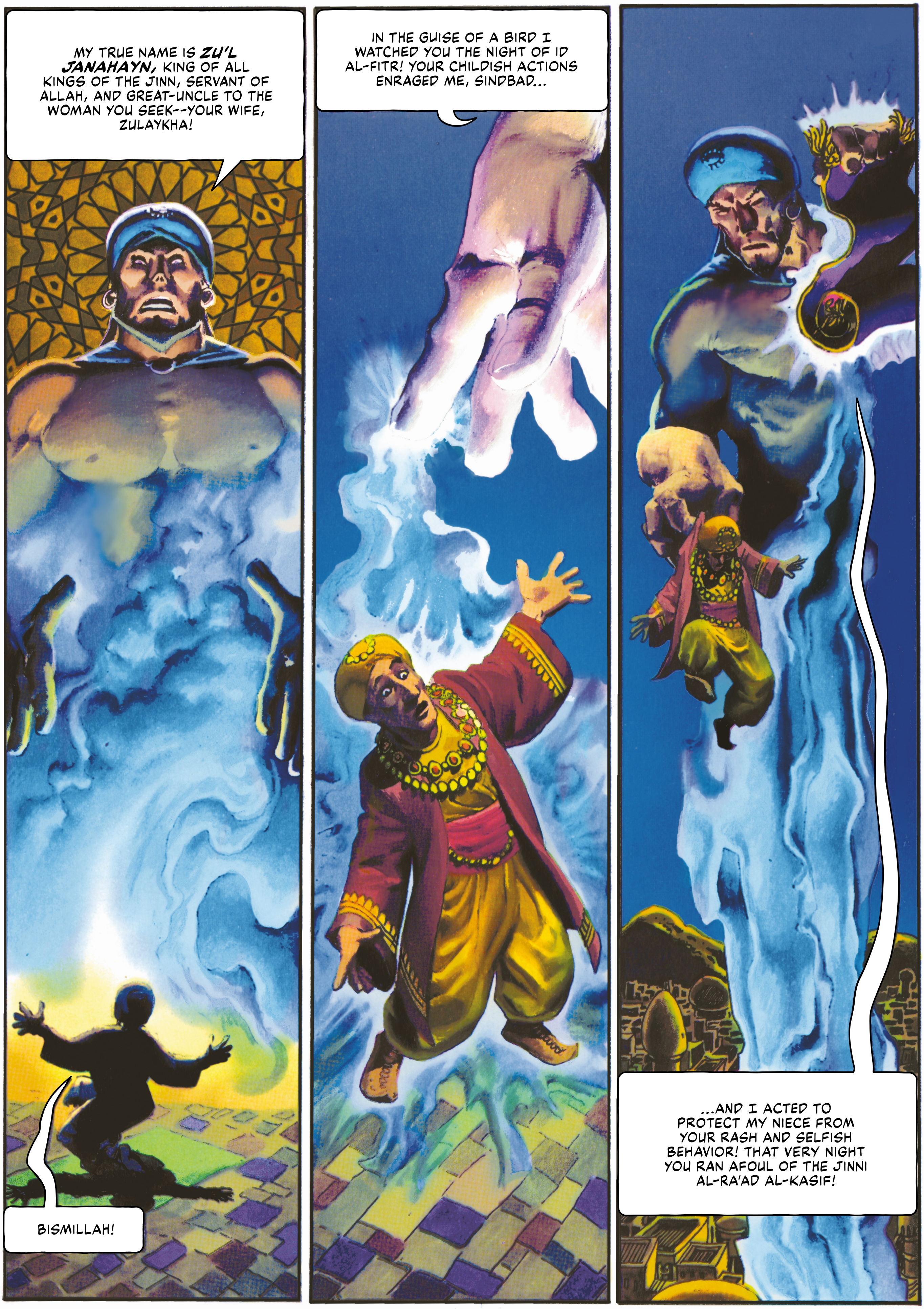

"IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED I CAME TO TRUST IN THE WISDOM OF ALLAH. I REALIZED THAT ZULAYKHA HAD BEEN TAKEN FROM ME FOR A REASON...AND THOUGH I MIGHT NEVER KNOW THAT REASON, STILL I ACCEPTED IT AND VOWED TO MAKE MYSELF WORTHY OF HER SAFE RETURN.

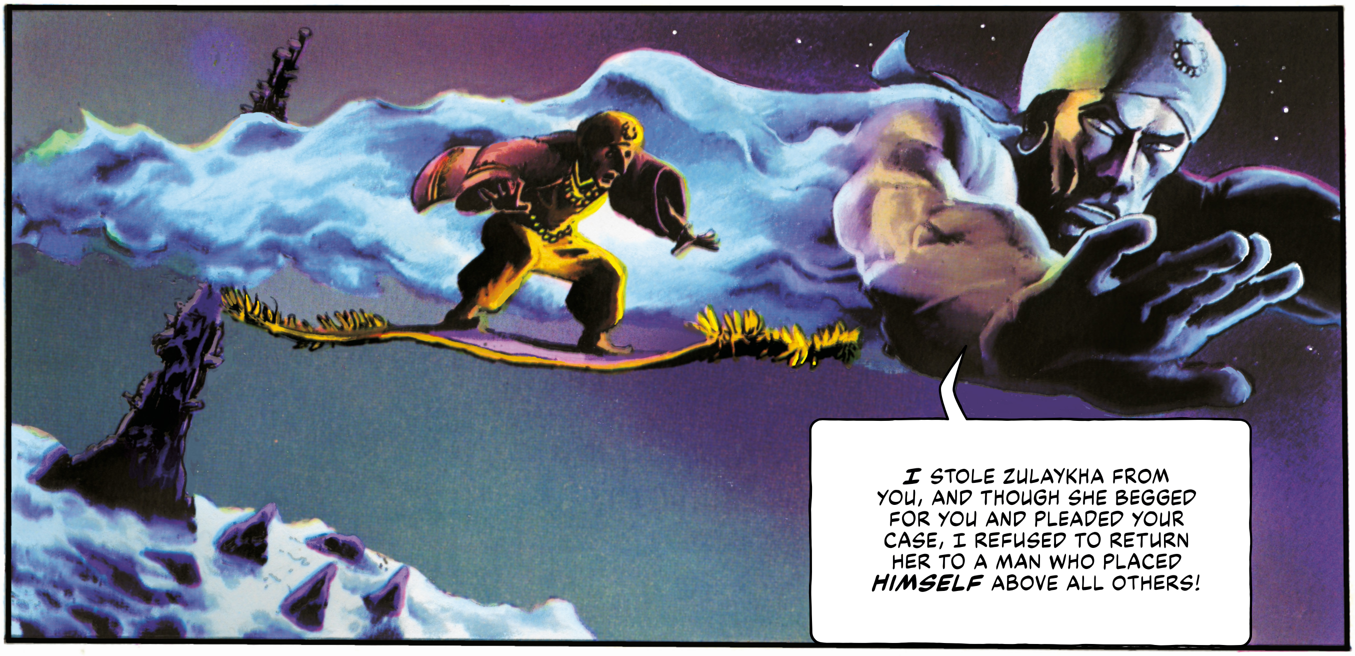

"I MADE MY ***HADJ*** TO MECCA AND SHORTLY THEREAFTER JOINED THE SUFI, HOPING TO PUT MY WORLDLY PAST BEHIND ME.

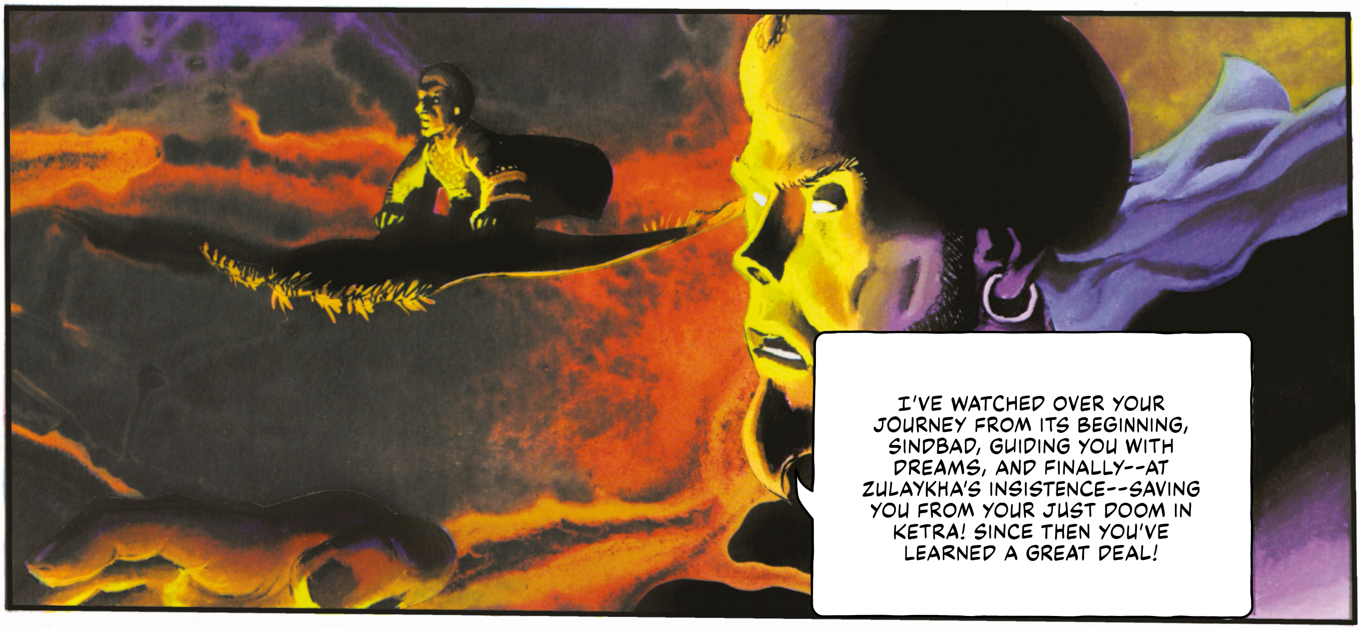

"THE CALIPH WAS PLEASED TO ACCEPT THE SWORD THAT SLEW AL-RA'AD AL-KASIF, AND I WAS REWARDED WITH A MODEST ALLOWANCE."

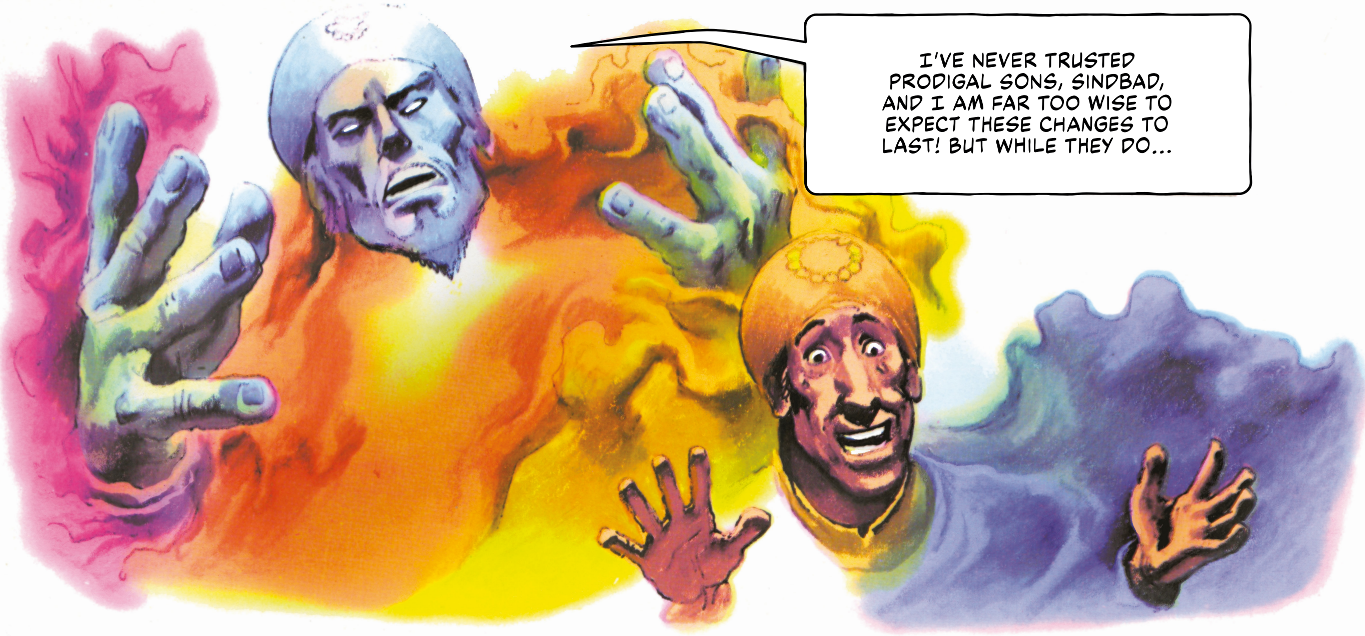

A YEAR AGO THE DOG DIED A NATURAL DEATH--A FATE I WOULD GLADLY SHARE. PERHAPS IN PARADISE I'LL BE REUNITED WITH MY DEAR ZULAYKHA--IF SUCH IS THE WILL OF ALLAH.
AND IF A STRANGER SHOULD OFFER YOU THAT GIFT NOW, THOUGH IT MEANT A LENGTHY VOYAGE, WOULD YOU MAKE THE JOURNEY?

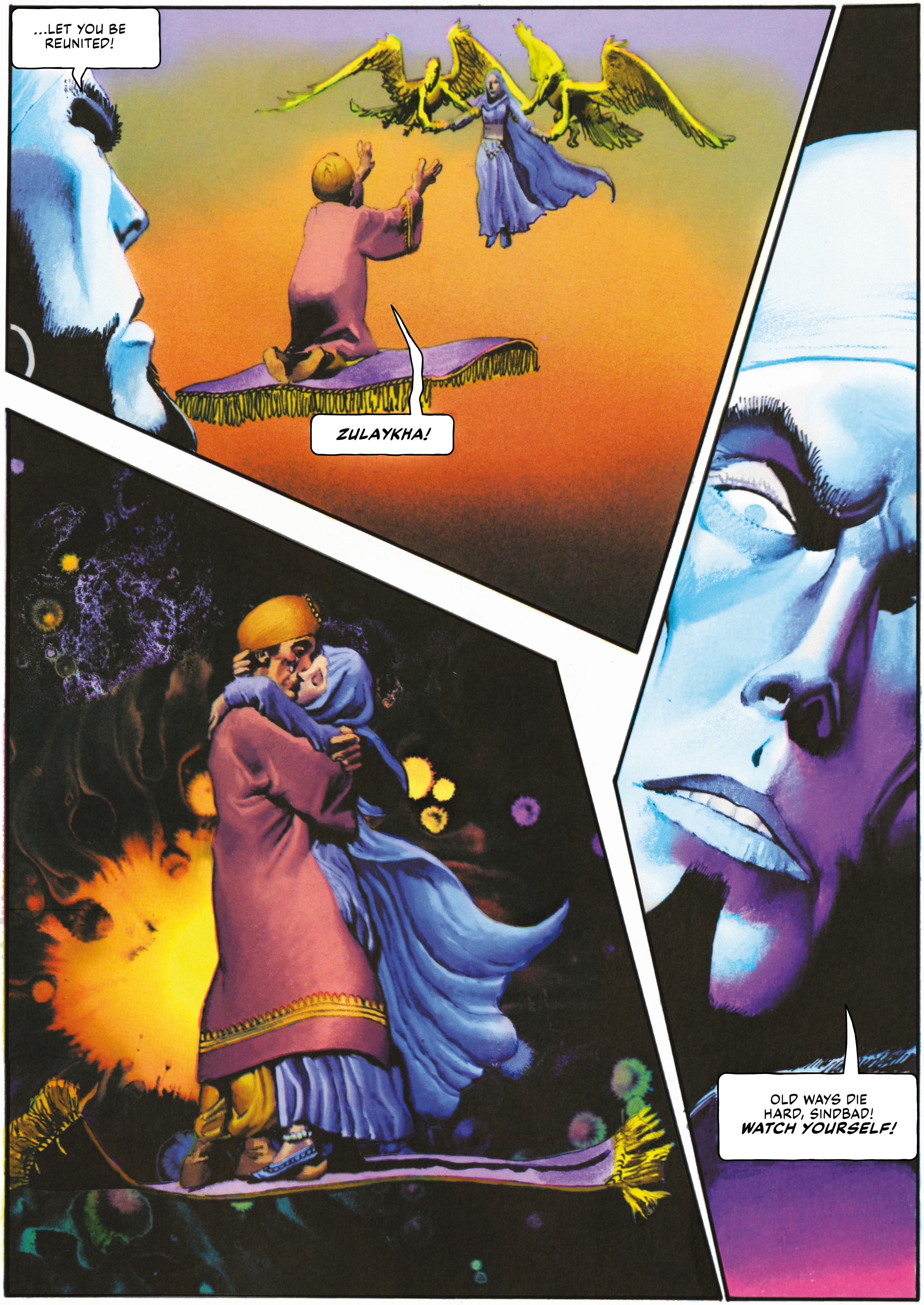

IT WOULD BE THE ANSWER TO MY PRAYERS...
THEN LOOK AT ME, SINDBAD THE SUFI, AND KNOW THAT YOUR QUEST APPROACHES ITS END...

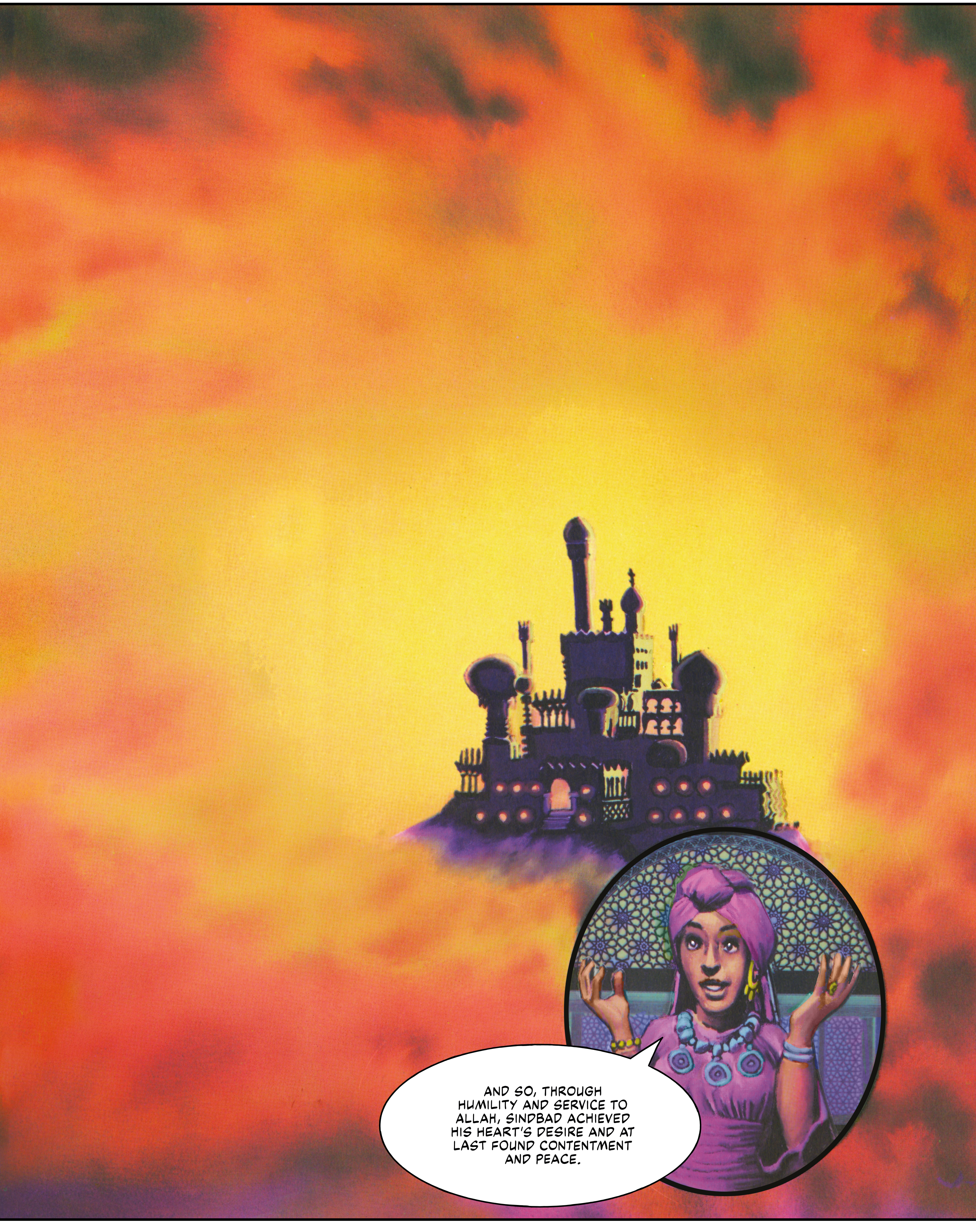

MY TRUE NAME IS ***ZU'L JANAHAYN,*** KING OF ALL KINGS OF THE JINN, SERVANT OF ALLAH, AND GREAT-UNCLE TO THE WOMAN YOU SEEK--YOUR WIFE, ZULAYKHA!
BISMILLAH!
IN THE GUISE OF A BIRD I WATCHED YOU THE NIGHT OF ID AL-FITR! YOUR CHILDISH ACTIONS ENRAGED ME, SINDBAD...
...AND I ACTED TO PROTECT MY NIECE FROM YOUR RASH AND SELFISH BEHAVIOR! THAT VERY NIGHT YOU RAN AFOUL OF THE JINNI AL-RA'AD AL-KASIF!

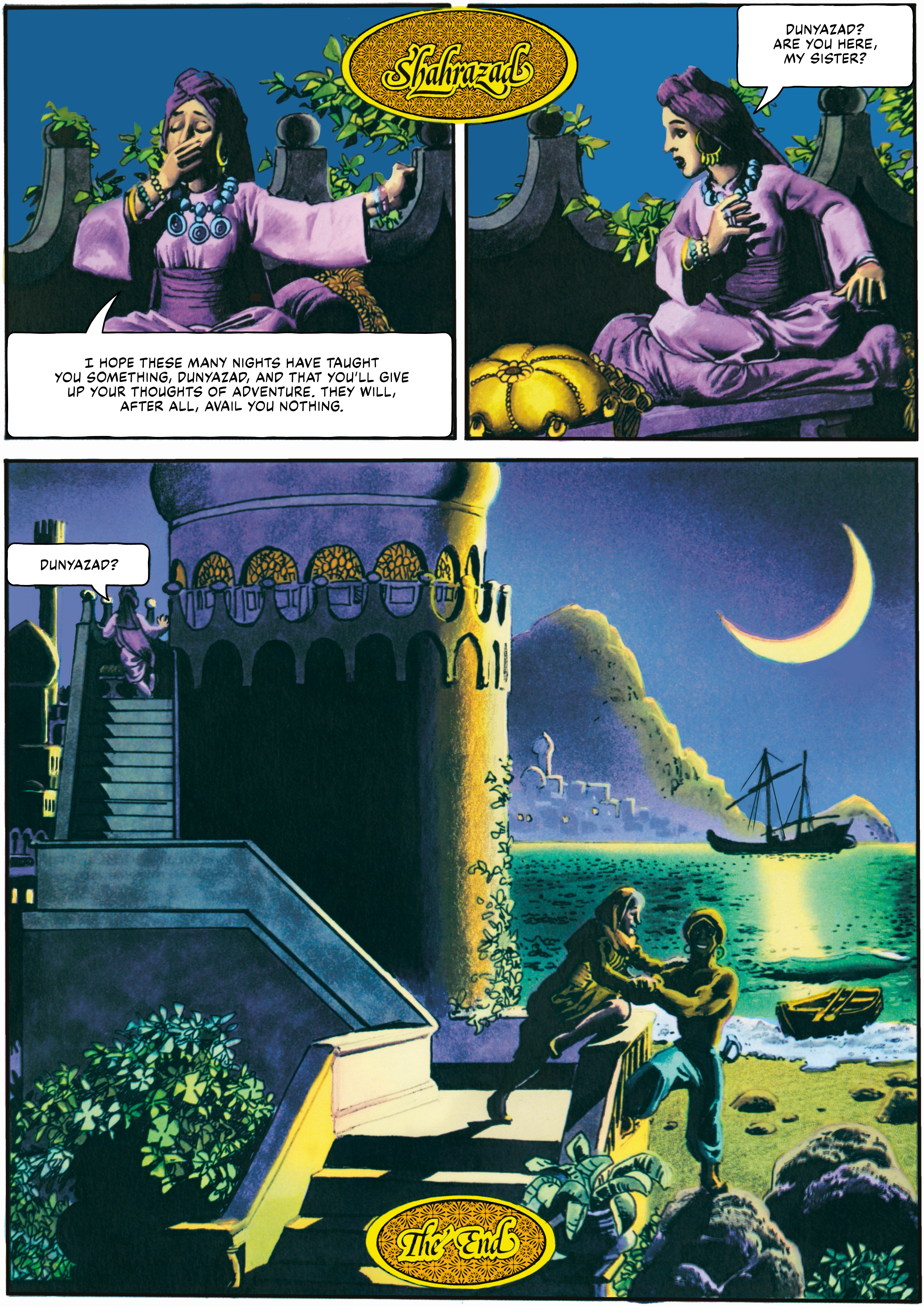

I STOLE ZULAYKHA FROM YOU, AND THOUGH SHE BEGGED FOR YOU AND PLEADED YOUR CASE, I REFUSED TO RETURN HER TO A MAN WHO PLACED ***HIMSELF*** ABOVE ALL OTHERS!


I'VE WATCHED OVER YOUR JOURNEY FROM ITS BEGINNING, SINDBAD, GUIDING YOU WITH DREAMS, AND FINALLY--AT ZULAYKHA'S INSISTENCE--SAVING YOU FROM YOUR JUST DOOM IN KETRA! SINCE THEN YOU'VE LEARNED A GREAT DEAL!


I'VE NEVER TRUSTED PRODIGAL SONS, SINDBAD, AND I AM FAR TOO WISE TO EXPECT THESE CHANGES TO LAST! BUT WHILE THEY DO...


...LET YOU BE REUNITED!
ZULAYKHA!
OLD WAYS DIE HARD, SINDBAD! **WATCH YOURSELF!**


AND SO, THROUGH HUMILITY AND SERVICE TO ALLAH, SINDBAD ACHIEVED HIS HEART'S DESIRE AND AT LAST FOUND CONTENTMENT AND PEACE.


Shahrazad
I HOPE THESE MANY NIGHTS HAVE TAUGHT YOU SOMETHING, DUNYAZAD, AND THAT YOU'LL GIVE UP YOUR THOUGHTS OF ADVENTURE. THEY WILL, AFTER ALL, AVAIL YOU NOTHING.
DUNYAZAD? ARE YOU HERE, MY SISTER?
DUNYAZAD?
The End

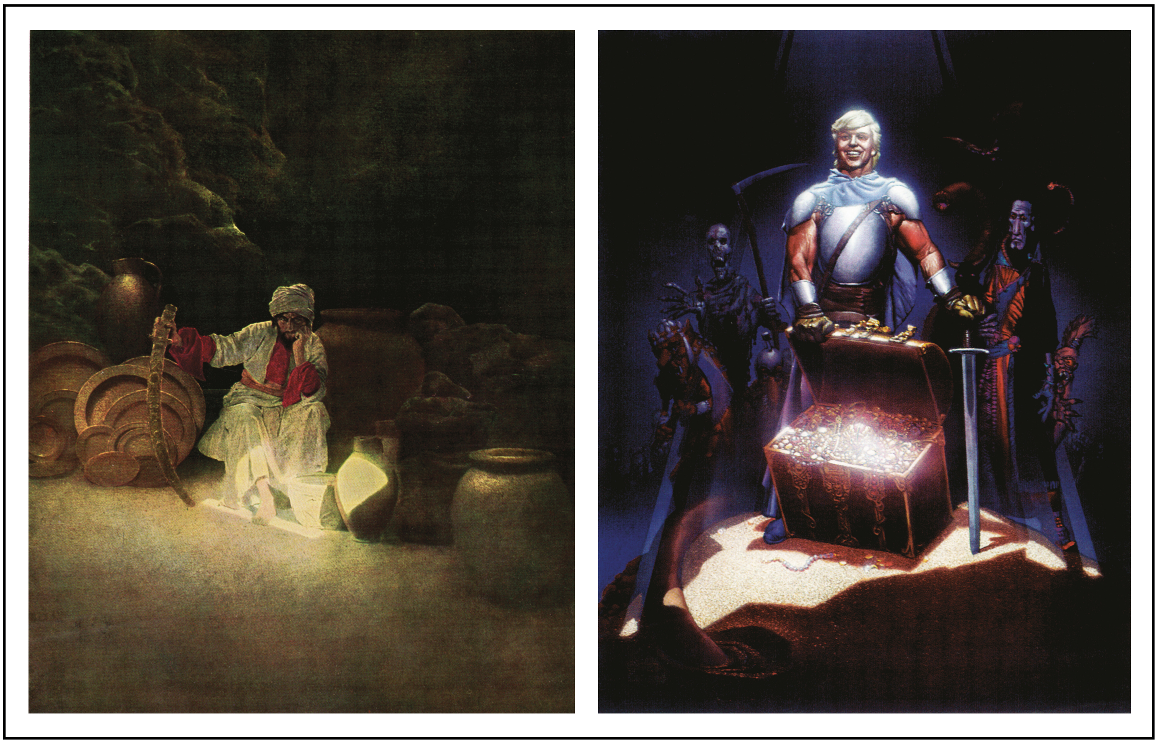
CORBEN’S *ARABIAN NIGHTS*

JOSÉ VILLARRUBIA

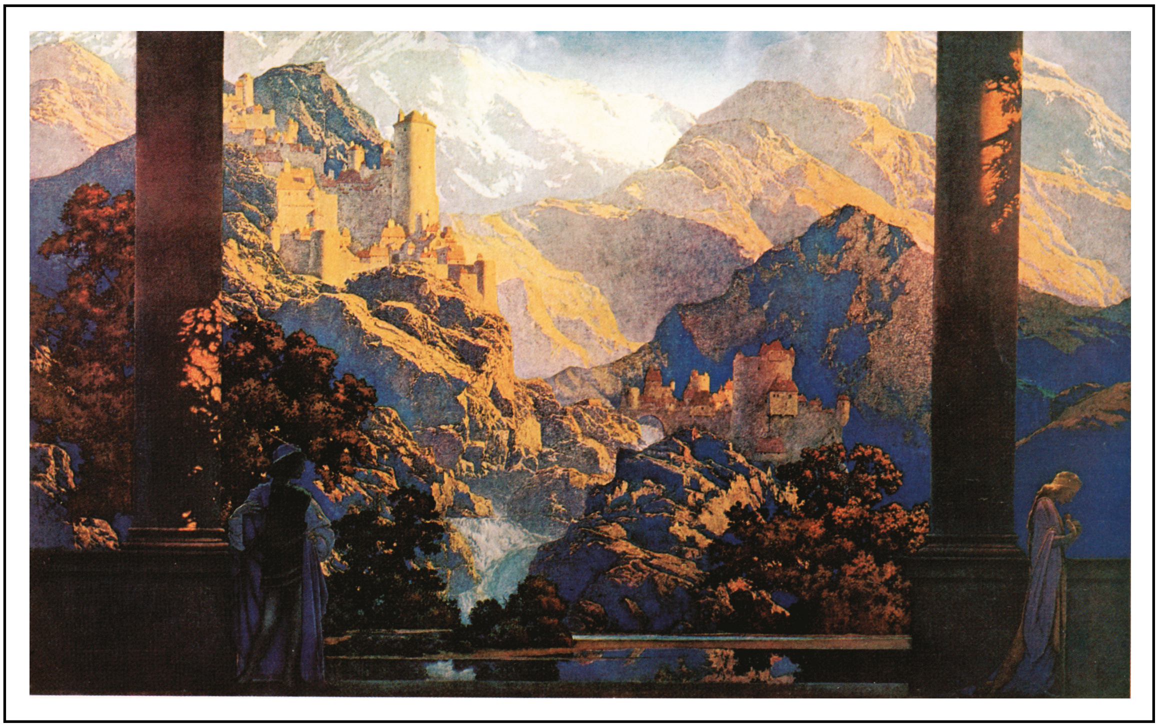
Richard Corben occupies a unique position in the history of comics and illustration. Over a career that spanned more than five decades, he developed a visual language that was both technically groundbreaking and aesthetically singular. Though he sometimes cited the work of predecessors with respect, overt homages were rare in his art. One notable exception was *The Last Voyage of Sindbad*, a comic that, as Corben acknowledged, took initial inspiration from Maxfield Parrish’s artwork. Yet the final product goes far beyond tribute, transforming its source material into a bold, idiosyncratic reimagining.

Corben described Maxfield Parrish’s influence as a “conscious” one, praising “the clarity of forms” and an ambiance “so fantastic yet real.” In an interview, he recalled, “My original concept of Arabian Nights was based more on the images that Maxfield Parrish had done when he illustrated *The Arabian Nights*. I had planned to make the Arabian world seem much larger than it was—even though it expands over fantastic worlds, it seems to me that it’s still contained in a small area.”

The opening page of *The Last Voyage of Sindbad* pays its clearest visual debt to Parrish, featuring rocky hills reminiscent of an illustration in *The Knave of Hearts*. Page 2 introduces a colossal Ifrit, which echoes the imposing Jinni from Parrish’s illustration “Sinbad Plots Against the Giant.” Page 9 features the radiant white exterior of a mosque, a nod to Parrish’s representation of images with overexposed light areas, particularly in his painting “Cassim in the Cave of the Forty Thieves” from his version of the Ali Baba story. Corben, however, intensified the technique, bleaching the sunlit areas entirely, amplifying the graphic contrast. This method reaches its apex in the depiction of a glowing orb on pages 78–80. The orb’s intense light washes out its surroundings, casting a cyan halo against the flat burgundy background. The complementary colors create a chromatic vibration that is both surprising and beautiful.



(*Left*) Maxfield Parrish: “The Story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves,” 1909. Published in *The Arabian Nights: Their Best-Known Tales*. (*Right*) Richard Corben: “Enchanted Treasure,” the original version of a cover for *The Warlock on Firetop Mountain*, 1983. The Parrish illustration inspired this Corben painting.



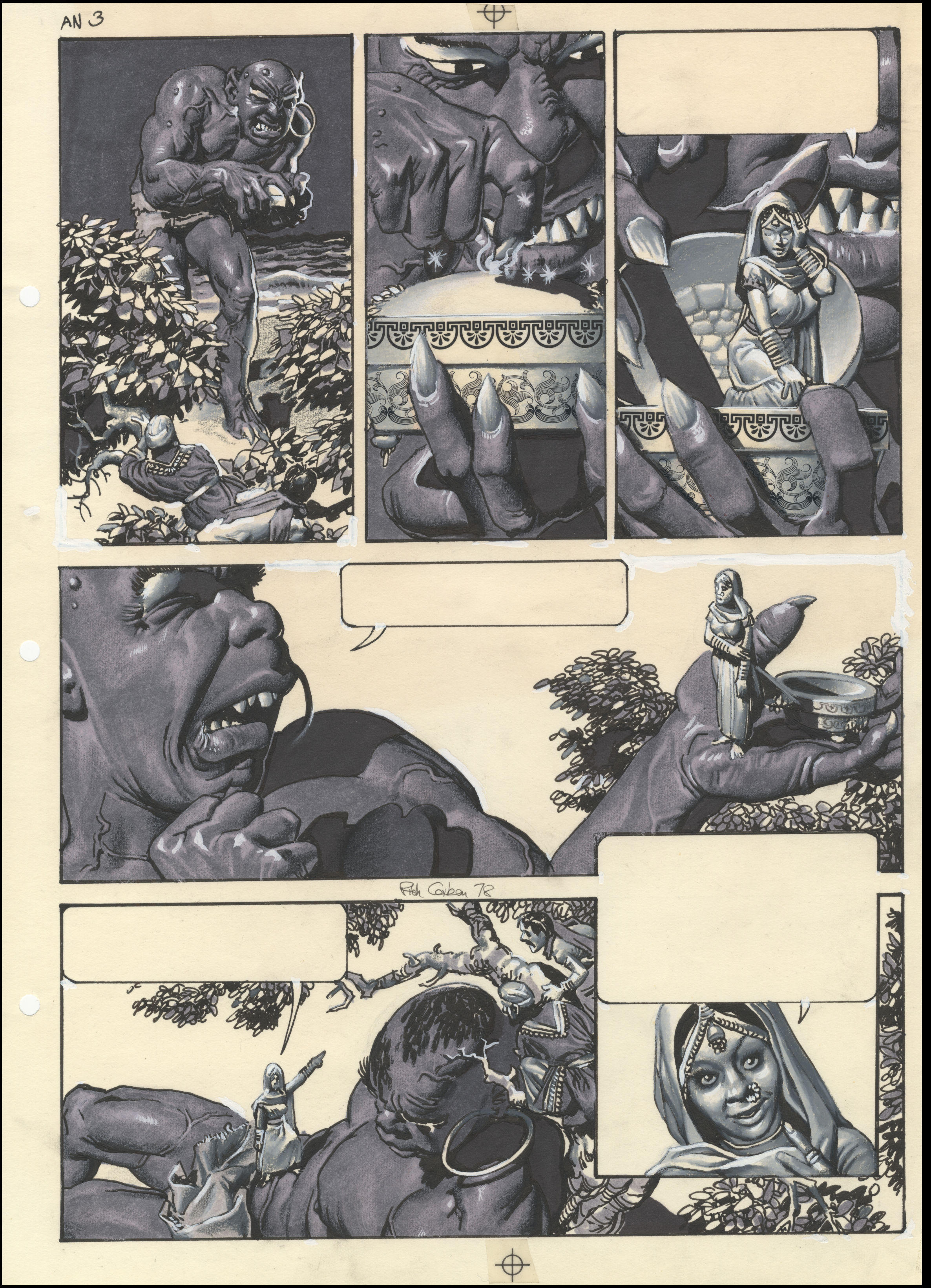
Maxfield Parrish: Endpapers for *The Knave of Hearts* by Louise Saunders, 1925.

While Corben's *Sindbad* shares little with any other illustrated versions or previous comics, it does echo the Technicolor opulence of Alexander Korda's 1940 film *The Thief of Bagdad*. The film's elaborate sets and saturated Technicolor palette set a visual standard for its type of fantasy cinema. Corben's work also shows the influence of Ray Harryhausen's stop-motion films, especially *Jason and the Argonauts*, whose celebrated skeleton battle may have inspired *Sindbad*'s zombie fight sequence (pages 38–48). And, of course, *Sindbad* echoes the Harryhausen *Sinbad* trilogy: *The 7th Voyage of Sinbad*, *The Golden Voyage of Sinbad*, and *Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger*. Writer Jan Strnad confirmed this connection, saying, "We're both fans of the Ray Harryhausen *Sinbad* movies, mainly for the special effects, and I wanted to do a Sinbad story that would have unusual effects but be (I hoped) a little better written than the *Sinbad* movies." And, indeed, *Sindbad* surpasses its cinematic predecessors in both narrative depth and visual imagination. For example, a massive green dragon collapses into a tessellation of lizards (pages 31–36), invoking M. C. Escher's art. The curling plumes of hookah smoke swirling around the characters on page 26 become almost tangible. On page 49, Corben distorts a water reflection using a predigital photographic effect. Finally, the climax features collaged abstract marbling textures (pages 92–93), heightening its dreamlike intensity.

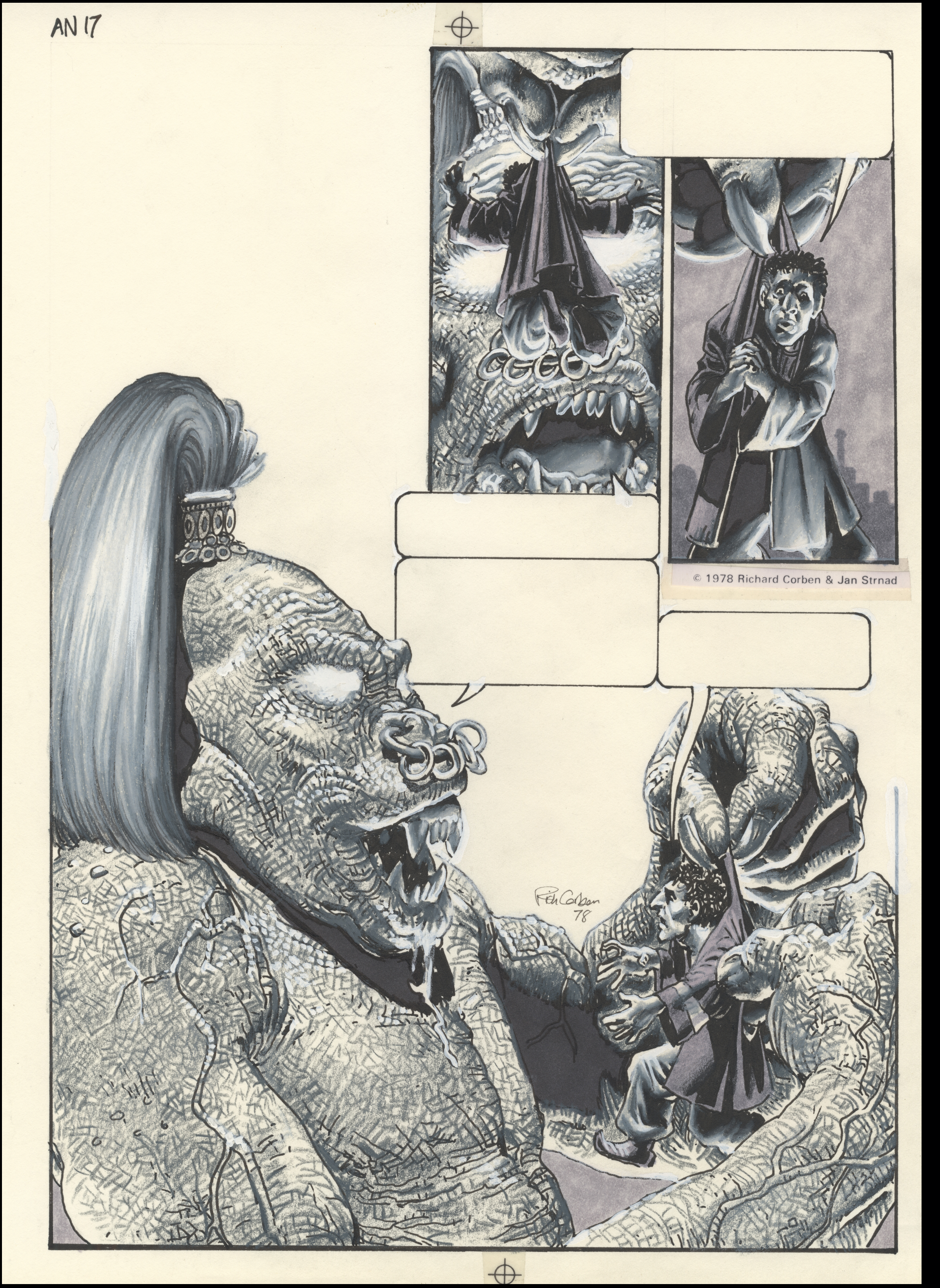
Perhaps the boldest visual choice in *The Last Voyage of Sindbad* is the design of its protagonist. Unlike the idealized heroes of Corben's earlier works, such as Den, Bloodstar, and Razar, this Sindbad is strikingly ordinary. He bears a closer resemblance to character actor Alfred Brown, the sidekick in *The 7th Voyage of Sinbad*, than to any traditional leading man. Corben's Sindbad is fallible, introspective, and visibly burdened, a man who stumbles toward growth and triumphs not through sheer physical strength but through courage and resilience.

This character redefinition is part of the comic's transformation of its source material. While Corben began with Parrish's luminous, idealized vision, he veered into darker territory. Gone is the sanitized, child-friendly *Arabian Nights* of gift books and Hollywood; in its place is a world of sensuality, violence, and danger. Corben and Strnad neither replicate nor mimic their influences. Instead, they use them as scaffolding for something new. *The Last Voyage of Sindbad* reclaims the original *One Thousand and One Nights*' raw unpredictability and reconfigures it through their personal lens. It stands not just as a high point in their careers but as one of the most daring reinterpretations of a classic myth cycle in modern comics.

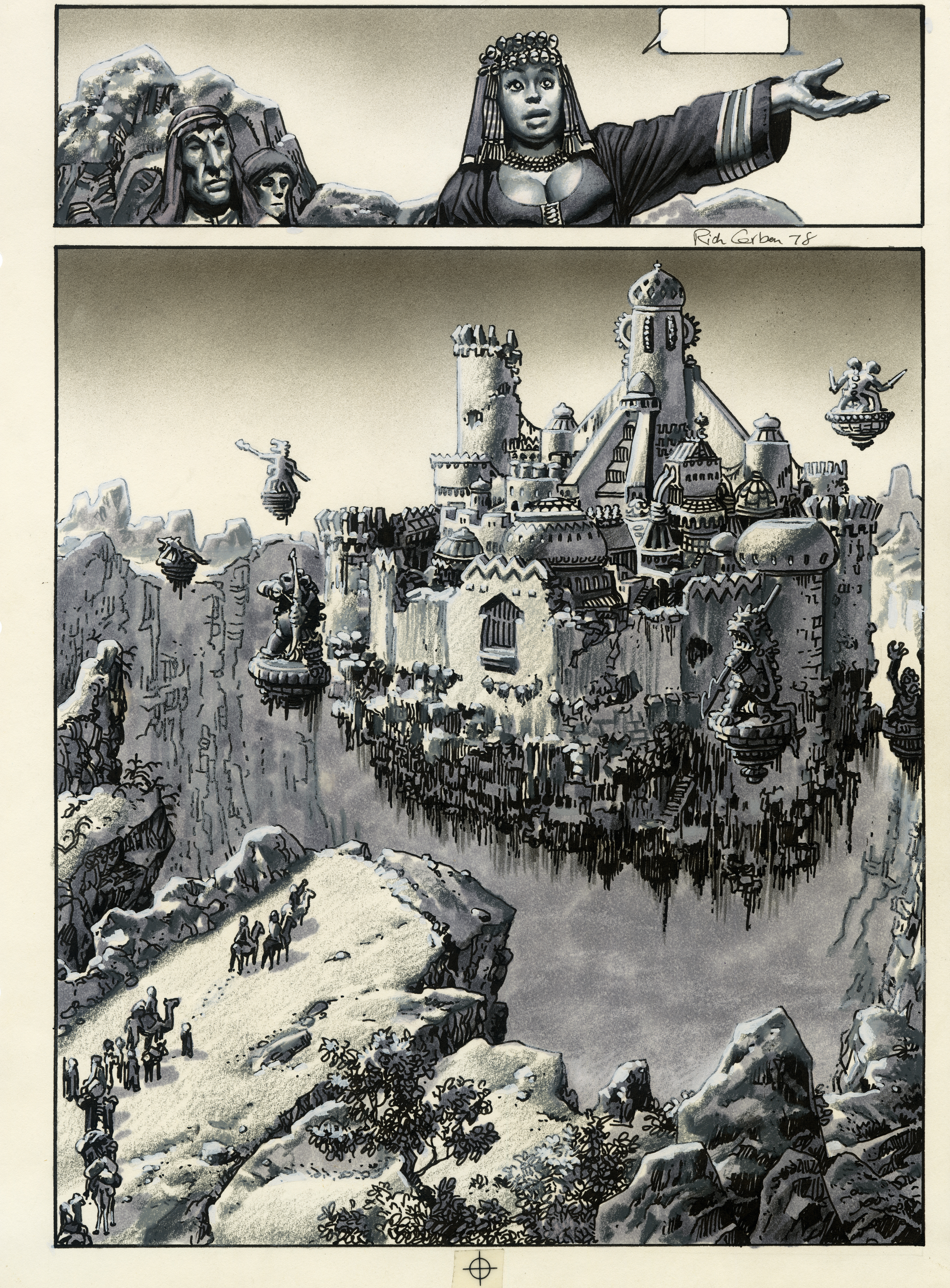
José Villarrubia
Baltimore, May 2025


AN 3
Rich Corben 78

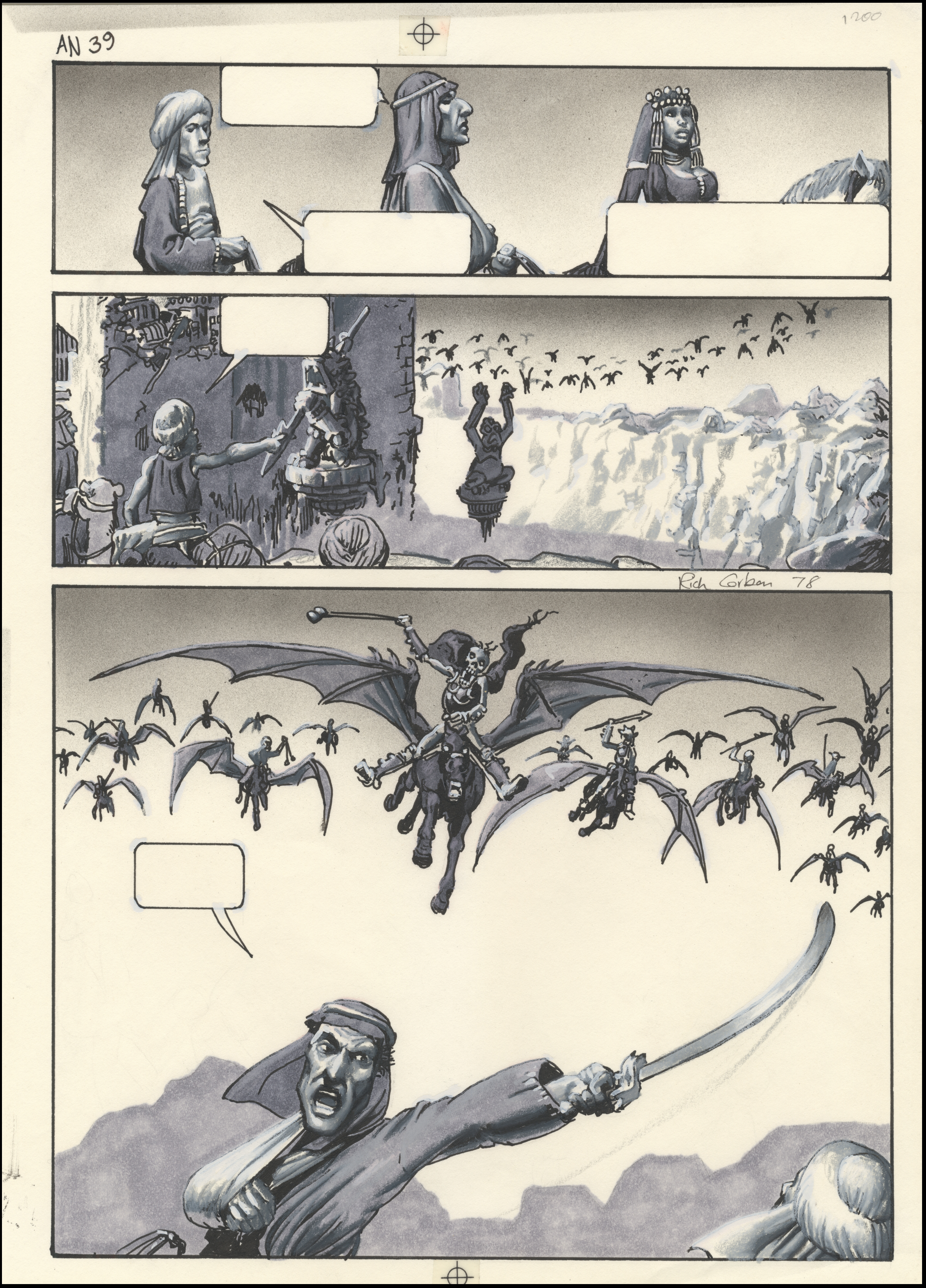
Original Art for *The Last Voyage of Sindbad* Page 3


AN 17
© 1978 Richard Corben & Jan Strnad
Rich Corben 78

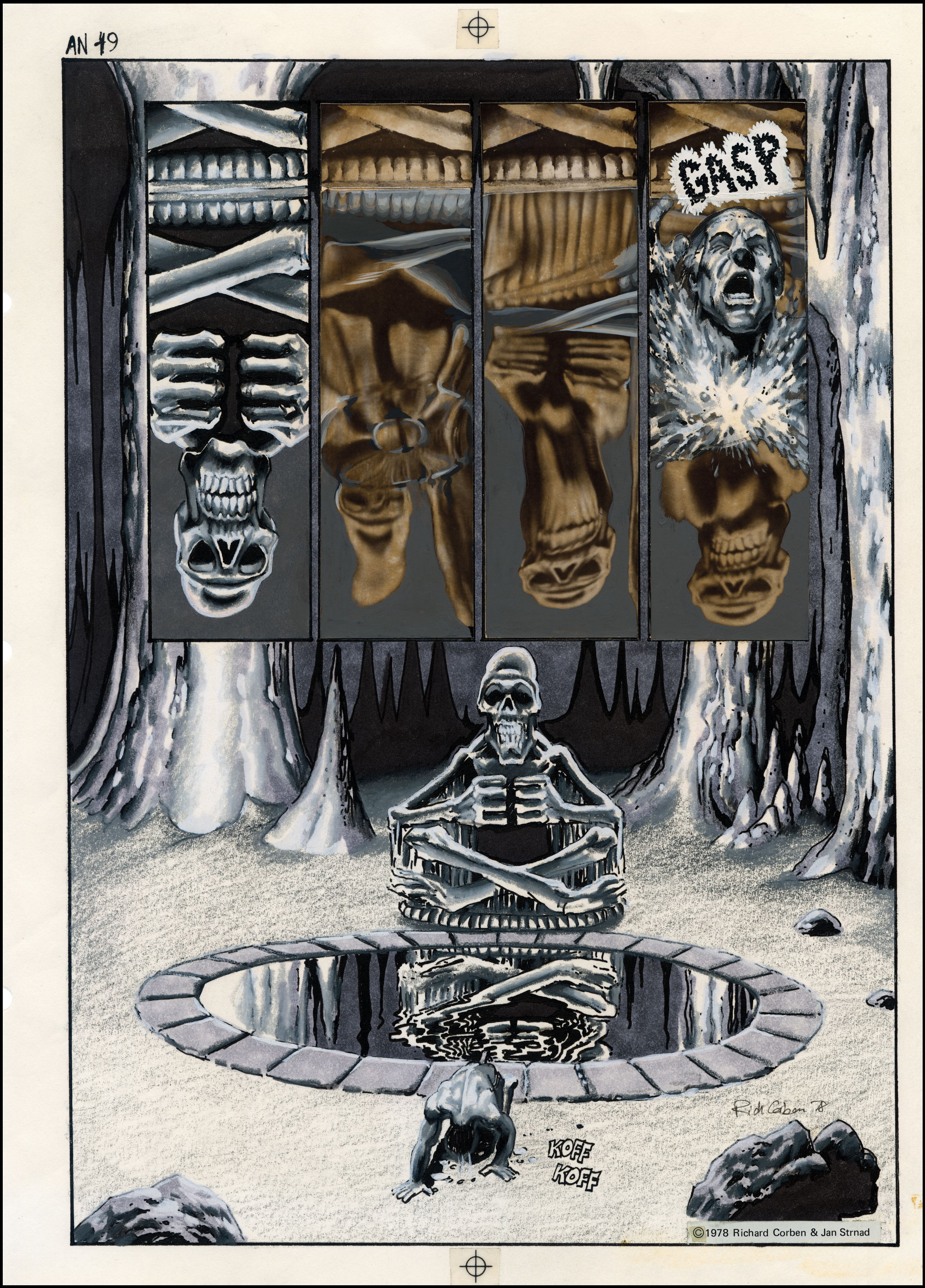
Original Art for *The Last Voyage of Sindbad* Page 17


AN 38
Rich Corben 78

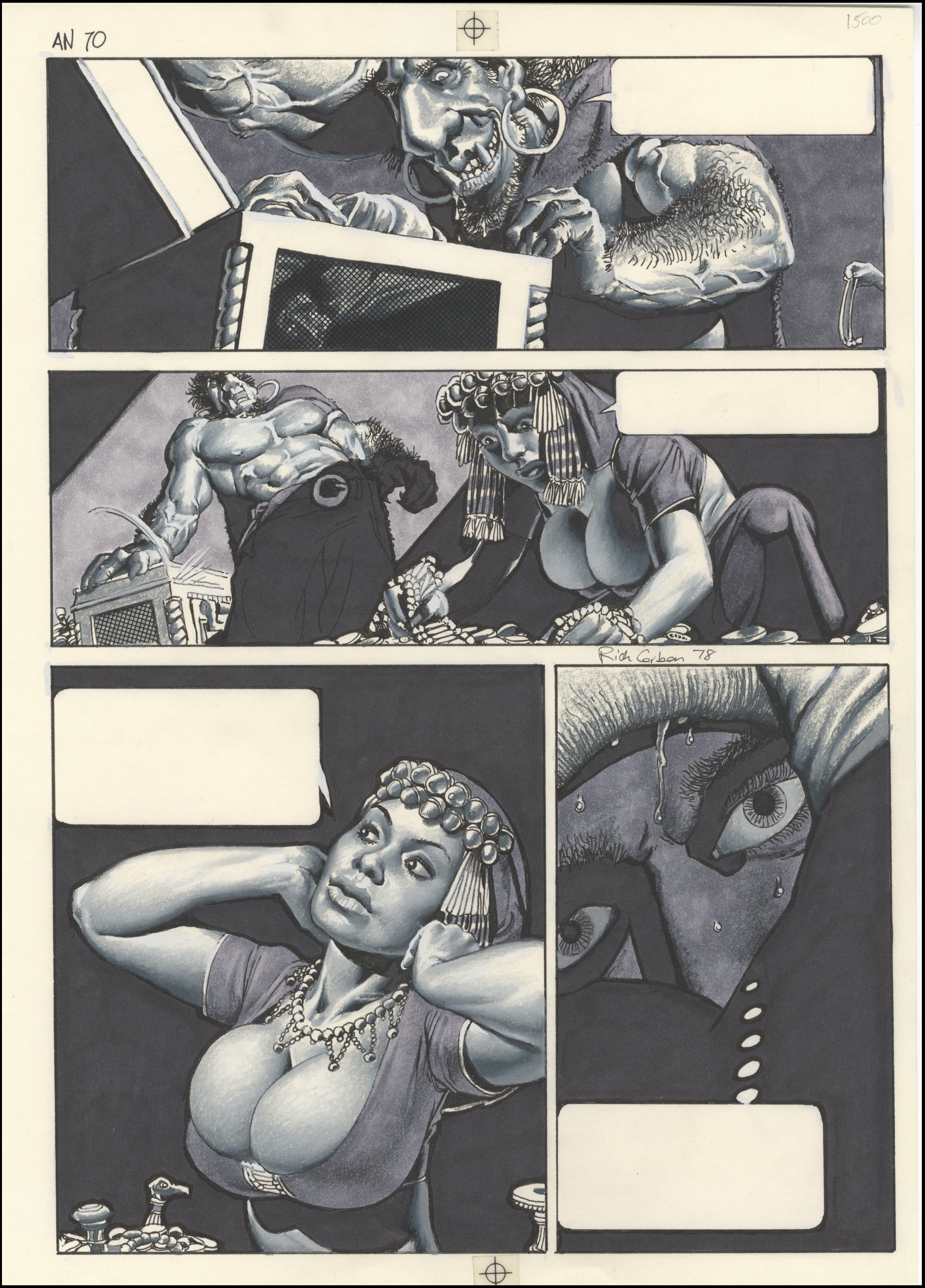
Original Art for *The Last Voyage of Sindbad* Page 38


AN 39
1200
Rich Corben 78

Original Art for *The Last Voyage of Sindbad* Page 39


AN 49
GASP
KOFF
KOFF
Rich Corben '78
©1978 Richard Corben & Jan Strnad

Original Art for *The Last Voyage of Sindbad* Page 49

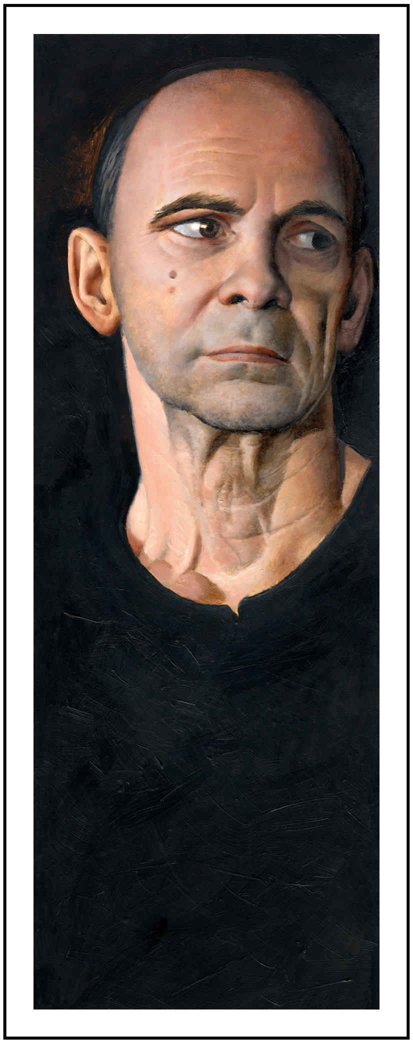

AN 70
1500
Rich Corben 78

Original Art for *The Last Voyage of Sindbad* Page 70

GENUINE ARTICLE

Jan Strnad is a writer of comic books, cartoons, novels, and short stories. He's worked for Marvel, DC, Dark Horse, and independent comics (and comix) publishers, and for studios including Disney, Universal, Sony/Columbia and others. His collaborations with Richard Corben include the graphic novels *The Last Voyage of Sindbad*, *Mutant World*, *Son of Mutant World*, *Jeremy Brood*, *Ragemoor*, and numerous short stories.

Richard Corben was born in Missouri and grew up in Sunflower, Kansas, a community that worked for the Sunflower Ordnance Works, an army plant that manufactured bombs in World War II.



Rich Corben

Corben drew comics all of his life. An early effort was a series of comics about the adventures of TRAIL, the family dog. Later, he created imitations of Tarzan and Brothers of the Spear. He also showed a keen interest in animation by turning many pads of paper into animated flipbooks.

While attending the Kansas City Art Institute, he concentrated on basic drawing and painting, developing skills that would become vital in creating his chosen realistic style. At that time, his college offered no courses for animation, but by using his father's 8 mm movie camera, Corben nevertheless produced a 5-minute animated film highlighting the labors of Heracles as his senior project.

After graduation, Corben wanted to go to New York to launch a career in comics or animation, but he was shy and timid, and put off such a drastic move. After working in construction for his father for a while, he found a local job as an artist/animator/cameraman in a Kansas City industrial film company. During this time, despite his shyness, he found a girl to marry him.

After nearly ten years at the film company, Corben felt frustrated that he really hadn't given his art career a chance. He started drawing so-called "underground" comix and fanzines at night after working a full-time job during the day. About this same time, Warren Publishing Company began a series of black-and-white horror comics, CREEPY, EERIE, and VAMPIRELLA. This was a perfect match for Corben's interests, and he drew several stories for CREEPY on speculation. Unfortunately, none of these were accepted. But the "wannabe" comic book artist persisted and even met James Warren at a science-fiction convention. Finally, Warren and his editor, Bill DuBay, relented and started sending Corben scripts to draw. At last, a foothold was established in his comic career. Even with the responsibilities of a wife, a daughter and a mortgage, the young artist now felt confident enough to quit his full-time job at the industrial film company and devote all his time to drawing.

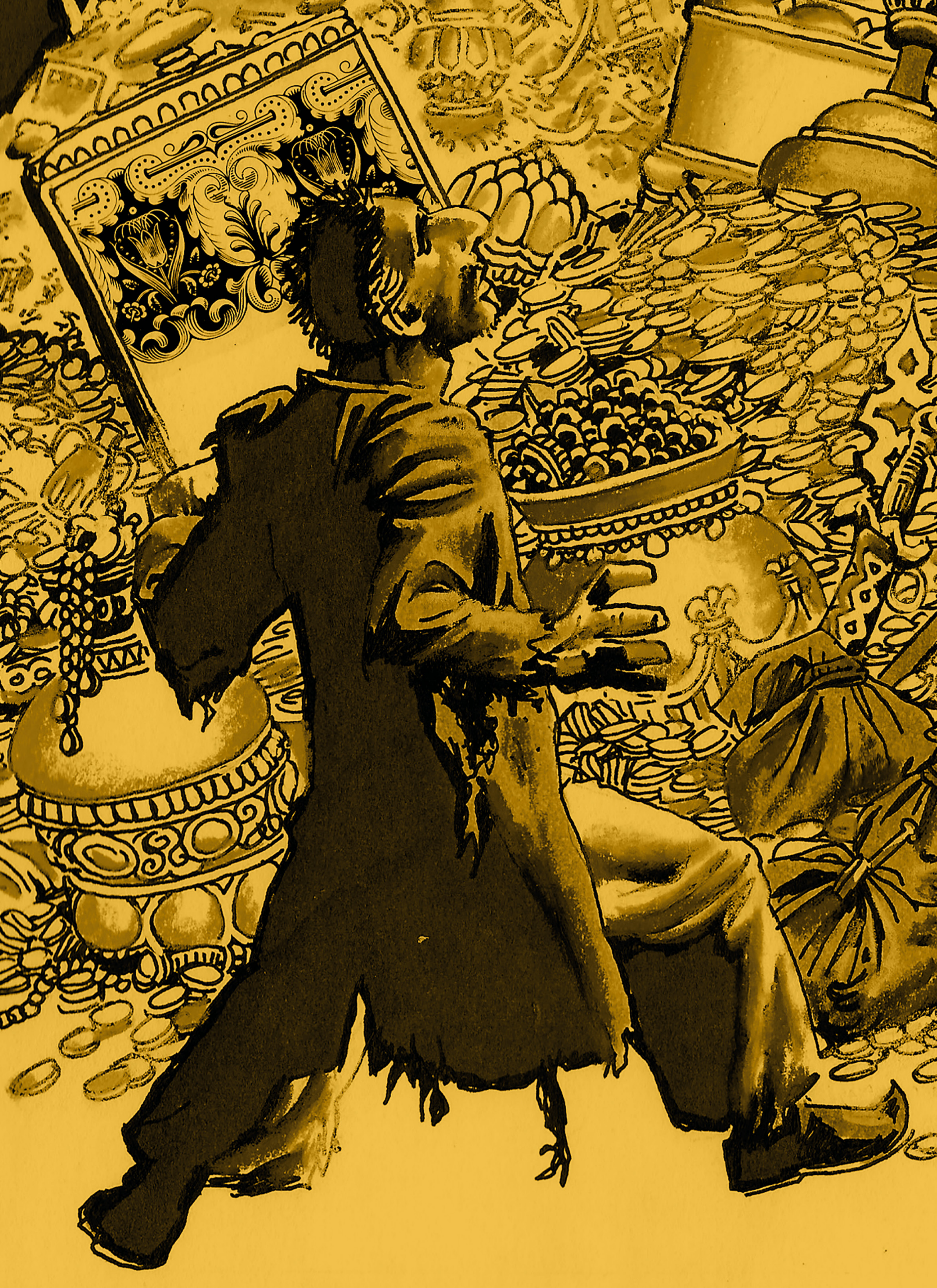
The underground comix surge spread to Europe, and requests to reprint Corben underground features began to appear. His fantasy character, DEN, was created for the American underground comic, GRIM WIT; DEN was next printed in the French METAL HURLANT, and then printed in the American HEAVY METAL. During this era, Richard and Dona started FANTAGOR PRESS, a publishing company featuring Richard's comics. Unfortunately, the business wasn't enough to support them. Next, Corben began drawing for American comics—D.C., MARVEL, DARK HORSE, and others.

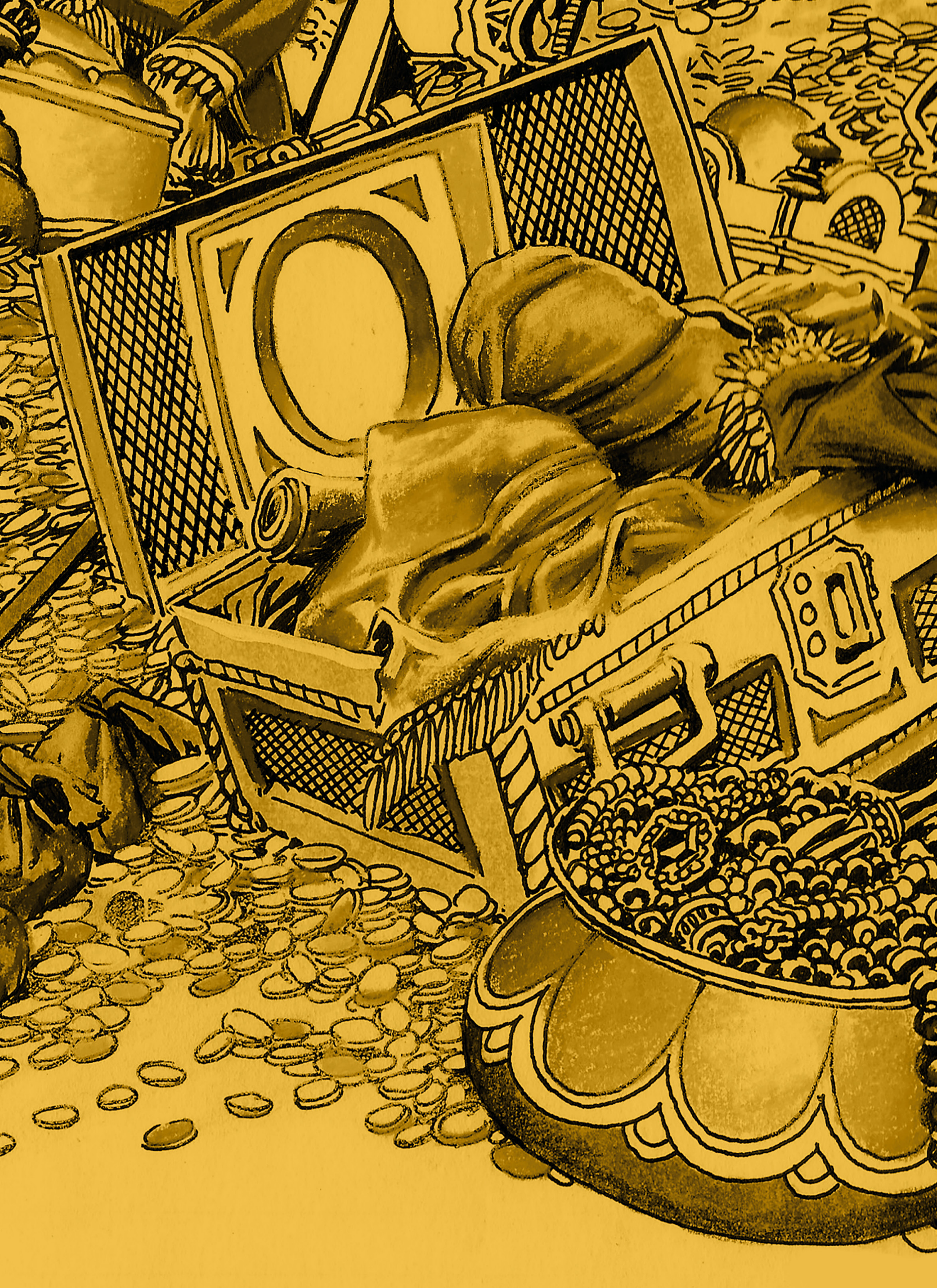
Corben believed that maintaining drawing skills required constant practice. He regularly attended life drawing classes all throughout his career. He found the activity both an ongoing challenge and a source of pleasure.

His love and interest in animation continued throughout his lifetime and motivated him to create digitally animated movies he shared on his web site and Facebook page.

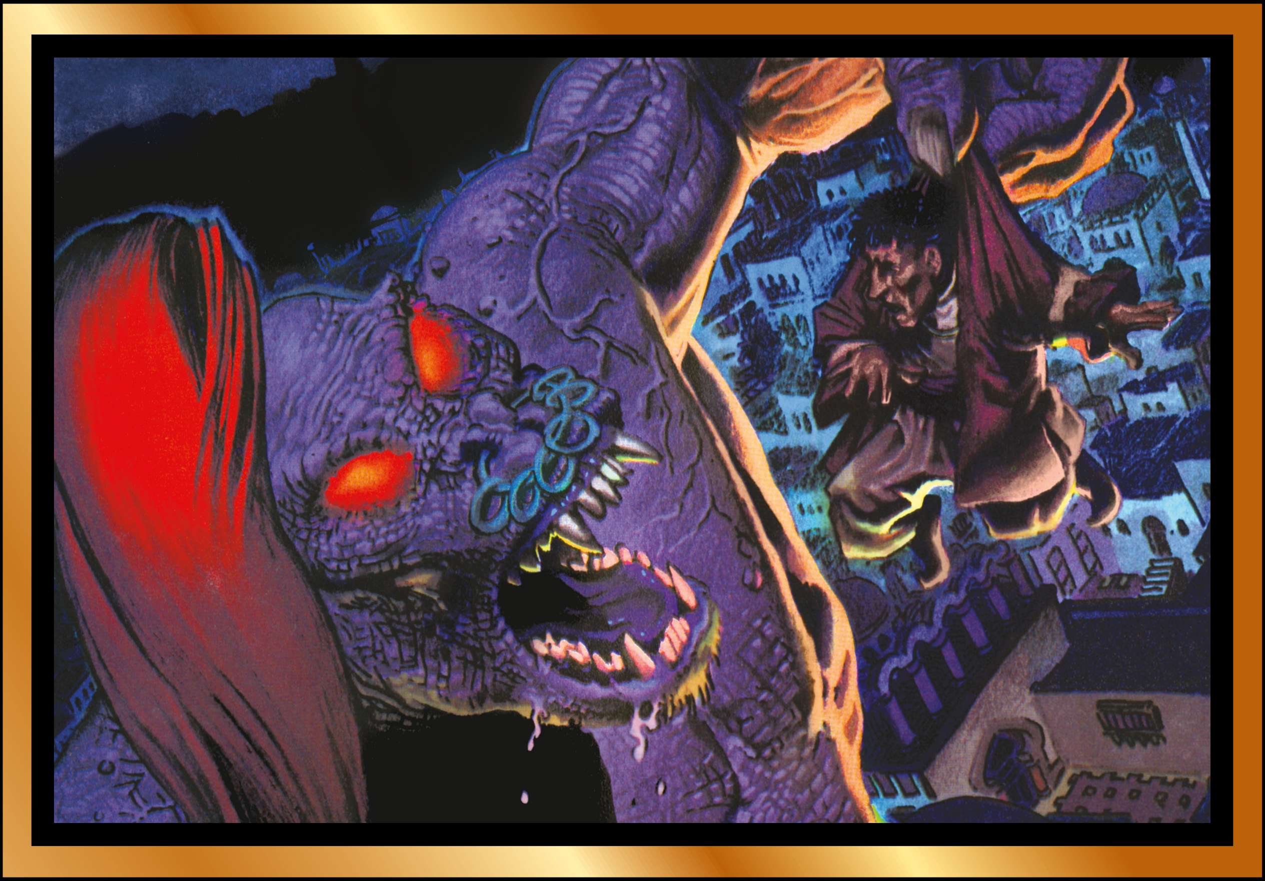
Richard was married for 56 years to Dona, and was the father of watercolor artist and comic book colorist, Beth. His life and love was devoted to his family and his art. He was a humble man and an extremely kind, good man.

Richard Corben died December 2, 2020.





Comics & Graphic Novels / Fantasy



Richard Corben is celebrated internationally for his fantasy illustrations and graphic novels. His distinctive, powerfully rendered art became widely known through the anthologies *Métal Hurlant* and *Heavy Metal*, as well as his own Fantagor Press, which established him as a master of sequential art.

When a drunken mistake puts a world-weary Sindbad in the crosshairs of an evil Djinn, Sindbad must summon all his courage and skill for a voyage into the deepest recesses of the Land of the Djinn. Guided by a sensuous stranger, he confronts monsters, deception, and horrors from beyond the grave in a quest that demands everything he has left to give. This is the grand, ultimate climax to the legend of Sindbad!

Dark Horse Books is proud to present the fantasy masterpiece *The Last Voyage of Sindbad* (previously titled *New Tales of the Arabian Nights*). Written by Jan Strnad (*Mutant World, Ragemoor*), *The Last Voyage of Sindbad* is illustrated by Richard Corben (*Den, Rowlf, Dimwood*), winner of top honors like the Spectrum Grand Master Award, the Grand Prix of the Angoulême International Comics Festival, and induction into the Will Eisner Award Hall of Fame. This new edition features restored art by project art director José Villarrubia, bonus materials, new introductions by Jan Strnad and Academy Award–winning filmmaker Guillermo del Toro, and essays by Harlan Ellison, Maurice Horn, and José Villarrubia, making it the definitive version of this timeless classic.

DARK HORSE BOOKS
FANTAGOR PRESS